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Liberty

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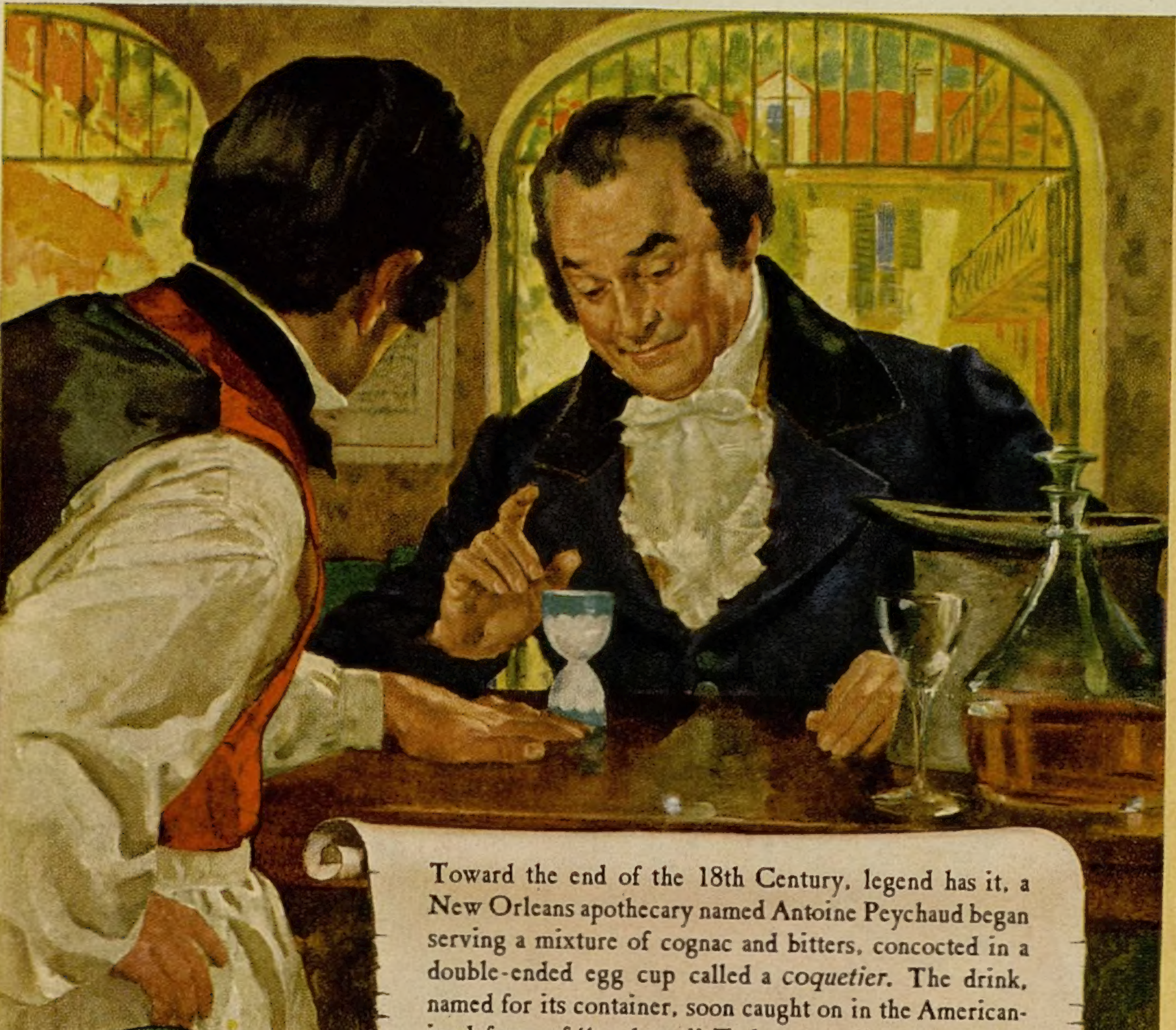
NDER FIRE AT THE FRONT— EDWARD DOHERTY'S OWN
OF HIS EXPERIENC

ORE SECRETS ABOUT BLONDES AND ME by TOMMY MAN

Do you know WHY WE SAY "COCKTAIL"?



Toward the end of the 18th Century, legend has it, a New Orleans apothecary named Antoine Peychaud began serving a mixture of cognac and bitters, concocted in a double-ended egg cup called a *coquetier.* The drink, named for its container, soon caught on in the Americanized form of "cocktay." Today we call it "cocktail"!

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No. 21 of a series:
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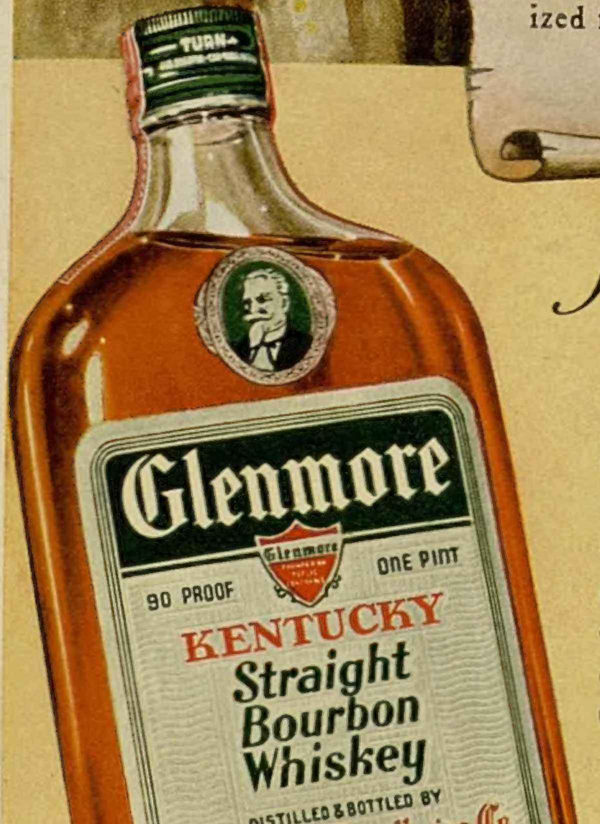
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MARCH 23, 1940

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BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

WORKERS LIKE AN EASY BOSS

BERNARR MACFADDEN

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown" has been frequently quoted.

To be boss in any line of endeavor is not always desirable. His views are open to criticism of all kinds from those who frequently have but little understanding of the associated duties and responsibilities.

The boss in any business must perform his duties intelligently to maintain the enterprise on a profitable basis. To attain this objective he is frequently compelled to make decisions that appear unjust to employees. Therefore, what we term the boss in a large establishment is frequently much discredited. He often has but little contact with the employees, and when a labor leader looking for a job contacts the employees it is not so difficult to create prejudice. Dissatisfaction and antagonism of a serious nature are often aroused.

Every worker wants a fair deal. He wants his share of the earnings of the business in which he is employed, to which he is thoroughly entitled.

Workers usually like to be supervised by what is termed an easy boss. And usually the most efficient executive comes in that class. The easiest boss is one who has a clear understanding of his duties and is able to perform them easily and effectively and without discrimination. One who is able to manage his business like a smooth-running machine.

But frequently, when you find dissatisfaction in an organization, the boss has to be the "goat." He is often supposed to be the cause of the trouble, and if he is deposed and the business continues, another boss must be appointed.

We have our bosses everywhere, in every walk of life—at home and in business.

Union leaders are frequently not classed as easy bosses. They are sometimes unusually tough with their workers. They are frequently prejudiced in favor of certain workers and they do not always hand out jobs in accordance with merit.

It is often noticeable that the more inefficient the management of any business, the more harsh and unjust the boss becomes. Naturally, he is worried and bothered—not sure of his decisions—and this ill nature is frequently indicated in the procedure he follows.

No business can be conducted without a boss, and the most arrogant and harsh of all bosses are frequently governmental appointees. It is not important for their activities to be profitable. The government has to pay for their mistakes. Many workers have the idea that if the government could only manage business, all their troubles would be over. But their troubles would only begin. For when the government takes over a business of any kind the workers' complaints are usually ignored or given but little attention. Hitler, Stalin, and Mussolini have demonstrated this.

The easiest of all bosses in this country at this time are in private industry. Capital has recently been made to understand the necessity of giving workers a square deal. Employers have been taught in recent years that satisfied employees turn out the best work and are more dependable in every way.

But previous to the advent of the present administration great business organizations had found it desirable to make plans to encourage interest in the health and happiness of their employees.

The Saturday afternoon half holiday in many organizations has been turned into an entire day of freedom from work. The entire week-end is enjoyed in many institutions. Even the financial interests of capital are served more effectively when employees are guided by especially efficient supervisors, and they are usually easy bosses.

No business can be without a head, any more than a human being can continue to enjoy life without mental direction.

But what we all need—employers and employees—is the intelligence necessary to direct our efforts with a view to getting the most happiness out of life.

And as long as we are allowed the privilege of changing our jobs, provided jobs are not so scarce as to be looked upon as a financial asset, we can be assured of the security we value so highly.

Let us hope that the time is not far distant when there will be jobs for every one, and the charity handouts and WPA gratuities, products of crackpot reasoning, will be a part of the distant past. Relief was supplied locally in all previous depressions, and the mountain of debt and breath-taking taxes were not required.

Bernarr Macfadden

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BEGINNING Calcutta

BY EDISON MARSHALL

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 17 SECONDS

PART ONE—A MYSTERY AND A GIRL

THE Ritz Café in Calcutta was very gay tonight, Bruce MacBride reflected, as he gazed through the imitation palms screening his table. This was curious, because the hour was hardly ten o'clock. A surprising number of young Englishmen had cut their more refined engagements to drink cheap champagne and chota pegs with sloe-eyed half-caste girls. Usually the Ritz Café was as shoddy and pretentious as its swank name indicated. Tonight it became splendid in Bruce's sight because of these young English late-reveling here. This was a sultry night in mid-September, and the troopships were in.

Bruce too would be sailing in a few days, and tonight he would like to drink deep, dance, look for volcanic love in the black craters of languid eyes. Instead he sat alone at a palm-screened table, a flush of excitement on his brown face. Actually he was doing what he liked best in the world —watching from the side lines of life, listening, learning.

It had begun longer ago than he could remember, at a little white-fenced Presbyterian mission near Shillong in the Khasi Hills, where he had had no playmates but native children. As his hard-pressed parents could furnish no funds for him to attend English schools, he had gained an amazing grasp of native tongues and customs. Now what had been such pleasure to him was profit too. The great government of India had discovered that this quiet-voiced, pleasant-faced young Scotsman could listen to native conversations and catch not only what was said but what was implied, a world of difference.

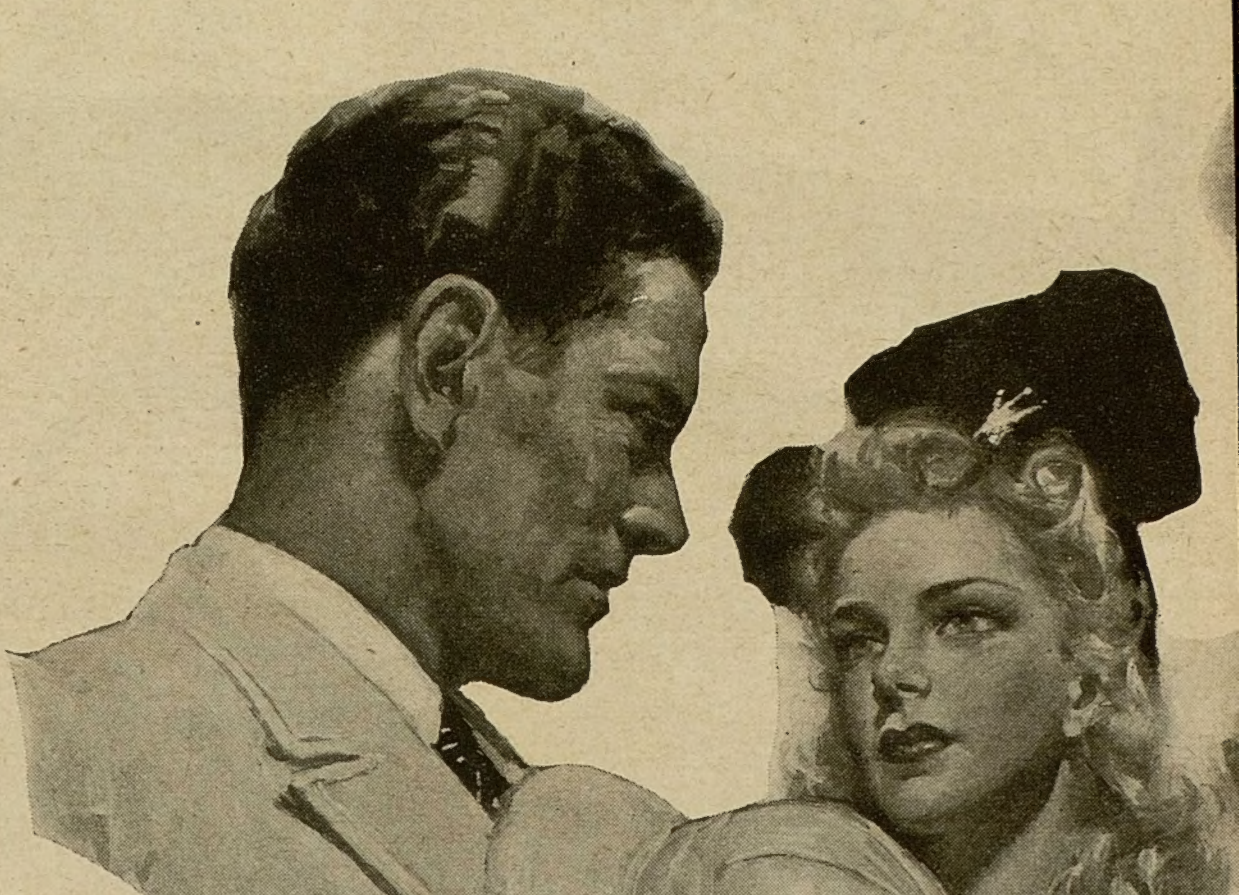
Once a native face had aroused his interest, he could remember and identify it if all India's third of a billion passed him in review. He was supposed to earn his bread tutoring the sons of minor native princes and major moneylenders. Actually there was one tiny secret item on the monstrous budget of the Indian government allowing three hundred rupees —twenty pounds—a month to M-148.

His post tonight was not especially important. Gaunt, aristocratic Sir Eric Tarlton, chief of the Criminal Investigation Department of all Bengal, had half apologized for assigning it to him.

" It's merely an angle of that puzzling gunrunning case in Kashmir," Sir Eric had said. " One lead points all the way to the Raj of Kapperpore, who, as you know, is visiting Calcutta with his Viennese sweetheart. He's reserved a table tonight at the Ritz Café, and I wonder if you'd mind going there and keeping an eye on him."

" I'd enjoy it," Bruce had answered.

" We're arresting Babar Singh promptly at ten o'clock. If the raj is implicated, I think one of his aides-de-camp is sure to show up to report the bad news a few minutes afterward. Just take a table out of sight and see who comes and goes."



Even if Bruce had not taken a table usually reserved for lovers behind imitation palms, he would hardly have attracted the royal attention. His eyes were dark brown and his hair black and somewhat crinkly. He was dressed neatly and inexpensively in the white suit and shirt, black pumps, socks, and bow tie that will pass for evening clothes in Calcutta.

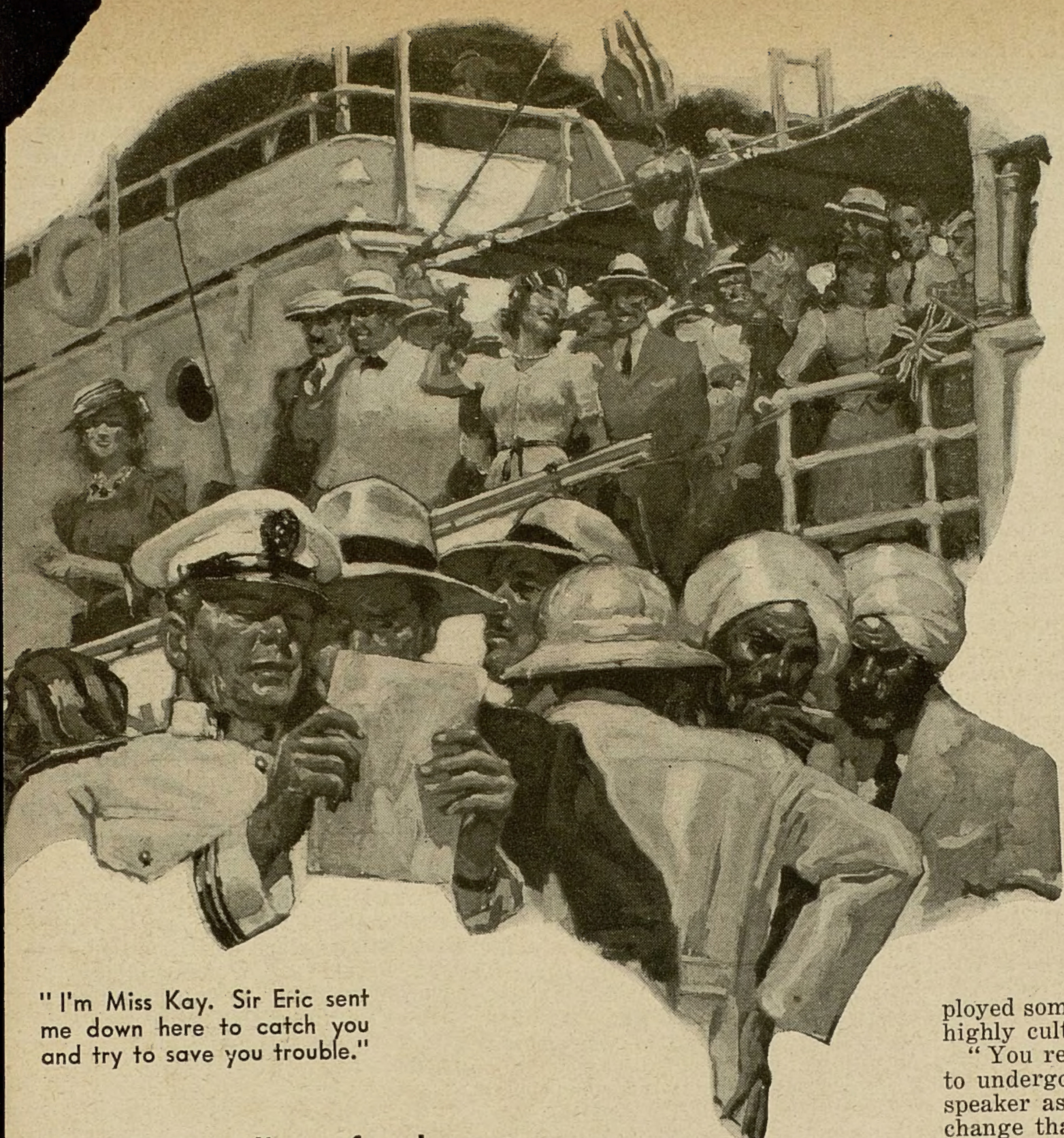
He had enjoyed watching the raj, with his lovely companion, and a gaudily liveried servant behind his chair. He had liked to study the barefooted waiters, identifying the finest shades of their castes and smiling to himself over what some of their patrons took for servile flattery, oblivious to the turn of phrase or ture that changed the complime into thoroughgoing Oriental insults. He was touched by the little wiles of the half-caste girls, playing for a few more kisses—or perhaps a few extra rupees—before their sahib lovers took ship for home.

" It's going to be hard to give up," Bruce told himself as he watched.

Ten o'clock came and passed. The messenger to His Royal Highness could be expected soon. Meanwhile Bruce was vaguely aware of a conversation at a table on his right hand. The palms and the angle of the wall concealed his table with the effect of a dead end.

" It's a white man's job," came a low, deep-toned voice. " Even Mohammedans wouldn't do it for love or money."

The words seemed to refer to some labor for which natives could not be hired, as Hindus will have nothing to do with the slaughter and handling



"I'm Miss Kay. Sir Eric sent me down here to catch you and try to save you trouble."

A master teller of tales gives you a thrilling novel . . A story of hearts and danger in a far outpost of the war

ADVENTURE

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH PALLEN COLEMAN

of beef. Bruce amused himself by studying the speaker's voice. He was undoubtedly of English birth, used to authority, probably well off, and—this was intuition more than sense—he would be an unpleasant enemy.

Bruce turned softly in his chair so that he could peer through the screen of palms. The speaker was sitting on the far side of the table, his face revealed in half-profile. At once Bruce remembered seeing that face before—in the lobby of the Great Eastern Hotel and in the best seats at race meets.

Bruce had not foreseen the man's most conspicuous trait—his heavy handsomeness. He was about six feet, with the kind of build that goes with double-breasted coats. His large features were aquiline almost to a fault, his eyes steely blue, and the line of his dark hair sharp and fine. He was dressed expensively, although a little too carefully to be well dressed, and was nearer thirty than forty.

"No, I wouldn't want him for an enemy, and I doubt if I'd want him for a friend," Bruce told himself.

The man had only one table companion, who was sitting with his back toward Bruce. The artificial palms completely screened his head and shoulders, and the only clue to his appearance and personality was his left forearm, that occasionally passed into view as it raised and lowered a glass. The hand was long, fine, delicate, rather bony, and apparently highbred.

"They won't even suspect the Mohammedans," the first speaker was saying.

"No, I don't think we need worry about that," his companion answered.

This voice was very low, so well modulated that it seemed to lack accent, and was plainly the voice of a highly cultured man. When and where had he heard it before? Yet there was some tremendous difference as well as a strong similarity to some voice he knew and respected, giving the effect of the uncanny. Could it be that on previous occasions the speaker had employed some other language than this highly cultivated English?

"You remember when Gandhi had to undergo an operation?" the first speaker asked, after a low-toned exchange that Bruce did not catch.

"Yes."

"He wanted an English surgeon. The English surgeon didn't want Gandhi. Do you know why?"

"Precisely."

"This would be a thousand times worse. But we mustn't go off half-cocked."

"I should judge we should wait at least a month."

At that moment Bruce saw a high-caste native enter the café and approach the table of the Raj of Kapperpore. This was his business here tonight, not eavesdropping on a rambling discussion between two pukka sahibs.

The bearded Sikh halted by the royal table and salaamed. At once the raj's dark countenance appeared to freeze. *"Babar Singh has been arrested."* Bruce did not doubt that this was the news brought, and took note of every little sign until the messenger salaamed and withdrew. The raj sipped his champagne, then returned to the charms of his beautiful Viennese companion.

Bruce did not return to his eavesdropping. His night's watch was over, the last he would keep in India! It was such a tame finish of his career with the C. I. D. He had hoped to serve his native land, this great, wonderful India. He wanted to track down its enemies, keep its peace. It was toward this land, rather than the distant isles that his father called home, that he felt the deep and quiet loyalty that was his noblest trait. God knew he had no desire to kill Germans, plain men like himself.

He would leave no sweetheart here, if this were a consolation. The fashionable daughters of army colonels and commissioners were out of his reach, and the " fishing fleet " that dashes out to India every winter had baited no hooks for him, for which in his sensible Scotch heart he was well content.

But he would have to leave Khodo. The mere thought of him made Bruce's lips curl in a smile. An Assamese of his own age, Khodo was his father, son, companion, and servant, all in one. How could he be made to understand that his sahib must go away?

The conversation at the next table was now a mere murmur. Suddenly Bruce was deeply curious, in a queer uncomfortable way, as though his instincts had been warned while his senses had been lulled. He had seen the face of one of the two speakers; now he resolved to have a look at the other.

Calling the waiter, he paid his small check. In his small pursuits as well as his big ones, Bruce was a thoroughgoing operator. When he rose from his table he left his cigarette case beside his plate. After about ten paces toward the door he stopped, looked thoughtful, slapped his coat pockets, and turned back.

During his recovery of the case he did not appear to glance at the next table, or give the slightest sign that his memory had closed like a steel trap on those two faces, never to forget them again.

This happened in spite of the profound bewilderment upon him, a sense of bafflement. The man sitting backed to the palms was not an English aristocrat. Indeed, he had the look of a cheap sort of gambler and go-between frequenting such resorts as the Ritz Café.

ABANDONING the whole mare's-nest, Bruce made his way to a trustworthy telephone booth and called the residence of Sir Eric Tarlton, Chief of the C. I. D. Sir Eric's Number One boy answered.

" I want to speak to the sahib," Bruce said in English.

" Who calling, pleece? "

" Mr. Overly."

" Your pardon, sahib." And a moment later Sir Eric's calm voice came over the wire.

" All clear," it said.

" M-148. The messenger arrived when you expected him. There's no doubt of the implication."

" Frightened? "

" More defiant, I should say. His hand went where he usually carries his knife."

" Oh, dash it. You see what this means. A lot bigger case than we suspected. What have you got on now? "

" I'm free."

" I wonder if you'd do me a favor, not concerned with the peace of the Empire. The Princess Anne is docking in about an hour."

Color flowed into Bruce's cheeks. " Is your daughter aboard? "

" If she's coming at all. She certainly wasn't on the B. A. plane, or I'd have heard from her by now. But there's no wireless from ships at sea these days, remember."

" Wouldn't she have cabled you if she went home? "

" You don't know my stepdaughter very well. Still, you know her better than any one else out here—by correspondence—and I wonder if you'd like to go down and greet her, if she's aboard."

" Weel "—once in a while, especially when he was thoughtful, Bruce relapsed for a word or two into his father's dialect—" I've got my car."

" Good. I was going to send Hanley, my Number Two secretary, but he joined up today. Would you mind seeing about this, old chap? "

" It would be a pleasure."

BRUCE took time to drop by his small first-floor apartment off Chowringhee, to let impassive Khodo see to his appearance. So the Princess Anne was docking when Bruce arrived, a little flustered, at the Hooghly wharfs. As these were choked with troopships, she had to wedge herself into a dimly lighted commercial dock where the Sikh police had difficulty controlling the crowd of welcomers. As the liner eased in, fully three hundred eager-faced people crowded clear to the cleat at the dock edge to be near the gangplank.

There was the usual confusion and excitement. Bruce noticed a slim girl with a long bob of bright hair trying to push toward him through the crowd. Perhaps she had come down to meet a lover. Reunions were extra happy these wartimes, as partings were poignant. There was danger out there on the sea.

As a spy, he had met danger often on land. That it might follow him here, now that his secret service was over, into this good-natured, surging crowd, could not enter his head. So when it struck, utterly without warning, swift and hard as a bomb from the sky, the only emotion he had time for was incredulous astonishment.

He was standing close to the cleat. There came a violent thrust against him. He found himself pitching forward, with apparently no chance of escaping a fall between the high dock and the cliff-like side of the ship. And there were pilings and crossbars waiting for him down there in that black crevice.

As he tripped over the cleat, his feet drove against it with all the strength of his calves; his right arm was shooting out to brace himself against the side of the ship. Barely his hand touched the steel, but it checked his fall enough for a quick-witted, quick-handed man behind to snatch him by the seat of the tr sers. A second later half a dozen hand were hauling him back to safety.

" Thank ye verra much," Bruce said, as he took his breath.

" By Jove, that was a narrow one," his savior answered. " How did it happen? "

" Some one shoved me. Didn't you see him? "

" I wasn't watching. Maybe one of those native porters shoved another, and some one was knocked against you. Whoever did it ought to say so."

But no voice rose from the crowd. Apparently no one had seen the movement in the dim light.

Bruce cooled off the best he could and began to watch for a girl who might be Virginia Tarlton. When no one appeared with the faintest resemblance to his mental picture of a patrician lady aged twenty-four with a lively imagination, he approached an officer who had just left the ship.

" Could you tell me if Miss Virginia Tarlton is among the passengers? "

" Don't remember the name."

The ship's officer turned away. Into his place stepped some one from the crowd. In the dim light he recognized the same bright-haired girl he had seen before the accident.

" Oh, aren't you Mr. MacBride? "

" Aye."

" I'm Miss Kay, Sir Eric Tarlton's new Number Two secretary—taking Mr. Hanley's place. Sir Eric sent me down here to catch you and try to save you trouble. The ship didn't dare use her wireless telephones until she was in the river. You'd hardly gone when he got word that Miss Tarlton wasn't aboard."

" Weel, that's all there is to it, then."

" I wonder if you'd give me a lift back in your car. I came in a taxi and didn't have it wait."

" With pleasure."

TOGETHER they made their way through the crowd, Miss Kay chatting cheerfully. A rather frivolous person for her responsible position, Bruce was thinking; possibly a little too pretty, too. As they passed under the dock light he saw how pretty she really was.

She was a tall, long-legged girl, trim-looking and clean-cut as a marble nymph, with a fine free stride. If she had been raised to carry waterpots on her head like the Naga Hills girls, she could not have had a better carriage.

She sat quite snugly beside Bruce in the front seat of Bruce's small car. He considered carefully, then spoke:

" Would you have to go straight home? "

" I don't think so. Why? "

" We might stop for a bite. I'd like a nippy, too."

" We might do that."

He thought at first of taking her to Firpo's world-famous cabaret. To drop in there at midnight was the smart thing to do in Calcutta. On second thought, he decided to take her to a Chinese restaurant that he knew, where the noodles were delicious, the sauce racy, and the atmosphere authentic. If she did not like it there, she was not the kind of girl that he could like.

She did appear to like the little eating house with its plain tables, cheap cutlery, handleless cups of aromatic tea, and beaming slant-eyed waiters. She confided that her friends called her Ginger. A hail-fellow-well-met, Bruce decided.

YOU looked disappointed when the boss's daughter failed to get off the boat," Ginger remarked.

"Why should I? I've never laid eyes on her."

"I don't know why you should, but you did."

"Weel" — Bruce caught himself hastily—"I suppose I'd looked forward to meeting her. We've had an interesting correspondence."

"Is that so? Tell me about it." She was watching him intently.

"She'd written her stepfather asking for a description of the manners and dress of a Tibetan noblewoman, to use in an amateur play, and Sir Eric handed me the letter to answer. You see, I've always liked natives."

"I see. What then?"

"She wrote a wonderful letter in reply, and then we both wrote every fortnight from then on. She was so interested in India, and I was interested in the fashionable life she was living in Paris."

"Do you suppose she was really interested in India—or just pretending to be, so you would write her?"

Bruce looked shocked. "That's absurd. What would the granddaughter of an English earl want with the son of a poor Scotch missionary, except for what he could tell her about the country?"

"Well, you never know. If she's like some of the granddaughters of earls who come out to India, I wouldn't have put it past her."

"It wouldn't have mattered in such a long-distance affair. Still—maybe it's a good thing she didn't come."

"You were afraid you'd be disappointed in her?"

"More afraid she'd be disappointed in me. She's a great believer in caste—and, after all, I'm not her kind."

"Do you think that system is going to last out this war? Aren't we going to learn that it's people that count, not names? You said she wrote intelligent letters."

"Aye. One of the keenest minds I've ever seen in a girl."

"I'm a terrible dunce myself, but even I'm smart enough to know the caste system is doomed, both in England and in India."

"It's in her blood to believe it. She was raised on it. And there's another reason why it's best she didn't come. She saved me from yielding to a temptation."

"What was the temptation? Kissing her on the dock?"

"I think I'd risk that, if she'd been pretty. The temptation I mean was to put off joining the colors for another fortnight, which I have no right to do."

"You'd have put it off—on account of her?" Ginger marveled.

The Scotsman's color rose. "If she'd wanted me to show her some native life. Probably she'd have been too busy with society to take time for it."

"I wonder! But if you'd really like to wait two weeks—and want an excuse—you might find some one else to show native life. Quite a lot of people are interested in it—sincerely."

"Weel, if you hadn't been working in Delhi—and probably know so much about it already—"

"It wouldn't hurt me to know a little more. Of course I'm a poor substitute for the Lady Virginia—"

"I can spare an evening for some exploring, if you can."

"And you suggested it yourself! Bruce, that's wonderful." She drained her cup and rose. "Now I'd better report to my boss."

EDISON MARSHALL *goes to the farthest and most interesting corners of the world for his stories. He is a born hunter and says that writing and the excitement of the chase go marvelously together. He is a Liberty favorite. When he is "at home" he lives in Georgia.*

Bruce escorted her to the side door of Sir Eric's residence, and would have left her there, if the gaunt, gray-eyed chief had not hastened into the hall and called him. Ordinarily his highbred bony face was as expressionless as a London fog and almost as cold. Not for nothing was he known among his peers as "Old Hail-and-Snow." Tonight it beamed favor on his new assistant secretary.

"So you caught him all right, Miss Kay?" Sir Eric asked.

"I overtook him, if that's what you mean," Ginger replied gravely.

"Come into the library a moment, please. I want to present you to a friend of mine who has *entrée* here at all times. Bruce, you know Phil Dudley. Have a glass with us."

BRUCE felt his color rising. He admired Philip Dudley as a shaggy hard-working shepherd dog might admire a sleek highbred greyhound. By the same token, he felt a little shy in the presence of such a highborn, wealthy, leisured, and urbane man. If Philip were a sensation in smart Calcutta society, still he could stick pigs and chase steeples with the hardest-riding captain of horse; if his English mannerisms made him seem frivolous, there were tales told of his smiling, unfaltering courage during the last war, tales he was the first to scorn.

Philip was standing by the cold fireplace in the library, a glass in his hand. Apparently without effort, he was the best dressed man Bruce had ever seen. He walked with a slight limp.

Beneath his good manners he was plainly taken with Ginger. Her eyes had lighted too—and Bruce found himself gazing at them in low spirits. But courteous Philip did not ignore him after a friendly exchange with Ginger. "I say, it's Bruce MacBride," he began, with a firm, cordial handshake. "Don't tell me you've joined the C. I. D."

"Bruce has done a little work for us as an interpreter." Even to such a good friend as Philip, Sir Eric would cheerfully lie about his agents. "Tonight he's been on such a goose chase as my stepdaughter usually provides."

"Until tonight I never knew you had a stepdaughter, old chap," said Philip Dudley.

"She's been living with her grandmother in Paris. Now she seems to have gone home to do her bit in the war."

"And Miss Kay is takin' Hanley's place while he does his bit. MacBride, I dare say you'll be leaving us next."

"In less than a week I think," Bruce answered.

"And I'll be here, sippin' tea with fashionable matrons!"

GINGER gazed wide-eyed at Phil's faint smile.

"I'm sorry, Phil," Sir Eric said.

"Those army doctors are silly johnnies, Eric."

"I'll speak to the Surgeon General, but you're carrying around too many souvenirs of the last war for it to do any good."

"I know." Philip glanced at his wrist watch, then turned cordially to Bruce. "Jolly nice to have seen you, MacBride. First time in a long time, I believe."

"I've an idea I saw you lately, but don't remember where," Bruce answered.

"I think you came into the Great Eastern when I was soppin' one up in the lobby. Good luck, old chap." Then, with his rueful, irresistible smile, "You won't leave us, will you, Miss Kay? You could be a lot of consolation."

"If that's my bit, I'll do it, Mr. Dudley," Ginger answered.

When Phil left, Ginger rose too, but Sir Eric asked her to remain to make some notes. Meanwhile he took a chair and motioned Bruce down opposite him.

"You don't mean that, do you, Bruce—about joining up?" he asked anxiously.

"I do mean it, Sir Eric."

"You'd be only one more soldier, and your special gifts and training are needed here. Don't you realize that hell might break loose at any minute?"

Bruce fumbled for his battered old brier pipe, wondering at Ginger's presence during this talk. She was still new to her position, so it seemed likely Sir Eric intended to tell no secrets.

“Is it as bad as that? I can't believe it.”

“What does all this gunrunning mean? What about the disappearance of L-42, the best Bengali in the Department, and the theft of those harbor-defense plans? True, the people seem satisfied with peaceful gains —every year they're more free. But suppose some issue would arise to unite the Hindus and Mohammedans and waken all the slumbering resentment against the white man? It would be the Sepoy Mutiny over again —and a hundred times worse.”

“Weel, you know we're invaders here, after all.”

“We can't afford to lose India now, Bruce,” said Sir Eric quietly. “We can't afford to have to fight to keep her.”

“Have you any idea who's behind it all?”

“Not a glimmer. Of course the terrorist organizations are in it, but I've a feeling they're not the prime movers, and some letters we've intercepted indicate a big chief working in the dark, the generalissimo of rebellion. Bruce, do you think it could be that new saint they've got up at Parbatipur?”

“You mean Rama? Why, he's another Gandhi!”

“How do you know he's not another Rasputin? Openly he's taught civil disobedience, nothing worse. But he's got all castes with him—the Buddhists claim him too, the Untouchables worship him, and even the Mohammedans consider him a new prophet. Look at the wail of horror that went up all over India when we jailed him last summer. If he wanted to order armed rebellion, we'd have it overnight.”

Bruce shook his head. “That's the wrong lead, Sir Eric.”

“I believe you, Bruce. I've got an almost superstitious faith in your hunches where natives are concerned. But there's some one — incredibly clever — fearfully powerful. Won't you stay and help me fight him?”

Bruce puffed slowly at his pipe. Finally he looked into Sir Eric's eyes.

I CAN'T stay here, safe, while all the fellows are getting shot at by German guns, e'en though I don't like this war.” Bruce spoke very calmly.

“Safe! Is a spy ever safe? What do you mean by safe? And if this thing should break loose—”

“I don't think it will, Sir Eric. We white people would have to do some terrible thing to arouse our kindly populace to armed rebellion.”

Sir Eric turned to Ginger. “You've just come from Delhi, Miss Kay. Do you agree with MacBride?”

“I think troubled times are ahead,” Ginger answered promptly.

Bruce had risen. Sir Eric thanked him for his night's service and asked Ginger to see him to the door, then return with her notebook, for lights burned late in the C. I. D.

Then, hoping against hope, for he knew the steadfast heart of this sturdy dark Scotsman, he called:

“And for heaven's sake, Bruce, think it over.”

At the door, Ginger let her hand linger in Bruce's. “If a mere assistant secretary dared add her voice to her boss's—”

“I haven't noticed any timidity in you so far, Ginger.”

“I feel so sorry for Mr. Dudley. He has nothing to do here. But you—”

“You've promised to try to console him, and I don't doubt you'll succeed.”

“Why, Bruce, you've given me a compliment! Not exactly flowery—”

“I'm much afraid it was plain jealousy. Now you'd better go back to your job, before I say too much.”

He marched down the steps. Her eyes followed him and then her voice:

“Good night—and think it over.”

THINKING it over was useless. Guns were run in India but fired in France. Still, he had not yet fully realized how much he was leaving here. Patient, loyal Khodo was waiting up for him.

“Sahib is very tired,” the brown Assamese suggested. “Will he have a whiskee-soda before he sleeps?”

“With plenty of ice, my son. It is a hot night.”

“By sahib's favor, it will rain. . . . I have heard whispers of a great storm brewing throughout Hind. But sahib's ear is quicker than mine.”

“I think it will blow over. And, Khodo—I will not be here.”

The servant's quick hands paused briefly. “May your servant ask where sahib is going and for how long, that I may put in the right number and kind of shirts?”

“To my father's homeland.”

“That will take many shirts. Shall I order the tickets, lord, a cabin for thee and space in the steerage for me?”

“Thou wouldst lose caste, Khodo, to cross the black waters.” For once in his life Bruce was stalling.

“Caste? I would sooner lose all of it than that sahib should lose a cake of soap on the journey. Rama, the holy one, new come to earth, teaches that caste is only in the heart, high or low, whether the breast of a priest or a donkey driver. If sahib's purse is thin for the moment, I will buy my own rice and sleeping space aboard the great ship.”

Bruce poured down half his drink without lowering the glass. Beads of sweat began to gleam on his dark face. He must tell Khodo now. He moistened his dry lips.

Bruce was dreading the sound of his own voice. In its stead came another sound, a sharp report from beyond the open window. At the same instant he felt what might have been a knife point, heated red hot, streak along his left side. Bruce flung backward, instinctively clutching the wound, and he gave a yell of warning.

“Get down, Khodo! Flat on the floor.”

It was the second attack tonight—this fact hit Bruce swift as the bullet —and he never doubted that the determined killer out there in the dark was crouched for a third. Leaping sideways until he was screened by the window curtain, he darted for the light switch. Instantly the room was blacked out.

“Sahib, are you well?” Khodo called.

“Don't speak, lest he fire at the sound.”

Bruce tiptoed to the window and, sheltered by the frame, stood listening. Above the clatter of carts and the honk of cars passing, he heard in the alley the rapid fading patter of naked feet. Growing bolder, he peered out. The sickly glimmer of a distant street light showed the alley gray and empty. Immediately outside the window was some kind of wooden box or crate, on which the gunman had stood. Bruce carefully drew the curtains.

“We are safe for now, Khodo,” he said.

“My sahib is not harmed?”

“A scratch along my side. It is nothing.”

“Thank the high gods! My son's strong voice bears witness to his words. But does the blood flow, lord? Shall I get hot water and cloths and run for the doctor sahib?”

Bruce did not answer at once. He was wondering at Khodo's voice, as strong as usual perhaps but somehow changed. Where had he been standing when the shot was fired? An icy chill filled the room.

“Thou art well, Khodo?”

“I have a touch from the same bullet that scratched sahib, but I am well.”

Bruce sprang to the light switch. The instantaneous glare concealed nothing. Khodo's face was covered with a gray film. His eyes, gazing imploringly at his master, were glazed. His robe had been spotlessly white; now it was reddened—gay as the livery of the servants of the Governor sahib. As the light discovered him, betraying his secret, he moved his hand in a gesture of surrender and slowly sank down.

BRUCE caught him before his head struck the floor, and held it against his breast. The gray lips moved and a faint sound came forth:

“Sahib's best suit will be soiled by the blood.”

“Do not leave me, Khodo.”

“I must go quickly, sahib. Give me leave.”

“Wait only a moment, Khodo, for my word. Canst thou hear me?”

“Yea.”

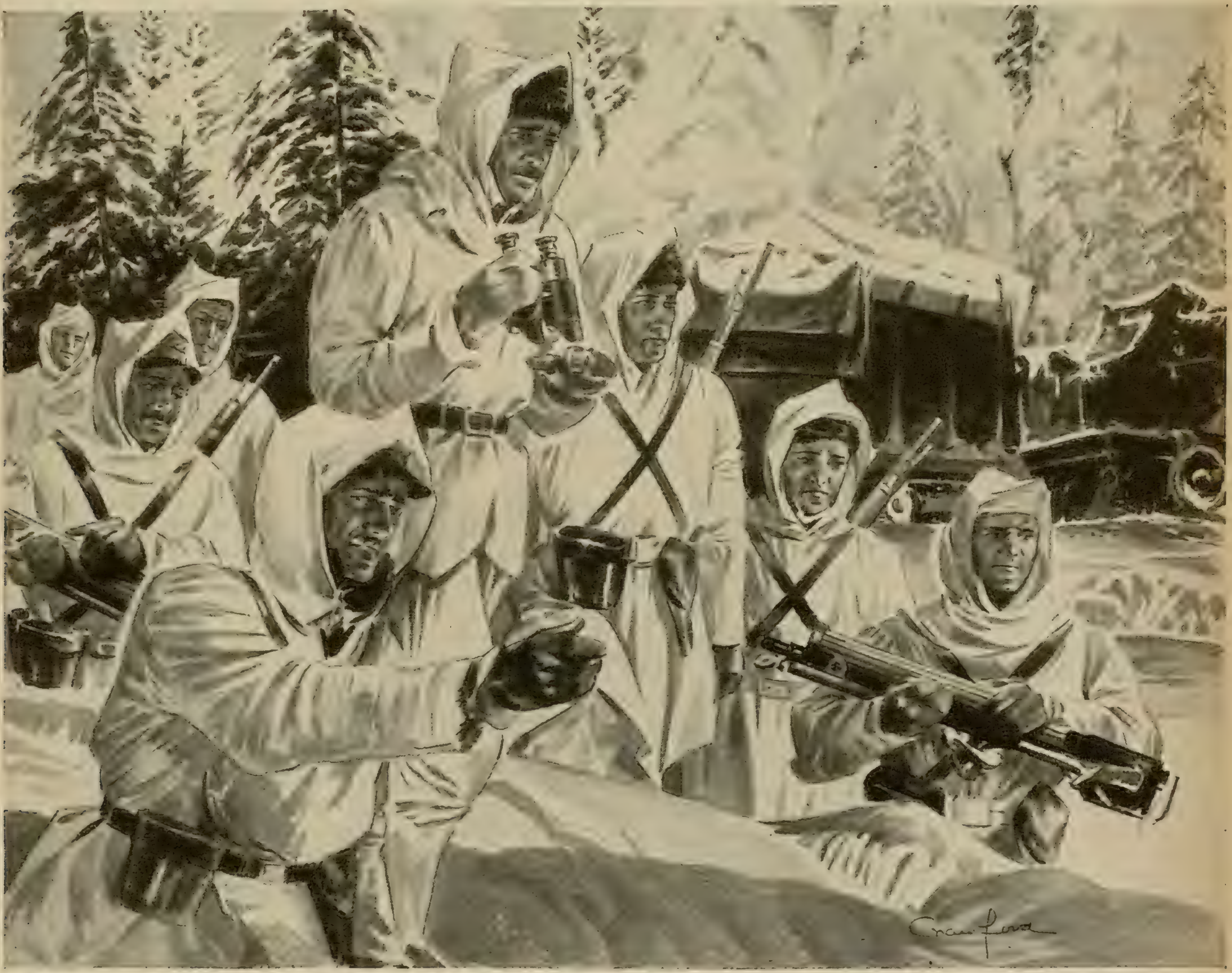
“I will not depart from Hind, or stop or rest, until this debt is paid.”

“I bear witness, sahib.”

“Now thou hast my leave to go—in peace.”

What will paying “this debt” lead Bruce into? Can he thwart the secret enemy? And what is behind these murderous attacks? Next week's Liberty will bring you still more baffling and thrilling development in a novel of deep intrigue and “ways that are dark.”

Under Fire AT THE FRONT



Close-up of war! Liberty's reporter tells how he faced death in Finland

We stopped in a machine-gun nest. "The Russians are over there," he said.

BY EDWARD DOHERTY

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

NOW that it is spring, or nearly spring, a young man's fancy nimbly back-dives into a winter's day in Lapland—a day of bombing and machine-gunning, a day with the Finnish soldiers on the Salla front. That was before a foreboding of doom had closed in on Finland—the foreboding of which I told in an earlier dispatch. There was understanding of the odds even then, but there was hope.

The sun surged up out of a cold gray sky that morning. It rose above the crest of a ridge and showed in a thousand scarlet rivulets through a forest. It reached the hill on which we stood, and revealed the pines and the men and the guns and dugouts all round us. A thermometer nailed to a tree read 27° below. It was nearly ten o'clock.

"A beautiful day," said the lieutenant who accompanied me. He crunched, one by one, the icicles on his beautiful pink mustache. "Lapland is beautiful even in winter. But in the spring—"

We were standing outside the headquarters tents, a circular shelter made of a wood-pulp composition and covered with earth and snow. It was built around the bole of a giant pine, and actually camouflaged except for the yellow smoke that rose out of a hole in its roof. We were about six miles from the Russian lines.

A soldier crawled out of the tents, straightened up, and came toward us—a long lean wolf of a man distinguished by a sheepskin coat: a wolf in sheep's clothing. He spoke several words in Finnish and darted past. Soldiers pressed out of the woods, running. They disappeared into the earth like so many prairie dogs.

"Sorry," the lieutenant said. "Your coffee will be delayed. There's an alarm. Russian planes will visit us in a few minutes. Let's go to our hotel."

The hotel was a hole in the earth about ten feet deep, covered with logs and earth and snow. Three snow-covered steps led down to it.

"You first, if you please," said the lieutenant. "You'll like your accommodations. The place is air-conditioned."

I wrapped my white robe close about me and tumbled down the stairs. The lieutenant stood on the top step, looking toward the east.

"Five bombers," he said. "About five thousand feet up. And three fighters. The fighters are below. Very low. Coming fast."

He came backward down the remaining steps, and stood in the open door, where he could see me. He pushed me into a corner, saying he did not want me shot.

"You're perfectly safe in that wing," he said—"unless, of course, one of the bombers lays an egg directly over your head."

I could not see the planes but could hear them. And I could see the bombs. They fell close to us, so close the earth trembled.

Again and again great bombs exploded, echoing and re-echoing, the whole earth shaking. We laughed, both of us, like children hiding from an irate and nearsighted grandpa. This was fun. This was sport. This was war. This was the fun, the sport, and the war I had failed to find anywhere else in Europe.

SUDDENLY there came a new sound out of the heavens—a furiously angry sound.

"A fighting plane," said the lieutenant. "He's trying to do a little strafing."

He stepped forward. "Hear it!"

I heard the sound of a machine gun.

"Theirs," he said. "And that's ours, answering. We missed. Too bad. But he was going too fast."

"You have no antiaircraft?" I asked.

"If we had, the Russians would never dare fly over these woods. That's what we need most. Antiaircraft guns. And planes—fighting planes. Without them we are lost. We will be massacred to a man. And if we don't get them before spring—"

He interrupted himself to say, "You may look now," and stepped out of the way.

In the clearing outside our hotel there was a tall birch. Through the ebon-and-silver lace of its million slender branches I could see eight specks in the frosty blue, the fighters much nearer than the bombers; the bright sun turning them into twinkling stars, into comets with long white sparkling tails.

"The vapor from the exhausts freezes in that altitude," the lieutenant said. "Look like so many plumes, don't they?"

We waited a few minutes, then started for the tents. In the snow all about us I saw the scars of machine-gun bullets. We had scarce reached our objective when we were forced to hurry back. The field telephone inside the tent had information that more planes were coming. Nine bombers and six fighters. It was after one o'clock when we finally entered the tent.

Oil lamps and candles fastened to bayonets lighted the interior. The earthen floor was covered with hay and blankets and furs. Men threw themselves down, feet to the stove which was near the trunk of the pine tree, and stretched out in comfort. They lighted cigarettes and cigars and pipes. They laughed and told stories in many languages.

It was a cozy, comfortable, masculine place, redolent of tobacco and coffee and hay and rubber and furs and — permeating everything — the fine grand smell of burning wood and the smoke of burning wood.

Coffee was passed around in tin cups from a wooden Lapp bowl; hot, strong, invigorating coffee.

"You may have all the coffee you can drink," said the lieutenant, "but we can't eat until after dark. About three thirty. Then we will have a reindeer stew. Do you like reindeer stew?"

I WAS awakened abruptly, during the afternoon, by shrill cries from without and the passage of many bodies over my frame. I thought it was another alarm. I pulled on my boots and hurried out. But it was only a soldier with a stack of mail—the most welcome visitor the soldiers had seen in days.

The grim man in the sheepskin coat was the first to receive a letter. He held it in his bare hands a long time, as though afraid to open it. He walked away from the excited group around the postman, fingering the envelope. Eventually he took a long knife and slit the cover. He began to read. The grim look disappeared. He danced. He waved the letter furiously. He called out to his friends, "It's a boy, an eight-pound boy!"

The day passed with many alarms. The reindeer stew passed, leaving fond memories. It was dark suddenly. Not knowing where I was going nor why, I was helped into a sleigh. The lieutenant got in beside me. The driver called an order to the horse, and we started through the woods and along a narrow road. The Lapps must have polished the stars for hours before they hung them out that night. Never had the heavens been brighter.

The icy wind bit our faces viciously, but we were warm, thanks to the hay beneath us and the many blankets above us. We rode for miles before we stopped. Then we entered a tent crammed with soldiers in white, men armed with bayoneted rifles, automatic pistols, submachine guns, hand grenades, and knives in long narrow sheaths.

"Would you like to go with them into the front line?" the lieutenant asked.

Over snow-covered ridges we went, down steep slopes, through the pines and the birches, through open spaces pitted with bomb holes. We stopped in a machine-gun nest on a hill commanding a wide semicircular valley.

"The Russians are over there," the officer said, pointing across the snow. "About half a mile away. You are looking down now into no man's land."

One of the machine gunners spoke English.

"A patrol of twenty men tried to get through this morning," he said. "We killed three of them. If it were not so dark, you could see them."

The woods were full of dead and frozen Russians. We stumbled over them every once in a while. It wasn't at all pleasant. Once the lieutenant slipped off the path and put out a hand to catch the upthrust of a tree. It wasn't a branch—it had fingers.

WE patrolled a long time. Without event. Then we returned to our sleigh and started down the road to a waiting auto. The lieutenant put a hand grenade of the potato-masher type into my lap. He explained we might meet a Russian patrol.

"Don't let it drop, even if the sleigh overturns. It might go off and blow us both to pieces, which would be waste of good ammunition."

A ski patrol passed us. On the hard snow their skis whistled a bullet's whistle. Soldiers on horseback passed us; soldiers in sleds drawn by reindeer; a soldier driving a team of dogs attached to a sled.

"We have two hundred dog teams," the lieutenant informed me. "They bring machine guns and ammunition up to the front on sleds and carry back the wounded. Some of the drivers are Alaskan sourdoughs."

I was paying scant attention, for under my breath I was singing a lullaby to the hand grenade. The words were ridiculous and the air abominable, but the sentiment was real:

"Sleep, sleep, my little dynamite,
And don't you dare to wake!
Don't dream no nightmares, my delight—
For your dear papa's sake."

"Look!" the lieutenant cried. The northern lights were dancing in the sky.

"Beautiful!" he exclaimed. "There's no more beautiful country on the face of the earth; but in spring . . . " He was silent.

"In the spring you have crocuses in New York. Here, all the length of Finland, we will have corpses. In the woods. In the rivers. In the lakes. When spring comes—if there's a Finland left by that time—which will do us the more harm—the millions of living Russians who will pour across the border, or the thousands and thousands of Russian dead, I wonder?"

And now that spring is here, or nearly here, I wonder too.

THE END

King Carol of Rumania reviews his troops.

CAN CAROL SURVIVE?

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

From the inside—A royal Austrian's intimate, revealing look at a king who may make history

BY ARCHDUKE FRANZ JOSEF

"RUMANIA will fight!" scream the headlines.

"'Second Finland awaits Russians,' vows King."

"Defiance to Soviet and Budapest is voiced by Carol."

Swiftly and dramatically the European war scene is shifting to the Balkans—and for the first time in several decades the fate and perhaps the future of troubled Europe hangs on a royal thread—the blue and robust blood of a Hohenzollern.

The few remaining monarchies on the Continent to date have strangely remained at peace, either by luck or design, as the rapacious, vampiric appetites of a former corporal and a cobbler's son—both with an insatiable greed for new power and conquest—have been nurtured on the blood of Central Europe's postwar states.

One by one, Austria, Czechoslovakia, and Poland stepped to the guillotine block—and heads rolled. Now the axman beckons again, this time to royal little Rumania, and we wait the answer . . . the answer that Carol alone can give.

The first World War started with the crushing of two small nations—Serbia and Belgium. It is an interesting speculation to consider whether the second World War may not end because two other small nations refuse to be crushed. Finland and Rumania may very well put an end to the continued threat of atheistic, Bolshevist domination of Europe.

So much now depends on Carol: whether he is clever enough to outwit the land-grabbers, whether he is willing to plunge the world deeper into the hell of war to save his religion, his country, and his throne. As a member of his family who knows him well, I feel the answer will be "Yes!" to both those questions.

"The whole history of the Balkans has been a series of mistakes," he said to me on my last visit to Rumania. "We cannot survive any more of them."

Above all else, it is Carol's intention to survive.

He is capable, and he is willing. He cares nothing for the outside world; only for Rumania. His arrogance is not so much from pride of birth. It is pride of position. From the American psychological point of view Carol is a self-made man. He may be King by the grace of God, but the kingdom is of Carol's own fashioning. For decades his garish private life has filled the front pages, while his solid public achievements have remained almost unnoticed.

Carol has been pictured as an international playboy. He has never been anything of the sort. I am not trying to whitewash his character—for chromium steel does not take whitewash—and Carol is more nearly a steel man than is Stalin. What Carol needs is not a stage spotlight, which reflects from his polished surface and dazzles observers into blindness, but to be looked at from all sides in a bright noonday sun.

There is only one simple thing about Carol. That is his inflexible resolve. Everything he has done is the result of that. He intends to get what he wants, all he wants, when, how, and under the exact conditions he desires; and his only real passion is the continued existence of an independent Rumania.

He wanted Rumania for his own. He wanted it without the political dynasty of the Bratianu family of Queen Marie's choice. He wanted it without even Queen Marie. He got it.

He wanted his son, Michael, but he didn't want Michael's mother, Helen, to whom he had been married for state reasons. He has Michael, and Princess Helen returned to Greece, later moving to Italy.

He wanted Magda Lupescu, the Rumanian beauty whom he had met at a ball. He has her—but only as a private matter. If keeping her ever conflicts with keeping Rumania, make no mistake, Miss Lupescu will go.

Carol rules Rumania, and he rules alone. Rumanians are a deeply religious people and Carol is the head of the Church; moreover, he is the *active* head. He has not, as did the later Russian czars, delegated his authority to a Holy Synod, which might conspire against both his people and himself.

Carol is vain. He loves uniforms, shining sabers, clanking spurs, glittering decorations, gold braid, helmets with feathers. Naturally. After all, he is a Hohenzollern, and every Hohenzollern who ever breathed loved all the details of military display.

But—and this is the important thing to know—Rumanians like uniforms and glitter too. Early in his career Carol found that magnificent uniforms and a number of sparkling decorations were sufficient to flatter generals and politicians alike. In addition, it amused the general public, which enjoyed a continual daily parade of highly ornamental gentlemen bustling to and fro all over the country on Carol's errands. The same gentlemen might perhaps, in more somber clothing, have gathered privately to plot against him. Cost of the uniforms and gewgaws is negligible compared to the result, which is spectacular in every sense.

By his own decision Carol made his dramatic airplane flight from exile to take the throne of Rumania from his young son, Michael.

Queen Marie, Carol's mother, had managed Rumania almost single-handed for many years. One of the most beautiful as well as one of the most intelligent women of her time, granddaughter of the great Queen Victoria of England, Marie was violently pro-British. Unaided, she brought Rumania into the first World War on the Allied side, in spite of her husband's Hohenzollern blood. Almost unaided, she came away from the treaty tables at Versailles with those rich territories that Russia, Hungary, and Bulgaria now want back. Marie was a strong character, and she had entrenched her power with a Cabinet and Prime Minister loyal to herself during the brief reign of her grandson, Michael. The Prime Minister, Bratianu, was an old-style politician who knew how to control elections but had no understanding of the part industry and economics play in modern government.

THEN Carol came from exile. He wanted to build his government on a good sound business policy, and above all a policy directed and controlled entirely by himself. So he promptly suggested that a nice long European tour would be delightful for his mother. He arranged all the details, kissed her good-by at the station, and went back to clean out her men from his palace and his ministries. He was doing it very successfully, when Queen Marie announced that she was tired of her tour. It may have been a coincidence that elections were about to be held.

Carol knew his mother, and he acted without hesitation. Carol hung in the balance; Marie might throw the election to her supporters and against his candidates.

Queen Marie's train, complete with kitchens, beauty parlors, hospital car, doctors, and a number of attendants, was in Italy. So Carol announced that the visit of the Queen Mother of Rumania to such a friendly neighbor required a larger entourage. Accordingly he was sending her a dozen officers in super-magnificent assorted uniforms. For nearly three months these unwelcome gentlemen kept her from leaving Italy—until after the election had been won by Carol.

Carol has not his mother's sympathetic appeal from the humanistic point of view. However, he knows his job thoroughly, and it will take that, rather than charm and good intentions, to win the game which Carol has to play against the forces that confront him. He has a tremendous responsibility to the world which waits upon the fearful chance of his success. But it is not toward the world that Carol feels responsibility. He only feels that to Rumania, and to himself, as the symbol of Rumania.

ONCE, when we were driving from his castle at Sinaia to Bucharest, a group of "Strageri"—members of the Rumanian Youth Movement—saluted him from the roadside. His whole being seemed to become electric with excitement.

"You see," he said, "those youngsters are the spirit of the new Rumania. It is the same from the Dniester to the Tisza rivers—the unity of my people. Our boundaries are traced in blood. They will not be altered by anything less than a world cataclysm!"

I realized he meant that statement in its most bitter truth. On one side he saw the dangers of Bolshevist Russia, slavering for the return of its Bessarabian province, which Queen Marie brought to Rumania from Versailles. On the other side was Germany, ready to back Hungarian demands for rich Transylvania, another bit of Marie's Versailles booty. Bulgaria, too, was looking longingly at her lost lands of Dobruja, that fertile triangle on the shores of the Black Sea, also a Versailles bargain item.

Rumania now holds the three mouths of the Danube River, main trade artery of Central Europe. If Bessarabia should be seized by Russia, then the Bolshevik Soviet state would control the northern mouth, called the Chilia Channel. If Bulgaria gained control of Dobruja, she would hold the southern mouth, and since, curiously enough, Bulgaria can count on Russian help, the Soviets would have a clear route through the very center of the European continent, by Belgrade, Budapest, and Vienna, up to the very border between France, Switzerland, and Germany.

Rumania's back door, through the Black Sea, opens on Turkey. Russia wants this back door kept wide open. Germany, on the contrary, wants to keep Rumania's front door, the great artery of the Danube, tightly shut.

So long as the two dictatorships are thus diametrically opposed on this point, Carol's task is not impossible.

Carol's business and financial triumphs have added to his political dangers. Rumania is a plum that is ripe to bursting. From the Dniester to the Danube, and from the Black Sea to the Hungarian Plain, I have flown over the whole country, and marveled at its richness. Wheat, corn, vineyards, oil wells, and billions in unexploited minerals leave no question as to the reason the hungry northern nations want this land.

I doubt that even Carol himself can be sure of what agreements have been made, behind his back, about his country. No one in Europe today can be sure what any of his neighbors are promising or saying. There are no longer any international niceties. It is survival of the fittest; and only the hardiest can expect to survive.

Carol has every right to be among those who do. He believes in personal monarchy, and he has proved up to now that that system is the only successful one for Rumania. His theory of government paraphrases the old proverb: "There are only peasants, the King, and God." He tolerates the nobility, but he neither trusts the nobles nor depends upon their support. Any attempt, even unintentional, to thrust another element between the peasants, the King, and God meets his immediate and severest opposition. He permits neither personal hardship nor family affection to stand between him and his ultimate intentions for Rumania.

HIS sister Ileana, who married my brother Anton, deeply adores her native land. She wanted her first child to be born there, and so my brother flew her to Balcic Castle on the Black Sea.

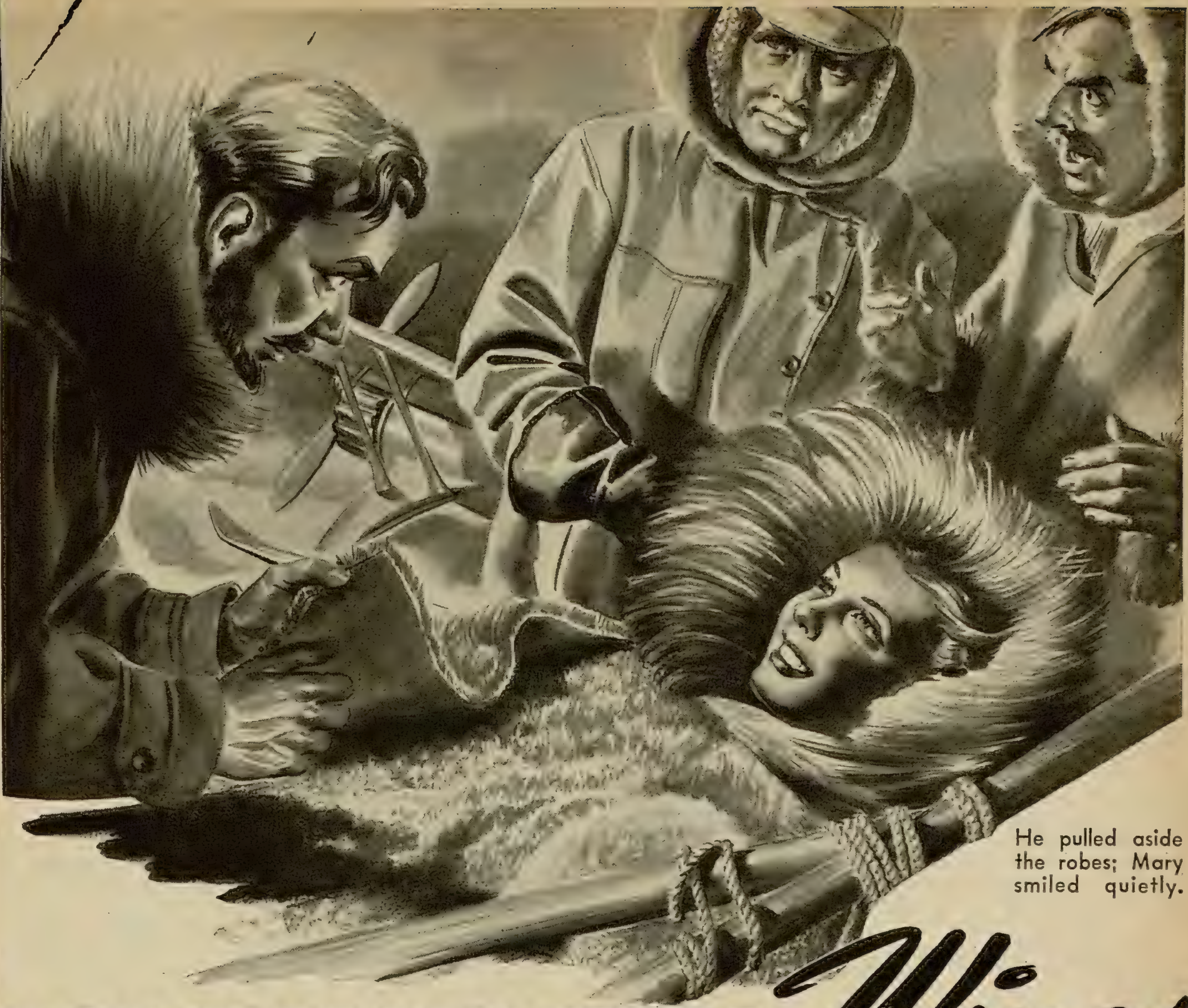
But Carol had suspicions—exactly what, no one ever knew, but evidently quite enough to make him determined that no archduke was going to complicate the dynastic succession to his throne by being born within the borders of his kingdom. So he sent a Cabinet Minister with the outrageous message to Ileana at Balcic that: "Her Imperial Highness could find some of the finest maternity hospitals in the world—in Vienna."

Ileana left. However, she is not without some of Carol's inflexibility, and her son, the Archduke Stefan, was born on Rumanian ground. She arranged for a quantity of earth from Balcic to be spread on the floor and under the bed in her room in her Austrian castle, and the fact was attested to by the attending physicians, ministers, and state officials on little Stefan's birth certificate.

This was not just an act of petty tyranny, small and despotic though it may appear. It is simply one of an endless number of like incidents, told here because it proves that Carol will not hesitate to use his iron glove even on his own family when he believes the interests of his country are ever so remotely threatened.

This is the man on whom the European spotlight is now focused, and whatever may be the outcome, his appearance in it will be picturesque—perhaps heroic.

THE END



He pulled aside the robes; Mary smiled quietly.

DOC GLEASON FINDS *Wings*

A stirring tale of wilderness love, a young bride's peril, and a man who conquered fear

BY FRANK RICHARDSON PIERCE

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES BRYSON

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

THIS is a story about two old men, a young one, and a pretty fair sort of girl, and it wouldn't have happened if gold hadn't been discovered in the Yukon country. The strike started thousands of kids and numbers of old men in their late thirties toward Skagway, Chilkoot Pass, and Dawson. There wasn't one man in a thousand who had the remotest idea of the kind of life he was going into.

Among the first to land on the beach at Skagway was a brand-new doctor named Dan Gleason. To conceal his youth and at the same time create confidence in the breasts of potential patients, he wore a furious black beard.

Buried somewhere, somewhere in a heap of freight a mile long and from four to six feet high and ten feet deep, was his outfit, including his shingle. The shingle, a present from his fraternity, was a breath-taking triumph of the sign painter's art of the era. It was designed to hang from an ornamental rod. Gold-leaf letters, standing with beauty and dignity against a black sanded background, read:

DANIEL GLEASON, M. D.
General Practitioner

Young Doc Gleason had just located his shingle when he encountered a pint-sized young fellow pushing big men around. He stood five feet two inches and weighed around a hundred pounds. He was almost lost in a huge overcoat and he was smoking the largest cigar Doc had ever seen. "Ain't seen any freight belongin' to Mike Trent, have you?" he asked. "Name would be painted in big letters. Like big things—big horses, big dogs, big women. Like to do things in a big way. Hate a five-center."

"There's freight bearing your name a quarter mile from here," Doc answered. "I'll show you."

"Good," Mike Trent answered. "Then I'll help you find your outfit.

What's your line?" Doc showed him the shingle. "Good line," he agreed. "Ain't decided what I'll do yet. There're some claim diggin' gold is the way to make money. Others claim supplyin' needs to rich miners is a better way."

An hour later he found Doc Gleason's grub and medical supplies. They didn't see each other again until one raw night on Lake Bennett. Thousands were camped along the shore, whipsawing lumber and building boats to float down the Yukon as soon as the ice went out. A half-frightened Indian came in with a story of his squaw freezing her feet. Doc needed transportation, and some one mentioned "A little cuss with a team of big dogs."

Doc wasn't surprised when Mike Trent responded to his call. That night Doc's first confinement case was successful, and he managed to save the squaw's feet, too. The grateful native gave Doc two otter pelts, and he handed one over to Mike Trent. Later, over a pot of scalding tea, the two kids discussed the adventure.

"Mike, it looks as if medication and transportation had come to the frozen North," Doc observed.

"It sure does," Mike agreed. He took several thoughtful puffs on his huge cigar. "Tell you what. Suppose we kinda stick together. You take care of the medication and I'll take care of the transportation, and we'll agree between us never to let the public down."

"That's a deal," Doc said. "I'll be just plain Doc Gleason. And you?"

"I'll organize the Alaska-Yukon-Arctic Transportation Company," Mike Trent answered. "Might as well look at this in a big way. Freight and transportation lines all over the North . . . some day. Maybe own my own railroad."

THEY organized an orchestra that winter to help kill time, and sent out a call for talent. Doc Gleason was some shakes on a silver cornet. And Mike Trent— You guessed it. He could play the bass viol. In a land where nicknames carry significance he became known as Bull-Fiddle Trent.

The two followed the stampedes. They were at Nome, at Fairbanks, and some of the smaller gold rushes. And they never let the public down. Doc's black bag was lost down a glacier crevasse his second year in the North. After that he carried his surgical kit in moosehide pokes which could be stuffed into big pockets.

Cold Deck, with its placer on the benches and high-grade ore in the mountains, offered permanence, and Doc built his hospital there. When he went Outside to buy his equipment he found he had a reputation.

"Gleason is out for the first time in twenty-five years," they said. One night he sat at the toastmaster's right and gazed down on hundreds of his fellow practitioners. Among them were names Doc spoke with reverence. He heard himself lauded for his work; his skill; his heroic mushes to distant villages; his beating a flu epidemic. When it was over, the hundreds stood up and applauded, and Doc was too full of emotion to even blurt his prepared response.

And while Doc was saving lives all over the North, Bull-Fiddle Trent was keeping pace with the times. He startled Cold Deck one afternoon by landing on the river ice in an airplane. At least, that was what he called it. Others, gazing at the flimsy craft, said it was nothing more than an egg crate fitted with an outboard motor.

"You're through killin' yourself off mushin' trails in winter, pole-boatin' and fightin' mosquitoes in summer, Doc," Bull-Fiddle said. "I'm givin' you wings."

FRANK RICHARDSON PIERCE

has written well over a thousand serials and short stories. Born in Massachusetts, he studied at the University of Washington Law School, and now lives on the shore of Lake Washington, near Seattle. He is fond of traveling.

Doc Gleason said he'd think about it. A week later a native brought word the plane had crashed fifty miles from Cold Deck. Doc and Bull-Fiddle mushed to the spot and looked at what had once been a plane, pilot, trapper, and load of fur. I guess Doc showed fear for the first time in his life. "Mike," he said, "I didn't think it possible a human being could be so thoroughly broken up. I'll never fly. Please don't ask me."

After that first crash hundreds wrote Doc Gleason asking him to stay on the ground. "You don't belong to yourself, Doc," they insisted. "You belong to us. If something happens to you—we can't replace you."

"I'll stay on the ground," Doc told them. And he stayed on the ground, though it wasn't long until Bull-Fiddle Trent was flying patients to him.

The planes continued to improve, and Bull-Fiddle gradually surrounded himself with good pilots. He flew a lot himself. He was a man who flew by the seat of his pants, and a knowledge of the country and its landmarks, rather than by instruments.

By this time he had married what he termed a "fine figger of a woman." She was six inches taller than he. He built her a big house on a high hill and said he believed in big families. Doc Gleason brought their seven daughters into the world, and nursed them through childhood diseases.

They were calling him Old Doc now; but his step was like a boy's and he was tireless on his fishing and hunting trips. He used to look at his shingle swaying in the breeze and wonder if it would outlast him. There was a sort of pride in his kindly eyes as he looked at it. *General Practitioner.* That meant everything in the North—unswerving loyalty to the sick and injured in all kin weather.

When young Bill Ridley, who a trap line in the Mink River country went Outside and married Mary Lane, a number one socialite, Alaskans were sure the romance wouldn't last. You can't expect a girl with Mary's background to adapt herself to the God-how-the-wind-howls life unless she is a very special girl.

BILL RIDLEY was a college man who had graduated into a world where grads were a dime a dozen. Rather than loaf, he had come North to trap. He went East in April with pelts worth seven thousand dollars—and met Mary. It took the little fat nipper with the bow and arrow just ten days to make them realize they were a definite he-she problem. When they were married there was weeping and wailing in high places.

Four months of honeymooning lay behind them when they arrived at Cold Deck. She was radiant, and breathless over the scenery. Glaciers, snowy peaks, brawling rivers, forests, and big game make quite a picture from a plane. I liked her smile—full of warmth and sparkle.

Bill had convinced her their future lay in traps and sluice boxes, and she was trying desperately to fit into the new life. The columnists Outside were giving the romance six months or a year at the most. Some of us marked time. We had seen butterflies make pretty fine Alaskan wives after a couple of years of seasoning.

I heard them talking shortly after they met Bull-Fiddle Trent. She was saying, "I'll want the best obstetrician in the North when the time comes."

"That'll be Doc Gleason," Bill said.

"Then, baby will need a specialist," she added.

"That'll be Doc Gleason," Bill answered.

"But surely Dr. Gleason can't be everything!" she protested, and for the first time I heard annoyance in her voice.

"Doc's everything up here, Mary," he said. "I think we'd better go over and meet him."

We didn't blame her for having her doubts. She had been raised on specialists from birth. She looked pretty serious and a little frightened when they came back from Doc's office. "And you say he won't fly to a patient?" she asked.

"No. He won't take the chance, and the people don't want him to," Bill answered. "It takes a special kind of man to be a doctor in this country, and they're few and far between."

"But it would take him days to mush to us," she said—"a week at least. And what would we do . . . just the two of us?"

"It's been faced before," he said, and I thought I detected iron in the gentleness of his tone. "But I'll send you to Doc's hospital in plenty of time. Planes fly over our cabin

(Continued on page 18)

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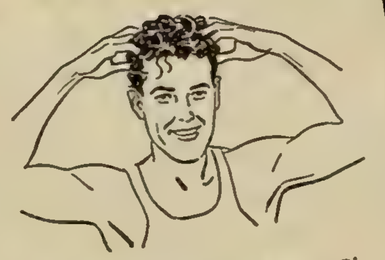
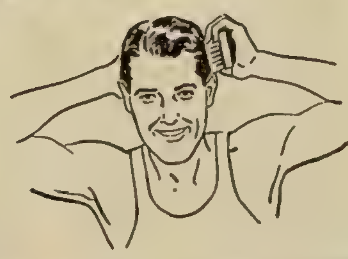


1 50 Seconds to Rub—Circulation of the scalp quickens—flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance!



2 10 Seconds to Comb and Brush—Your hair has a natural lustre—no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

GOOD-LOOKING HAIR adds the crowning touch to a man's appearance. It wins swift approval from everyone you meet. For good-looking hair says, "here is a man who takes rightful pride in his grooming." Yes, and a man who knows the importance of Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout."

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VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT" HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

(Continued from page 16)

frequently. We'll fix up a signal when we want one to stop." Suddenly he was completely tender. "A few months in this country, and a lot of things that puzzle you now and seem all wrong will be clear and seem right." Then he was off to help stow their outfit aboard a chartered plane.

Doc Gleason came over to talk to her a few minutes later. "I remember you now," she said. "The American Medical Association presented you with a medal inscribed, 'For service above and beyond call of duty.' I've no doubt it was deserved, doctor, but I wonder if you really are a general practitioner in the broadest sense of the word."

"What do you mean, Mrs. Ridley?"

"It seems to me a general practitioner would do anything and everything a patient might require—even fly to a bedside if his professional knowledge told him it was necessary," she explained. "Are you sure it isn't a personal fear of planes rather than the general need of your skill that keeps you grounded?" she asked.

I suppose if Doc had made a sharp answer she might have said something more; but he seemed to be weighing that angle for the first time, and suddenly her face softened and she laid her hand on his arm. "I'm truly sorry, doctor," she said.

"Don't be sorry, Mrs. Ridley," Doc said. "Maybe that shingle of mine has been a damned lie all these years. I've never been one to close my eyes to brutal facts. You've started me to thinking, and so . . . I wonder!"

DOC was still thinking when the Ridleys were miles from Cold Deck, and presently I heard Bull-Fiddle growl, "What's eatin' you, Doc?" Doc told him, and Bull-Fiddle hit the ceiling.

"Why, that stuck-up little snip!" he roared. "She . . ."

"Remember your blood pressure," Doc warned. "Remember, her viewpoint is that of one who has been in the country twenty-four hours. I've been here since '98. There's plenty on her side. No, Mike; the little lady is all right. Maybe I *am* yellow."

"Blast you, Doc," Bull-Fiddle shouted. "I've seen you in action from the first. If anybody's yellow, it's . . ." Doc silenced him with his hand. "Wantin' specialists to come flyin' to her!" Bull-Fiddle grumbled. "You'd think the most important baby in the world is about due to arrive."

"It is . . . to her," Doc quietly assured him.

I was wondering what Mary Ridley would think when she looked down on Bill's cabin and realized it was the only cabin in five thousand square miles of country. The pilot told me later. She slipped into a thicket where Bill couldn't see her and cried while they unloaded the plane. "If they want a plane to land," he said, "they're going to throw an old rubber boot into the stove. It makes a thick yellow smoke."

About the first thing Bill Ridley did was to clear a bench above the cabin for a landing field. And with a lake a mile distant we could land close the year around with wheels, pontoons, or skis.

In time the winter storms came, the mines shut down, and the old-timers who weren't trapping for next year's grub moved into Cold Deck to hang around stoves and gossip. One of our pilots dropped in on the Ridleys to see how they were getting along. Mary looked beautiful, the way girls do at such times. Bill looked lean and drawn. He didn't want to leave Mary alone, and he'd make round trips on his trap line in eighteen or twenty hours instead of staying overnight in a shelter cabin. The pilot offered to fly Mary to Cold Deck, but she shook her head. "I don't want to leave the big tramp," she confessed.

SEVERAL weeks later we got storm warnings from Nome, Unalaska, and several ships at sea. Small craft were ordered to remain in port and we ordered all planes grounded. Jess Decker, one of our best pilots, radioed he was landing at Ridley's, as there was yellow smoke coming out of the chimney. "Stay there," I ordered. "Latest weather reports say all hell's going to break loose." Then I sent for Doc Gleason.

Doc was in the administration building when Mary's voice came over the radio. He listened, asked questions, and gave some advice. When he was through he said to Bull-Fiddle Trent, "Mary's feet flew from under her as she was going down icy steps. She got a serious fall. They packed her on a stretcher to the plane, so she could talk to me. I think she's all right."

"They can't fly her out in this weather," Bull-Fiddle said. "Did you tell Bill what to do in case?"

Doc nodded.

And there things stood for hours. Then Jess said he was flying the Ridleys to Cold Deck. "Plane's heated," he said, "and she's comfortable. Weather isn't too bad." I knew he was lying on that point.

We all stuck close to the radio after that, and Doc walked miles in the administration building while Bull-Fiddle sat huddled in an oversized parka and puffed on a huge cigar. Jess reported frequently, and I sensed by his voice he was up to his ears in a fight. Then I heard more than his voice—a motor missing. Five minutes later he asked us to calculate his approximate position. He gave course and speed, and we knew the wind velocity and other details. Radio beams would have helped, but we don't have beams and lighted airways.

"He's near Eddy Lake," Bull-Fiddle declared when he had completed his calculation. Then he talked to Jess. My heart was pounding in my ears and the pit of the stomach. Plenty of mountains around Eddy Lake, and the chances were all against a safe landing. Visibilit ceiling practically zero, too.

"Just cleared a ridge," he sudde ly reported. "That was a close one Hell of an updraft."

A couple of minutes later Jess said, "I'm setting her down. Starboard motor can't handle her in this weather—port's about gone." His voice came in measured phrases. "Must be over the lake." Then I heard a grunt and the starboard motor roar as he tried to clear something. Then I heard a crash. Or was it imagination? An impact *might* be recorded a split second before the transmitter shattered.

None of us moved for several seconds; then Bull-Fiddle said, "Warm up Diamond Dotty." Some of the old-timers had named the plane after an early-day dance-hall favorite who could kick up her heels in spite of her age. The plane was Bull-Fiddle's personal job, and he flew her with the seat of his pants mostly.

Doc Gleason walked to the big window and stared in the direction of his hospital. He couldn't see it. It was too far and there was too much snow in the air, but I knew he was seeing his shingle swaying in the wind and reading the fading legend on its sanded board. He was pale when he turned, but his voice was calm and his hands steady. "Mike," he said to Bull-Fiddle, "I'm going with you."

"No," Bull-Fiddle barked. "You're not. We can't risk your neck."

"Years ago you agreed to look after transportation and I medication. You've kept apace with the times, Mike. I've lagged. The truth is—and it hurts to admit it—I'm afraid to fly. Mary Ridley opened my eyes. Either I'm a general practitioner in every sense of the term, or I'm nothing. We'll say no more."

Even as he talked, the picture of his first plane, rolled into a ball, must have been vivid. But the other picture—of Mary Ridley—was stronger. They warmed up Diamond Dotty while he went for his kit, and when he returned his parka hood concealed his face. But once a trick of the wind turned back the wolverine fur facing and I saw his face—chalky as death. His knees almost buckled as he climbed into the plane, but his fine surgeon's hands were steady enough.

BULL-FIDDLE was at the controls and he motioned me to take the mechanic's seat. The aisle was jammed with big Malemute dogs chained tightly to seats and not liking it any too well. In the early days, when planes and motors were inferior to the present types, Bull-Fiddle had carried dogs and a knockdown sled much as a ship carries lifeboats. He still carried them on occasion.

Between fear and air roughness, Doc was a mighty sick man. He said nothing, nor did we. It was the kind of battle a man must fight alone. Bull-Fiddle flew until the compass needle moved in circles, then he grunted in satisfaction. "There's a mountain of magnetic ore south of Eddy Lake," he said. "Compass always acts like this. I hit her right on the nose." There was pardonable pride in the little man's voice. *That* was navigation. He turned north and headed into the storm, while our bodies pulled and bucked against their lashings and the dogs howled.

"If any of 'em survived," Bull-Fiddle said after a while, "they'll build a fire. Watch for a pink glow below and keep sniffin' for smoke." He flew beyond the north end of the lake, turned and came back, quartering the region as a setter quarters a field. I knew pinnacle peaks were close to our skis at the time, for Bull-Fiddle didn't hesitate to take chances when they were justified. And he liked to take big ones.

A vagrant whiff of burning wood came through the air conduit at last, and I shouted. Bull-Fiddle nodded, banked, and flew northwesterly. "Now, if I can keep her nose on that smoke beam . . ." I felt the plane sink; then I caught a faint splash of pink. A sheer cliff leaped at our skis; then he straightened her out and climbed. "That's Table Mountain," he said.

It dropped off abruptly and a downdraft sent us fluttering into a deep gulch. She responded nicely as Bull-Fiddle leveled off. He knew where he was now—knew he was following a deep narrow canyon running from the mountain to the lake. A moment later I saw the glow, and a flash of a broken cabin and a port wing sticking to a sheer rock.

HOW near to them can you land?" Doc asked.

"On Eddy Lake," Bull-Fiddle answered. "Fifteen miles. Can't set her down anywhere in the hills—country's broken up."

"Five or six hours mushing in loose snow," Doc said. "Maybe longer. Too long . . . if that girl's alive." A tremendous struggle was going on within him. Then he said, "How does a parachute work?"

I knew what he was thinking. I looked at Bull-Fiddle. He said to me, "Show him how they work."

I showed Doc. He licked his lips several times, then said, "Mike, can you put her over that wreck again?"

"Yes . . . Doc." And his hard voice was suddenly husky.

"Then . . . do it."

Bull-Fiddle turned back, and now we were roaring up the canyon, gaining elevation every minute.

"Take over," he ordered. "Keep her on her course. I'm going back with Doc."

A few minutes later I felt the blast of icy air as the door opened. Then the door closed again, and Bull-Fiddle Trent sat down in his place and tightened the seat belt. "When Doc fell backwards," he said, "his face changed. He may have died. Do you realize a couple of viewpoints as far apart as the poles a few months ago are coming together? At first Mary Ridley expected Doc to come to her. She's learned what a man like Doc means to this kind of a country. She

Chase a COLD faster with Sal Hepatica*

MRS.: Darling, these Cotton Ball costumes are swell, but there isn't any use in trying mine on—I'll be down with a cold the night of the Ball.

MR.: Not if I can help it! What you need is a saline laxative to give you double-quick, two-way help—Sal Hepatica.

MRS.: Sal Hepatica? Two-way help?

MR.: You bet! First, Sal Hepatica is gentle in its laxative action, yet it acts fast—and speed is mighty important in fighting a cold. And second, Sal Hepatica helps Nature counteract the acidity that often accompanies a cold.

SEVERAL DAYS LATER

MR.: Honey, you're the queen of the Ball. Take a bow!

MRS.: Take one yourself. I'd probably be down with a cold if you hadn't known about that saline laxative, Sal Hepatica. It certainly chases colds faster!

* A recent survey by seven leading medical journals shows that 7 out of 10 doctors recommend a *saline* laxative, in treating colds.

SAL HEPATICA

Get a bottle of this famous saline laxative at your druggist's today

TUNE IN! Big new Fred Allen Show—Wednesdays at 9 to 10 P. M., E.S.T.

was coming to him because she recognized his value and her right to his skill was . . . proportionate, I guess is the word. Then, when she crashed . . . Well," he concluded, "any way you figger it, he's a general practitioner. And when he's through with it, that old shingle should go to the territorial museum at Juneau."

He set the plane down twenty minutes later, then taxied along the shore until the canyon broke through to Eddy Lake. We secured ship, drained the crankcases so the congealed oil wouldn't freeze the bearings, then brought out the dogs.

It was man-killing work, breaking trail up that canyon. There were stretches over the frozen creek that were fair, but there was a large amount of down timber blocking the way that we had to go under or around. After the first five miles I went back to stand by the plane. I reported to the Cold Deck operator, and while I was talking to him a press service Outside came in and wanted the story. Old Doc was a national figure ever since the flu affair. I told them what had happened: that Mary Ridley was on the wrecked plane and that Doc had made a parachute jump.

"And that'll have to do you for now," I said. "There won't be more news for eighteen or twenty hours."

It was twenty-four hours before the storm slackened to a slate-gray sky and twenty-below-zero temperature. I caught a flashlight signal far up the canyon. I'd put small tents over the motors and kept them warm with gasoline heaters, and I'd placed the lubricating oil in tins near the roaring driftwood fire. Now I poured the oil into the crankcases, removed the tents and heaters, and got the motors going. Then I looked up the canyon and wondered what kind of freight Bull-Fiddle Trent would bring on his dog sled.

Presently I saw a scene familiar enough to early-day Alaskans—Bull-Fiddle plodding ahead, breaking trail, and Doc Gleason at the sled handle bars. Behind I saw Jess Decker. I knew by the way he carried his left arm it was splinted and bandaged. Then I looked again at the sled. There was quite a mound on it, covered with robes. "Bill and Mary are dead," I thought. I felt sick.

I didn't say anything until the sled stopped by the plane and the dogs dropped in their tracks. Then I whistled softly and looked at Doc. "Yeah," he said, with the gruffness he always used to cover emotion. "That's Bill Ridley Junior you hear squawling. Mother and child doing nicely. They're as snug as a bug in her sleeping bag. Bill's got a broken leg. I kept 'em covered—afraid fingers or toes might freeze."

He pulled aside the robes, and Mary smiled quietly and asked Bill if the leg hurt much, and he lied and said, "Not a damned bit."

We jammed the dogs into a baggage compartment, then lifted the Ridleys into the plane and helped Jess Decker aboard. I closed the door and made my way forward to the mechanic's seat. Bull-Fiddle revved the motors, rocked the plane, and broke the skis clear. We streaked over the surface several hundred yards and the old man lifted her neatly. It was snowing again and visibility was zero, but Bull-Fiddle wasn't particularly worried. He was flying with the seat of his pants and he knew in due time Diamond Dotty's skis would whistle over the frozen surface of the Cold Deck airport.

"How'd you like bailing out, Doc?" I asked.

"Fainted from sheer fright," he answered. "I'm ashamed. Cold air revived me. I found the ring and pulled it. Infernally impractical way of calling on a patient. Now, you take a dog team . . ."

"So you're going back to dog teams?" Bull-Fiddle sniffed. "I'll admit they'll take you to the patient's side, but they're slower."

"Who the devil said I was going back to dog teams?" Doc grumbled. "I'm a general practitioner, and my transportation will have to fit each case. I think, though, I'd better bring in some likely fellow to take care of my practice . . . just in case." He drew in a deep breath and began to relax. I could see wings sprouting, and smiled. He must have guessed my thoughts, because he gave me a professional scowl and began, "Now . . . take a dog team . . ."

THE END

BAD BREATH ALMOST BROKE UP OUR HOME!

NOW SUSAN! DON'T TELL ME *YOU AND FRED* EVER HAD TROUBLE, TOO!

MARY, A YEAR AGO, WE WERE AT THE *BREAKING POINT!* THEN FRED TOLD ME WHY! *I WAS HORRIFIED!* BUT I SAW OUR DENTIST...

AND HE TOLD ME...

TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND **COLGATE DENTAL CREAM.** ITS SPECIAL *PENETRATING* FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...

COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ...MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!

"Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth . . . helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. And Colgate's safe polishing agent makes teeth naturally bright and sparkling! Always use Colgate Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

AND THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM...

NOBODY COULD POSSIBLY BE *HAPPIER* THAN FRED AND I ARE *NOW*, MARY. SO...

SO WHY DON'T I TAKE YOUR HINT AND SEE IF IT DOESN'T *PATCH UP MY MARRIAGE*, TOO? THANKS, SUSAN--*I'M GOING TO!*

NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!

20¢ LARGE SIZE
35¢ GIANT SIZE OVER TWICE AS MUCH

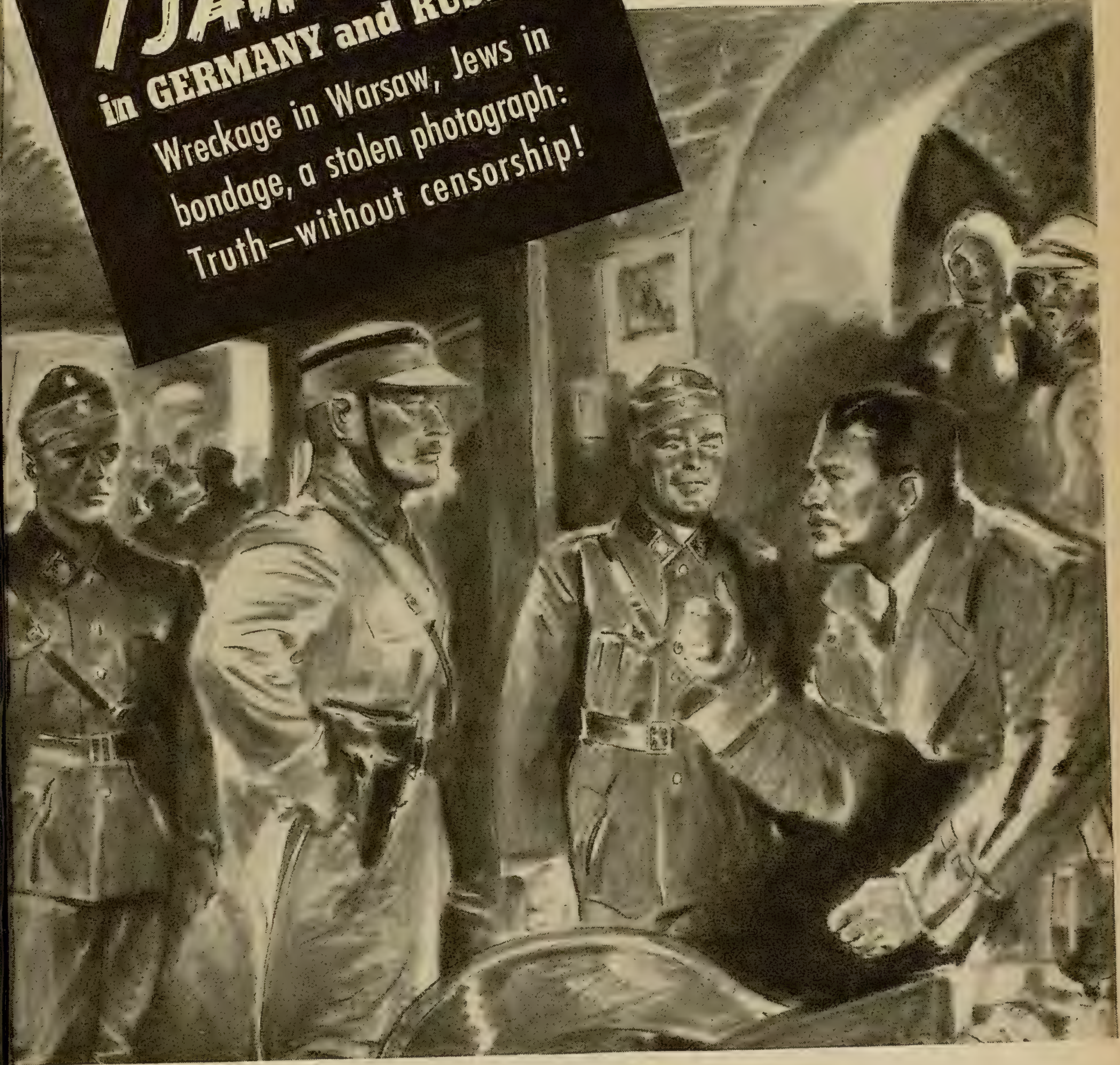
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

DON'T RISK OFFENDING! KEEP BAD BREATH AWAY! USE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM, TWICE EVERY DAY!

I SAW HELL in GERMANY and RUSSIA

Wreckage in Warsaw, Jews in bondage, a stolen photograph: Truth—without censorship!

"I—I regret the incident," blustered the hog caller. "My men did not understand." But he was seething.



BY KENNETH BROWN COLLINGS

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

PART FOUR
HITLER'S MARK ON POLAND

OF course I have credentials," I said.

But what could I do? This major would never fall for a phony build-up of an unknown man named Giese. Yet he took Nazi orders. That meant he could not keep track of the constantly changing bureaucrats. And perhaps a calm statement would be convincing.

"These are my last year's credentials," I said, handing him the Sudetenland documents, "and here are this year's. You will notice that they are O. K.'d by Giese."

"Who is he?" inquired the major.

"I haven't the slightest idea. All I know is that correspondents' credentials go in through a little white door and, if acceptable, come out stamped 'Giese.'"

Even if the major was not convinced, he handed the paper back. I had barely gotten my hands on it when I looked up and saw, framed in the doorway—

A Nazi passport inspector! Which meant I had to do the whole thing *over again. Well, the inspector had undoubtedly seen the major return the paper!*

"Oh," I said, still trying to sound casual, "would you, also, like to see my credentials? Here, help yourself—and please note the Giese signature."

Back came the paper. Up went his hand in a Nazi salute. Down the aisle he moved. I said, "You see, that inspector knew all about Giese."

"Obviously," said the now convinced major—and it never dawned on him that the only thing the disciplined Nazi inspector had done was take his cue from him.

I reached Warsaw just after midnight. The railroad station was gone, destroyed. Then I walked upstairs into a temporary shed, suddenly realized that I was actually in Congress Poland—and that the railroad station was crowded with refugees. But the refugee enigma would have to wait. My immediate problems were to get all the information I could, cover my tracks, and get out of town before the Germans caught up to me. And I was no longer monkeying with underlings: Warsaw was the seat of the German high command!

BUT I had been in Warsaw once before, and that was in my favor. I also had the names of Poles who would help me. At this hour, however, I must register in a hotel—and that would surely inform the Germans that I was in town.

And so would hanging around that railroad station! Already a pair of German officers were eying me suspiciously. Grabbing my bags, I walked out to the street. All about me, silhouetted against the night, were grim reminders of war. Across the street from the makeshift railroad station were jagged walls, row on row of them, windowless, with stars shining down through the places where the roofs should have been.

As I presently discovered, belated travelers were permitted to go directly to their domiciles, and nowhere else. Although there were no taxis, there were porters, and one suggested a near-by hotel. "Only one wing of it is blown up," he said. "The other is all right."

At the hotel I registered as Brown C. Kenneth. Then I felt thirsty, reached for a water tap, was stopped abruptly. "My God, man!" snapped a fellow guest. "The city is still full of typhus! Don't drink a drop of water unless it has been boiled!"

I started my personal observations at the crack of dawn, keeping my daylight rendezvous with a Pole—who must remain nameless. And here, for the first time, is a complete report on devastated Warsaw:

The business district centering about the Nowy Swiat was a shattered mess. Three fourths of the buildings were completely uninhabitable. Several side streets were nothing more than a shambles of twisted steel girders rising above piles of crumbled masonry. Temporary paths had been cleared through the center, and these streets were the least dangerous. Everything which could fall on your head had already fallen.

The Avenue Jerozolimska was only slightly better. All over town public buildings were bullet-scarred and battered. The palace was cracked and sagging but still standing, the stately medieval church across the way a roofless shell.

In the public square in front of the art gallery were the graves of Polish soldiers, buried, hit-or-miss, exactly where they fell. Uneven mounds of earth and crude wooden crosses made them as startling a sight as they would have been in Times Square. Those graves made every passing Pole think of Warsaw's fate; and if the Germans left them there they would remind every future tourist of it—and that meant they wouldn't leave them—and unless I got a picture right now, probably no one would ever get one.

IN LIBERTY LAST WEEK

Mr. Collings gave both Polish and German versions of the blood bath at Bromberg, as he got them there in spite of Nazi surveillance in German-occupied Poland. He found Bromberg's normal population of 125,000 reduced to less than a fourth of that number. Some 85,000 Poles and Jews had been deported, the former to Congress Poland, the new buffer state east of Germany's old frontier. The Jews had been shipped east of Warsaw to "go out in the woods and freeze or starve." Mr. Collings' Polish informants said that in the blood bath, September 3-6, at least 8,000 Polish civilians had been slaughtered, 800 of them in a church. They admitted that Poles had begun the killing, but said their victims had been a few German spies.

The German version was that in the church only forty Poles had been killed, and only after Poles had massacred 1,000 German civilians. Mr. Collings concludes that the facts are halfway between the two sets of figures; that there was a lot of killing in which the Germans had the advantage.

From Bromberg he took a main-line train for Kutno. The train was full of army officers, with some of whom he talked, until the ranking one, a major, came into the compartment and sat down and said quietly to him: "I presume you would not be here without proper credentials?" And the unaccredited American saw that now, for the first time, he was up against a really brainy man.

My Polish friend watched one direction. I watched the other. Early risers came and went. A German patrol stamped by, gave us heart failure, kept going.

"Now," said the Pole, and out of my pocket came the camera, and I had the picture. *If* I could get it out of the city—and out of the country.

I suddenly doubted both. We were walking along a crowded street in the ghetto when my companion grabbed my sleeve. Ahead of us was a barricade. A cordon of German soldiers blocked the street, examining the credentials of all who passed. We ducked back in the crowd, slipped through a maze of side streets, came out in the market place, started buying soc which I did not need.

Granted that there had been shortage of food and clothing in Warsaw, none was apparent now. There was meat in abundance, and bread and vegetables. "But it won't last long," predicted my friend mournfully. "The Germans are exporting everything and sending us nothing—except hundreds of thousands more mouths to feed."

In Warsaw, no effort was being made to deport the Jews, nor was such a move contemplated. But the Jewish men were being put forcibly to work at manual labor, repairing sewers, clearing away the war litter. Wagonloads of them rattled through the streets, glum figures grasping muddy picks and shovels. Non-Jewish Poles were doing the same work but on a different basis: the Gentiles were paid; the Jews were not.

Posters adorned almost every street corner: more notices of executions, military edicts, penalties for drunkenness. But the biggest placard, and the one most frequently displayed, was a cartoon depicting a gaunt and worried British Prime Minister leaning on an umbrella and remorsefully surveying the smoking ruins of Warsaw. The caption read: "You have a lot to answer for, Mr. Chamberlain."

Except for one hole, which had since been repaired, the bridges over the Vistula were intact. But as for the Germans' marksmanship, they had managed to hit almost every other building on the Nowy Swiat and miss the Hotel Europeisky, the town's best. It was now full of German officers.

HOWEVER, what the world wanted to know was: *What percentage of Warsaw lay in ruins as the result of the German bombardment?*

Most foreigners who had fled the falling bombs and the shellfire estimated the destruction at seventy-five per cent. A few went as high as ninety. The fact was that many buildings were intact, especially in the outlying districts. Some householders quite close to town had escaped even broken windows by pasting X-shaped strips of paper on the glass. And even in the Avenue Jerozolimska the destruction was not complete. A calm appraisal of the whole places the damage at thirty per cent.

But don't let that deceive you. *The utter desolation of thirty per cent of a city of well over a million people is brutal enough!*

And now my final objective was the German-Russian frontier—and try to get there! In this locality, it was an impossibility; my trail down the Polish Corridor was too long and too hot. The only alternative was to retrace my steps to Dirschau and swing northeast and then southeast again. But at my destination, the East Prussian town of Prostken, there was a short strip of frontier which was unchanged except that the Russians now held the far side. That might make my approach a trifle easier.

(Continued on page 24)

Which Gives You Most in Size, Style, Comfort?

TWO EASY STEPS SHOW YOU THE BIGGEST VALUE

FIRST See the 1940 Quality Chart—discover how "All 3" low-priced cars stack up on size, comfort, safety, luxury.

Of 22 important features found in high-priced cars—

Plymouth has 21- Car "2" has 11- Car "3" has 8

SECOND Take Plymouth's Luxury Ride and discover how finer quality contributes to your riding pleasure!

THE 1940 QUALITY CHART
A Comparison of "All Three" Low-Priced Cars with Leading High
IS MO

DISCOVER YOUR BEST BUY THIS EASY "ONE-TWO" WAY

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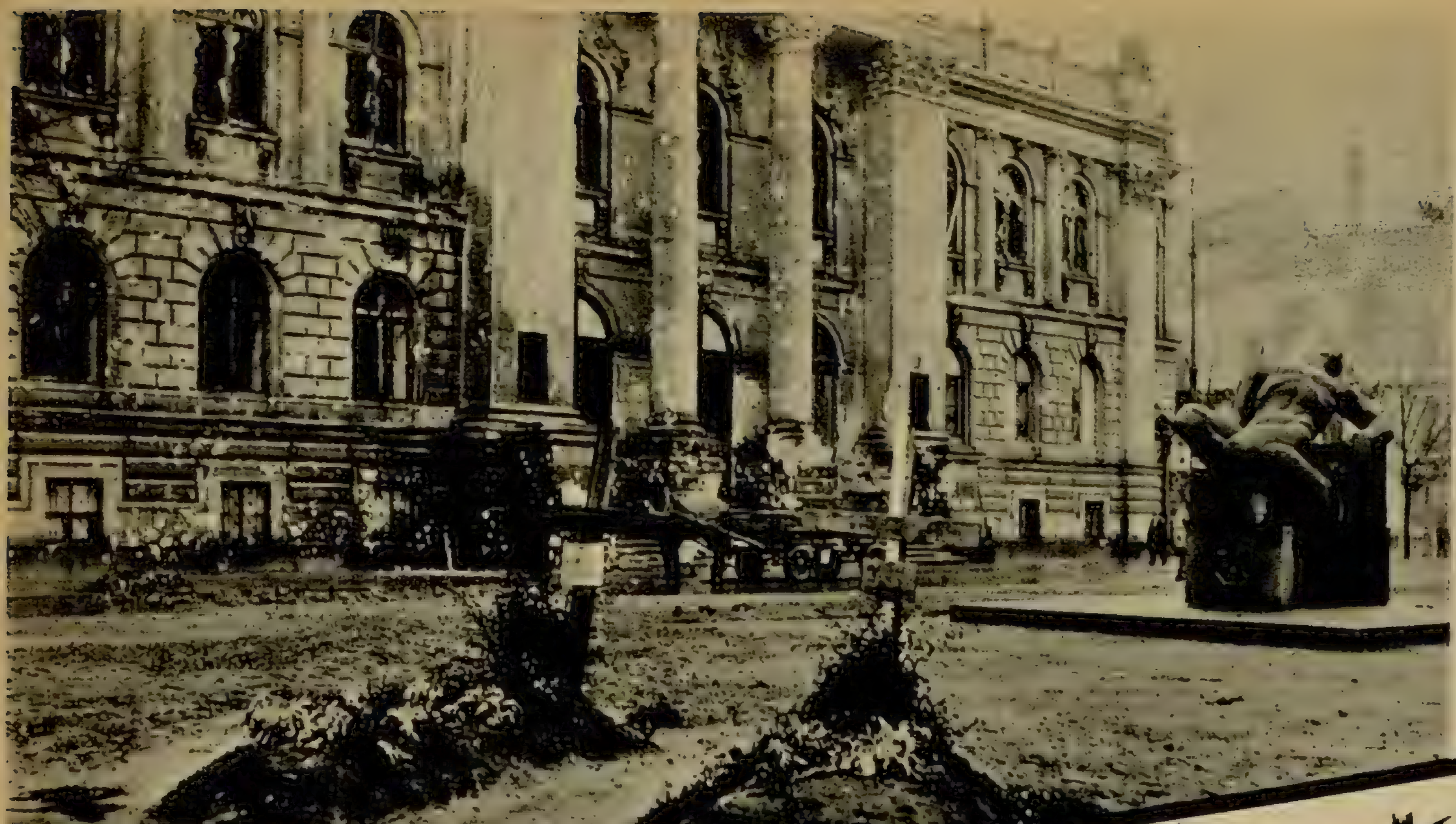
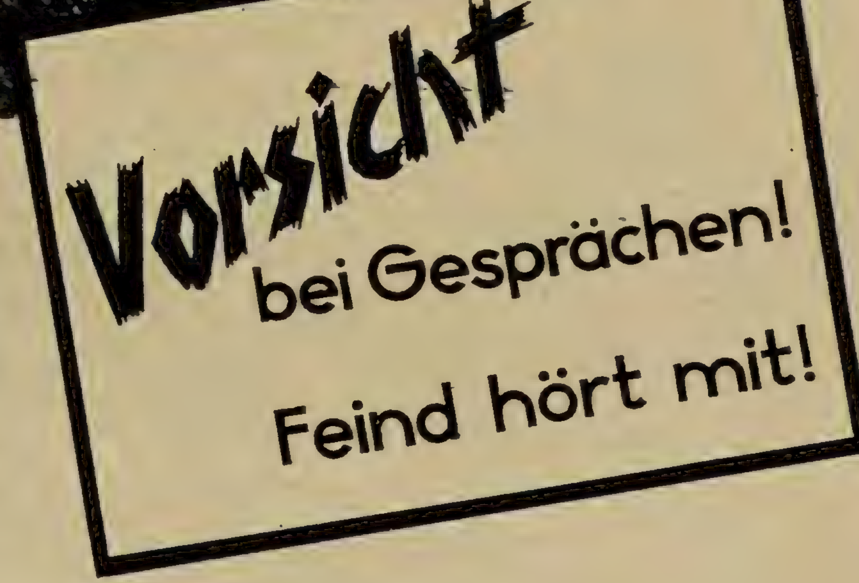


At left: The gallery in Warsa scarred by bullets, and the public square before it, showing graves of Polish soldiers buried where they fell —from a unique camera shot that Mr. Collings was able to take surreptitiously. Below: One of the Nazi signs that hang in railroad trains and stations, warning: "Be careful whom you talk to. The enemy hears you!"


Vorsicht
bei Gesprächen!
Feind hört mit!

(Continued from page 22)

I started. Bromberg again; Dirschau again. By the time I reached my junction point I was half dead from lack of sleep. But the mystery of the disappearing Polish deportees remained unsolved.

A frightened Polish lad put me on the right track. He pointed out a wire gate leading into the railroad yards, told me it was unlocked—and fled. I took a chance, barged through, and on the other side found my answer. In front of me was a brick freight shed. Over its entrance hung a sign reading: "Waiting Room—*4th* Class." Inside, sitting on wooden benches, was a dejected group of refugees. The creation of a special fourth class for them allowed the Germans to keep them segregated and, presumably, at the same time to claim there was no discrimination. But in fairness I must add that the shed was dry and well heated.

I couldn't reach Prostken without changing trains in Königsberg—the town where I had my second letter of introduction. So I got back aboard my train and kept on going; paused in Memel long enough to send a bunch of post cards proving I was there; caught the next train back to Königsberg. Then, with my heart in my mouth, I telephoned Mr. Nazi.

He was not in. "We expected you *days* ago!" said his secretary. "You are to get right in touch with Herr Schwarz at the local branch of the Propaganda Ministry."

This spelled sure-fire trouble.

"Herr Who?" I said. "I your language not understand well." Then I hung up and got out of town fast.

The trip to Prostken required four hours. All of the train's compartments were loaded with German officers—and now I was headed for the strictly closed frontier. But I had taken the precaution of buying another bottle of brandy, and that helped. So did my round-trip ticket.

This was the big question before me, the question which every thinking man in America was asking: *How long before this new frontier caused trouble? How long could Nazi Socialism and Russian Communism exist side by side without either contaminating the other? How long before these strange bedfellows clashed?*

If I was to appraise the frontier precautions, I had to view them at firsthand. My real troubles started when I was still some ten miles from my destination. Just at dusk the train pulled in to a place called Lyk, and most of the passengers got off. That meant that my arrival at Prostken—a small town about which I knew absolutely nothing—would stand out like a sore thumb.

But things had worked out all right before, and why shouldn't they again? Besides, I had been coveting one of these red-and-yellow spy warnings. In the empty train compartment I removed one from its hooks, placed it in my bag—to spend five anxious days wishing to high heaven I had never set eyes on it.

I arrived in Prostken to find a bandbox railroad station sitting in a traffic island surrounded by a Stygian expanse of railroad tracks. The only communication with the few twinkling lights which seemed to be the village was by way of a long overhead bridge. The handful of passengers were going that way, so I followed. But at the far end I was stuck. The other passengers fanned out, no two going the same way. That left me standing in the gloom, wondering if there was a hotel.

Then a small boy came along. "*Ja, ja!*" he piped cheerily, "there is a hotel just around that corner."

"By the way," I said, "Prostken is fairly close to the *Grenze*, isn't it?"

The *Grenze* was the actual frontier line. If I was to see it, I had to know where it was. And asking a boy seemed more prudent than inquiring in a small-town hotel.

I should have known better. The boy froze in his tracks. "Ooh, the *G-grenze!*" he gulped. "Y-yes, sir. It is just one kilometer down that road." Then he was off like a startled deer to spread the news about the mysterious foreigner. He even beat me to the hotel. It was like walking into a morgue. Farmers and their wives sat in stony silence. No one looked up.

Yes, said the barmaid grudgingly, I could have a beer. No, there were no rooms. Then I noticed that she was nursing a huge boil on her hand.

"Let me see that," I said. Without waiting for an answer, I started pulling needles and iodine, salve and bandages out of my medicine kit.

That was different! Apparently Prostken had not had a doctor since the war started. Certainly a large part of it was suffering from boils.

(Continued on page 26)

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CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, *General Motors Sales Corporation,* DETROIT, MICHIGAN

(Continued from page 24)

In the next hour I dressed fifteen or sixteen of them. By that time everybody in the place was buying me drinks and calling me *Herr Doktor.*

"How do you like your new Russian neighbors?" I asked.

"We never see them. A *Grenze* is a *Grenze.*"

And it was—I later verified that. As far as the country people were concerned, the frontier might have been the Great Wall of China.

My amateur doctoring came to a sudden climax—and an abrupt close. The barmaid led me into a back room where her sister was coyly holding up her skirts to reveal a nasty sore halfway from knee to hip. It didn't look like a boil to me, and if I didn't watch out, somebody would be asking me to deliver babies.

"See here," I said. "I am not a doctor. I am an American correspondent, and I want a place to sleep."

The reaction was confusing. They were obviously grateful for the dressings. But they still had no room for me. Then I saw whispered conversations; sensed the reason. This was the evening drinking hour. Yet the usual coterie of brown- and black-shirt officials was absent. That meant there must be a more ritzy meeting place; and these people were waiting for instructions—and suddenly they had them! One of the men for whom I had dressed a boil burst in the door.

"We have found a room for you," he said. "Follow me!"

He led me to a more pretentious hotel. Bar and dining room were full of Nazi officials. Until I registered you could have heard a pin drop. Then a big bull-throated brown shirt beckoned me to his table. This time I had to pay for my own drinks. And that was a bad sign!

AND so was the bombastic roar of that Nazi. "*I* am the *Führer* here!" he bellowed, like a hog caller. "If you are an American reporter and want information about the *Grenze,* you should come to *me!*"

There was a lot more. But he said very little about my authorization to be there. He gave my credentials only a cursory glance. Those were pretty sure indications that he was inwardly doubtful of his authority.

"I am so happy to have found the head man," I said. "Suppose you tell me the story in your own words."

After that things went smoothly—on the surface. But the atmosphere was charged with dynamite, and a little civilian touched off the spark. He was rather drunk and suddenly became bold enough to insult black shirts and brown shirts alike. One of the latter, an underling, snatched him from his chair. Several of them gave him the bum's rush to the hotel door. I heard an automobile motor start up—and automobiles were quite likely to have Gestapo drivers!

I jumped to my feet, hurried out after the pushers—and a lot of things happened fast. A big brown shirt grabbed me by the shoulders, shoved me back to the table, tried to push me into my chair. I saw red, doubled my fist. The surprised brown shirt half let go of me, looked at his *Führer* for instructions.

"I—I regret the incident," blustered the hog caller. "My men did not understand." But he was seething.

What I expected him to do was telegraph Berlin in the morning and find out if I was authorized to be there. He would never get an answer before noon. By that time I expected to be on my way back to Königsberg. Knowing Nazi Germany, it did not occur to me that he could influence the *Grenze* police or the emigration men, who worked for different departments.

I got up shortly after dawn and had breakfast. The hotel dining room was deserted. So was the street outside. But it was nearly eight o'clock now, and the shopkeepers were on the job. I know, because I went in a store and bought post cards.

THE town consisted of twin rows of solid brick buildings bordering a broad main street, cobbled and fairly dry. It had been raining a lot and the fields beyond were a morass. But the main street continued to the Russian frontier, and I did not intend to get off it. And certainly—without either a German exit visa or a Russian entrance visa—I had no intention of crossing the forbidden line.

I stuffed my bottle of brandy and my camera in my pockets and followed the main street out of town. It went southeast across open fields. I walked steadily along, meeting no one, hearing nothing. There was going to be more rain, and I wondered if I had been wise to leave my raincoat in my room. Well, I would be back in the hotel inside of an hour.

And now I was coming to a group of buildings. The nearest ones, red-brick affairs, were undamaged. But those immediately beyond were shell-battered and roofless. That meant the German invasion of what had been Poland and was now Russia must have begun at this exact spot. Then I saw a red-white-and-black-striped pole stretching across the road and a gray-green official standing beside it.

Here was the forbidden German-Russian frontier—no doubt about it!

But where were the Russians?

By all the rules, the Russian frontier post should have been within a hundred yards beyond—and it wasn't! I could see at least a furlong, and there were no signs of life, nothing but shattered houses and foggy silence.

"Good morning," I said to the German *Grenze* guard, because I couldn't think of anything else to say. "I am an American correspondent, down here to look at the *Grenze* before catching my train to Königsberg. Is this where I officially leave Germany, or can I keep on walking until I see the Russians, and then turn back?"

It is fair to say that this chap half-warned me: "Aren't you afraid the Russians will shoot you?" But he grinned when he said it, and th made me think he wasn't serious.

Just at that second two more *Grenze* policemen walked out of the adjoining house—and they were quite obviously this man's superiors. But they were pleasant too. "The Russians?" said one. "They are about three hundred meters farther on. But do you speak Russian? Or French?"

I said I spoke enough French to make myself understood.

"Then you should have no trouble."

"Thanks. I'll be back in ten minutes," I said.

IF the whole thing was a plot, it was a clever plot. No one had even asked for a German exit visa. I did not have one, and I had not thought three German *Grenze* officials would let me leave Germany without one. But I *was* leaving Germany; and it never occurred to me that those three officials never expected to be called to account because they knew something I didn't: that the Russians lay in ambush. I was plodding along, looking at ruined houses, when—

"*Halt!*" roared a voice.

Thank God for a military training! The voice came from behind me, and had I hesitated I am sure I would have been shot. But I didn't. I froze in my tracks and thrust my arms above my shoulders, hands open. Then, and then only, did I dare look around—and what I saw almost gave me heart failure.

Three Russian soldiers with fixed bayonets had jumped from the ruins of the house I had just passed. They were closing in on me from three sides—fingers on triggers, bayonets pointed toward my vitals.

The leader was a big man with yellowish eyes. He roared something unintelligible. But there was no mistaking the backsweep of his bayonet.

He was prodding me over toward that ruined house, around its corner, out of sight of the German frontier—

Up against the wall!

My knees turned to water. I was sick all over. I tried to tell myself that I had always boasted I could take death in stride—and now I had to.

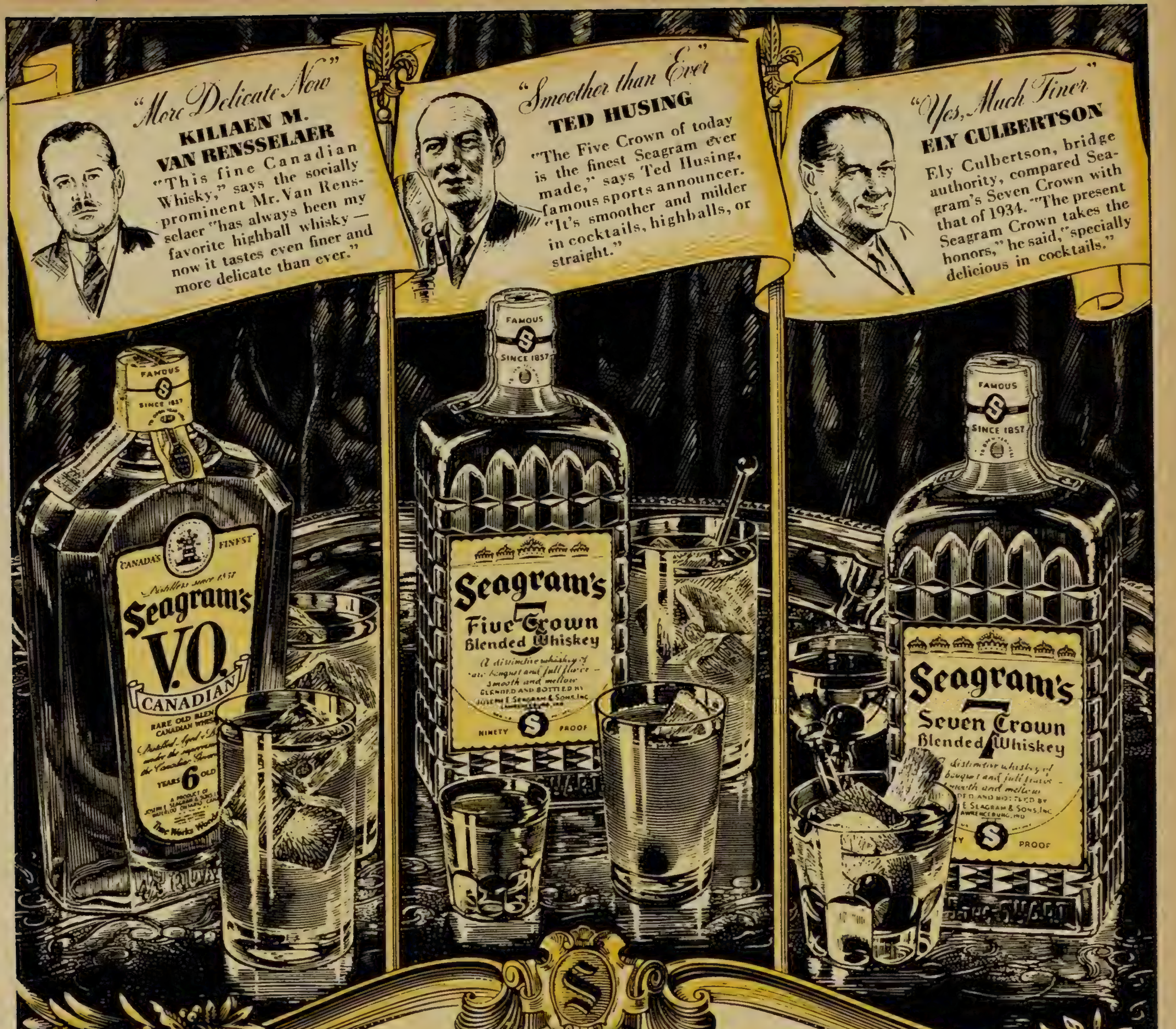
"No!" I shouted. "I'm an American correspondent!"

Stopping in my tracks, I risked the bayonets, tried every language I knew. None of them registered. The big Russian only glared the harder, drew back his bayonet. It was poised and ready to sink into my guts, and I started backing toward the wall. But as I backed I made such gestures as I could toward my inside pocket, using my chin, my inbent right elbow, even the tip of my tongue.

They got it wrong. "Have you got a gun?" asked one of them in sign language, crooking his trigger finger.

I shook my head emphatically. But they didn't believe me and stopped to search me. My American passport meant nothing to them—they couldn't read it. The bottle of brandy made them angry for some unknown reason. Then they found my camera—

(Continued on page 28)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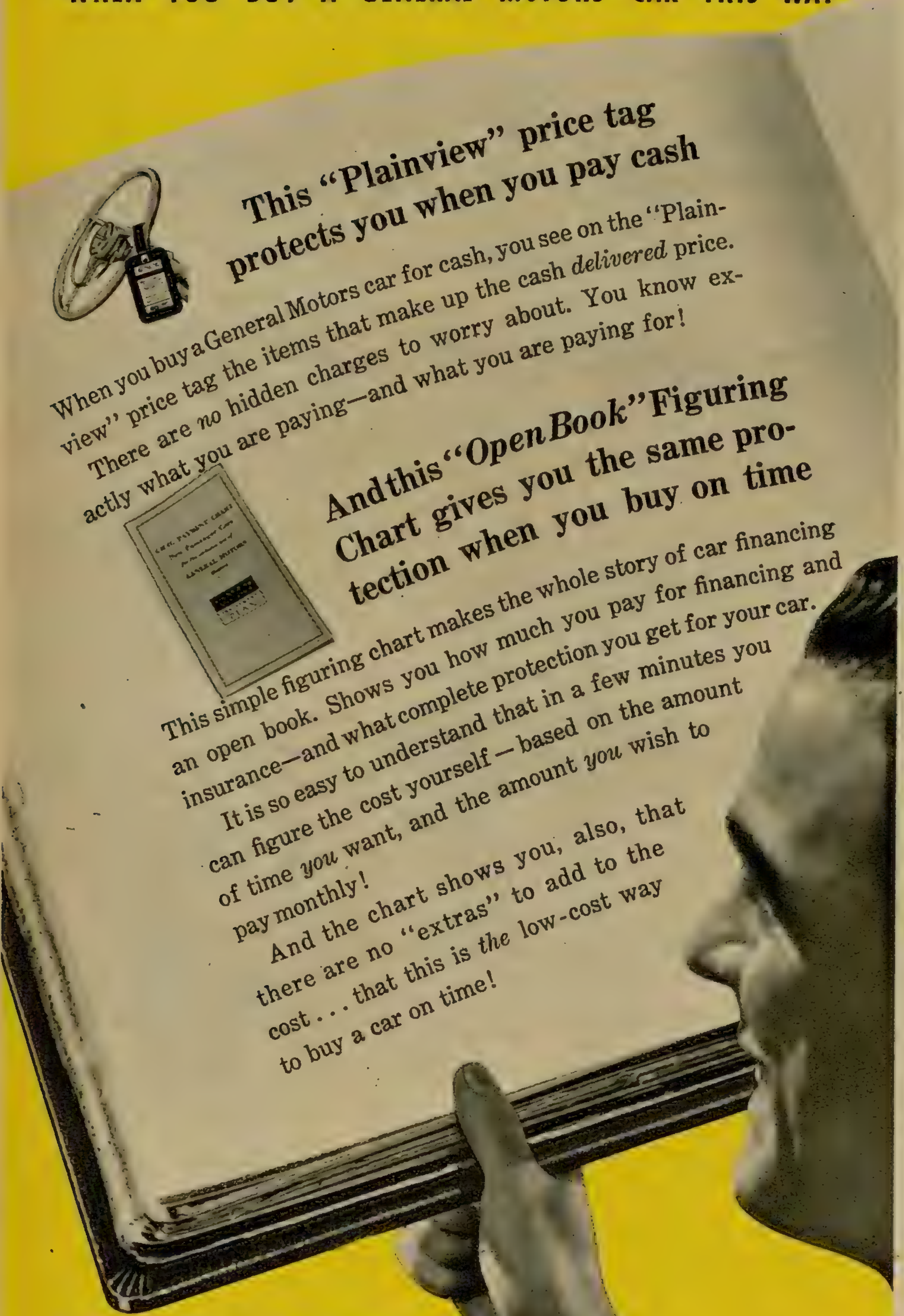

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(Continued from page 26)

and I got dirtier looks than ever. Finally I stood against the wall with my hands in the air. The three of them backed off and—

The one in the center drew back the bolt of his rifle and threw a cartridge into the chamber.

My blood congealed. This was it.

But something had sown the seeds of doubt. Instead of aiming at me, he thrust the rifle into the air and fired twice. That was undoubtedly a signal to call the guard.

FOR ten dreary minutes I stood against the wall. When I tried to edge away from it, the Russians prodded me back. It was obvious that they were afraid of what the Germans might see from the frontier. Probably that was why they had not shot me on the spot.

Then two more soldiers stamped down the road from Russia, stopped, screamed at me to march back ahead of them. Farther and farther into Russia we went, a three-man parade: me at the apex of a triangle, these two with fixed bayonets at the rear corners.

More ruined houses. More black thoughts. I tried to tell myself that every minute I remained alive was so much to the good—and failed miserably. If this was the frame-up I began to suspect, by this time the hotel keeper would have given my luggage to the Gestapo, and they would have found that stolen spy warning.

One of my guards suddenly yelled a command, motioned me off into a side road. For the first ten steps I tried to pick the high spots, then gave up and sloshed in mud ankle-deep, and at the same time it started to rain. A quarter of a mile of splashing brought us to a big white farmhouse sitting in a grove of trees. From the red flag flying overhead, I knew it was Russian field headquarters.

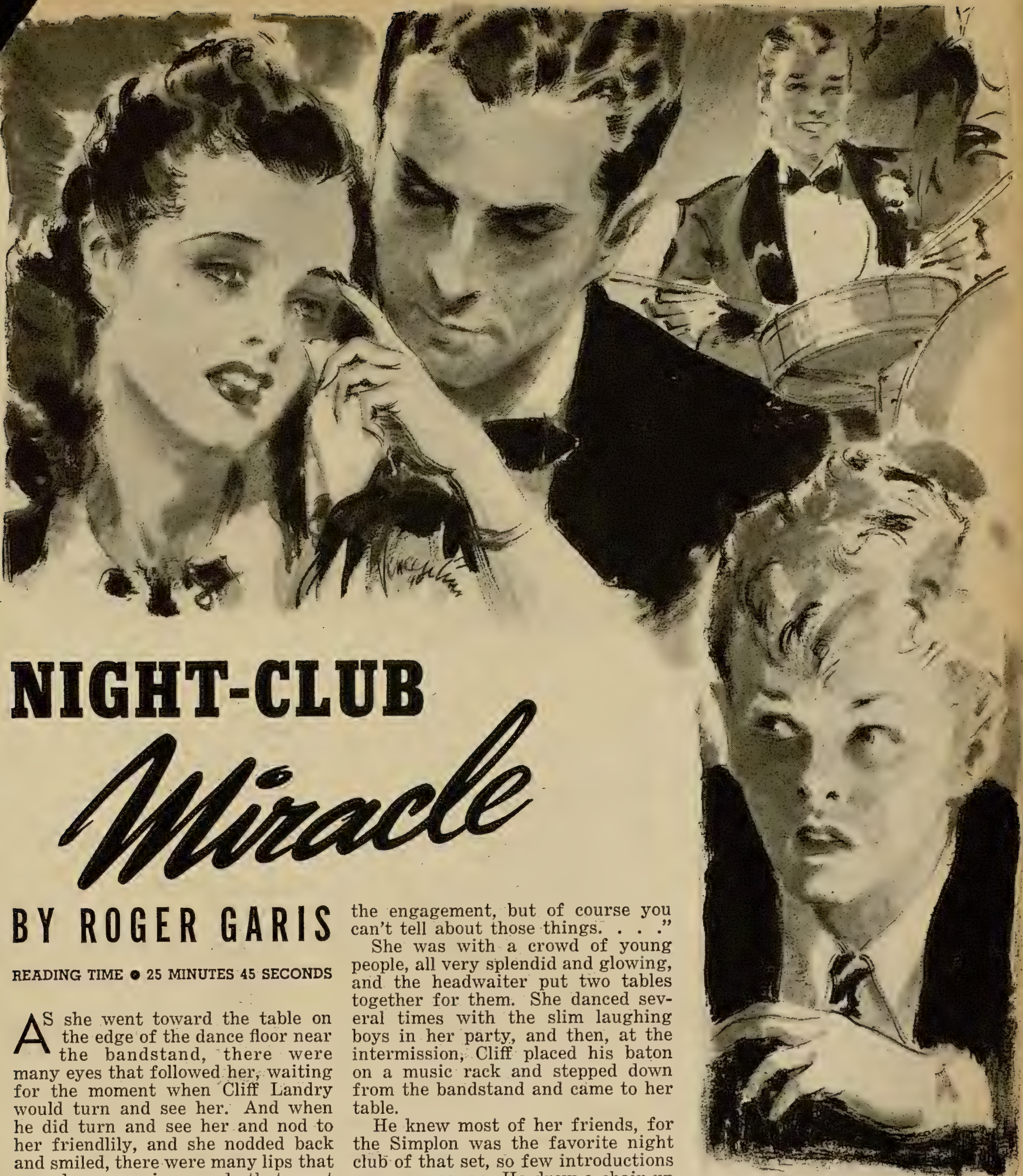
But my guards did not take me inside. They halted me fifty yards away, roared a communication, got a roaring answer from the front porch. Then they poked me over to the side of the lane and told me to stand there.

I stood there for what was probably another ten minutes—and seemed like ten years. Then the door of the house burst open and a square-built man in a green cap and a short quilted coat rushed out. I know now that he was a corporal, but all I could see at the time was that he was mad as hell because he had to come out in the rain.

Two more bayoneted Russian privates followed him. With the two already guarding me, that made four. He motioned them into a line; without so much as glancing at my face, started herding me backward—

Against a tree!

A tough spot! And he was to find himself on one even tougher, if less imminently perilous! How did Mr. Collings ever get, alive, out of Russia and then back into and out of Nazi Germany? Don't miss his report's conclusion in Liberty next week!



She began to sob, choking sobs. "Oh, Cliff, help me—I can't stop crying."

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENTINI

NIGHT-CLUB *Miracle*

BY ROGER GARIS

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

As she went toward the table on the edge of the dance floor near the bandstand, there were many eyes that followed her, waiting for the moment when Cliff Landry would turn and see her. And when he did turn and see her and nod to her friendlily, and she nodded back and smiled, there were many lips that moved, murmuring words that must all have been quite similar:

"Eve Terrill—you know, the girl whose picture is always in the society columns—she was engaged to Cliff Landry last year. No one knows what really happened, but they're not engaged any more. Yes, she is pretty, isn't she? But didn't you think her smile was rather—well, forced? If you ask me, she doesn't seem to have that bright carelessness she used to have. They say it was Cliff who broke the engagement, but of course you can't tell about those things. . . ."

She was with a crowd of young people, all very splendid and glowing, and the headwaiter put two tables together for them. She danced several times with the slim laughing boys in her party, and then, at the intermission, Cliff placed his baton on a music rack and stepped down from the bandstand and came to her table.

He knew most of her friends, for the Simplon was the favorite night club of that set, so few introductions were necessary. He drew a chair up next to her, and the chatter and laughter of the others left them on a little island of quietness. He said to her:

"It's good to see you again, Eve. I was wondering if you'd ever drop in on us. It's been a long time."

"Has it? Not a year yet—but you get about so much, don't you? How did the Simplon ever get you away from the Croyden Roof?"

"Matter of a contract with one extra figure in it," he said casually.

"Always the business man, aren't you?" she said, the mockery still quite gentle. "What is it they call you—the music magnate?"

A captivating story of one small boy, two hearts, and the magic of swing-time

He said: " You're looking very well, Eve. I hear you are changing into a real home girl. Only go out once a week and drink nothing stronger than sherry, and things like that. True? "

" Yes, it's true, Cliff." She looked at him, at his strong slender face, at his dark hair that never would slick back properly. " You see, I have a reason. I've got a new heart interest."

" Have you! Well, congratulations." His lips seemed to stiffen even as he smiled. " Do I know him? "

" No, I don't think you do. He doesn't go out much, either. His name is Tommy Blake, and he's nine years old, and he doesn't go out much because he can't walk. He had infantile three years ago. He recovered completely except for his legs, and the doctors say they may be able to cure them, but it will take time. Tommy is living with me. His father and mother died recently."

There was incredulousness in his eyes. " You're fooling. You don't mean to tell me Eve Terrill, society's favorite playgirl, is playing mother to a nine-year-old kid! The gods of the columns would split themselves roaring at that one. Eve, say it ain't so."

Her face was suddenly pale. " That's not very nice, Cliff."

He was instantly contrite. " I'm sorry, Eve. I thought you were kidding."

She looked at him steadily a moment, then relented. The color returned to her face. " All right, Cliff. You're forgiven. I suppose it was quite a shock—not exactly what you would expect of me, is it, to discover I've got some of those mother-love enzymes, or whatever they are, floating around with the swing and champagne protoplasms? But it's true nevertheless. I've had Tommy with me for five months now."

TELL me about it." He was careful to keep his voice even.

" There isn't much to tell. . . . I'd known the Blakes a long time. When they went abroad in July they asked me if I'd take care of Tommy for them. Of course I said I would. With mother at Lake Louise, I had the whole town house alone, and I was glad to have some one to think about besides myself. So Tommy came to visit."

" But you said his mother and father died? "

Eve said: " They sailed from Europe on the Athenia."

Cliff said: " Oh, I see. That's pretty tough. What are you going to do—adopt him? "

" I don't know. It's too early to think about that. Since the news came that his mother and father were lost, I've tried to be with him as much as I can. He needs some one. The doctors say the only chance of his ever walking is for him to want to very much, and since it happened, all he does is sit in his wheel chair and stare straight ahead. He doesn't even cry. Next Monday is his tenth birthday. I'm planning a little party for him, but—it's hard to get him interested in anything."

Cliff said once more: " That's tough. Poor kid. . . ."

It was time, then, for another number, and Cliff arose. " You'll be in sometime again, Eve? "

She nodded. " When I can. There's no reason why we can't be friends, I suppose, even if you did tell me I was a bad running mate for a man with ambition . . . remember, Cliff? "

He gazed at her directly. " Perhaps I was wrong. If you'd lunch with me one day, we might—"

She smiled. " Thanks, Cliff. But it's all over. It's as dead as if it never happened. They're waiting for you to play."

There was no other chance for him to speak with her, for Eve's party left soon afterward. When he turned, after the number was finished, she was gone.

IT was two days later, while Eve was reading to Tommy in the sunroom, that the maid delivered the note that had just come by mail.

" Dear Eve," it read. " How would you like to have Tommy's birthday party at the Simplon? Here's the idea: Monday is always a slow night. If you bring him to the club early, say around seven o'clock, the place will be practically deserted. I'll have the band here early, and we'll play any tunes Tommy likes. You could ask a few of his friends, and I'll arrange for a birthday cake and everything. Please do. I'm sure it would cheer him up. What do you say? "

Eve looked up from the note and saw Tommy's eyes fixed upon her. They were deep-set dark eyes, and they held a knowledge of pain that should not have come to them in his few years. He sat in his wheel chair, his slender hands resting in his lap, his head just a little to one side, not protesting, not even questioning. He did not ask her why she had stopped reading to him. He simply waited.

Suddenly she arose and went to him and, bending over, she held his head to her breast for a moment. Then she straightened and said:

" Monday's your birthday, Tommy. You'll be ten years old—think of it! We should have a celebration. How would you like to have a birthday party? "

He did not answer immediately. He seemed frightened. Then he murmured: " Well—a party—you have to have other boys at a party, don't you? I don't know any other boys. I guess we couldn't have a party."

So quietly, so quickly accepted. He had learned acceptance. Eve knelt beside him, put her arm about his shoulders.

" We wouldn't need boys for the sort of party I'm planning. There would be just you and me, and we'd have it in a restaurant—a club where I go once in a while. And there would be music, and a birthday cake, and it would be very gay. Would you like that? "

She held her breath for his answe A tiny frown creased his forehead.

" A restaurant? How could I go to a restaurant with . . ." He touched the arm of his chair.

" Oh, easily! " she exclaimed. " You won't need your chair, Tommy. You'll be carried in and you'll sit at a table. You see, there wouldn't be many other people—perhaps none at all. We'd have the club to ourselves, and the orchestra would play your favorite tunes—that song from Pinafore you like so much, and Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines, and Knocked 'Em in the Old Kent Road. Wouldn't that be fun? " She could see color coming into his face now.

" You mean a real orchestra—not a radio or phonograph? " he asked.

" A real orchestra. And they'd be playing just for us. I know the orchestra leader, and he told me if you'll come to the club he'll play all your favorites. Oh, Tommy, you'll love it! And we'll have a birthday cake with candles. And roast turkey, if you like, and ice cream, and pumpkin pie. . . ."

She waited. Tommy looked at her searchingly. " There wouldn't be other people—honest? We'd have it all to ourselves? "

" Honest, Tommy! What do you say? "

Unconsciously she had repeated the last phrase in Cliff's letter. Tommy hesitated a moment and then smiled.

" I guess," he said, " that would be a lot of fun, wouldn't it? "

Eve replied to Cliff's letter that afternoon. " I've gotten Tommy to agree," she said. " But I think we'd better make sure there aren't any other guests at the Simplon. Tommy is so sensitive about having strangers see him. There will be just he and I. Couldn't I hire the club for two hours —say from six until eight? I want things to be just as he wishes them. And thank you very much, Cliff, for your thoughtfulness. If it's true that I'm not all champagne and swing, maybe you're not all the stonyhearted music magnate, either! "

EVE glanced up from the paper after she had written the last sentence. Strange, to have quarreled over a thing like that. But Cliff had been so ridiculously stubborn. Because she enjoyed going around and dancing and doing a bit of drinking, as did every other girl in her set. Why, she should have been the one to protest at his way of living, if there was to be any protesting! All he thought of was getting ahead, making a success. Of course it had been that which had attracted her to him in the first place —he was so different from the boys she usually traveled with. But he was too one-sided. Too intolerant. Imagine working in night clubs and feeling contempt for the very people who were responsible for his success —actually looking down upon her friends, as he had told her, flatly, that he did! The colossal conceit of him! . . .

(Continued on page 32)

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(Continued from page 30)

Eve found her cheeks grow warm at the memory, and then she laughed, and folded the letter. After all, it was finished now. Silly to let it bother her. They had found out in time they were not suited to each other, and that was that.

With a firm hand Eve addressed an envelope.

During the next three days Tommy seemed better than at any time since the death of his mother and father. His eyes were brighter and there was a healthier color in his face. He asked many questions about the Simplon, and when Eve told him it was Cliff Landry's orchestra that was going to play for him, he was actually excited.

“I've heard them on the radio, Eve!” he exclaimed. “They're swell! But how did you get them for the party, Eve? How did you?”

Eve smiled. “That's a secret, Tommy. Maybe some day I'll tell you.”

WHEN Dr. Hadley-Jones came for his regular weekly visit on Sunday afternoon, he took longer with his examination than usual. When it was completed he called Eve aside.

“That boy is changing,” he stated. “His circulation is improved and his whole system seems toned up. If this continues I think I can offer some hope that eventually he may be able to use those legs. So far as I can determine, there is no actual destruction of the nerve tissues in the legs. What he needs most is to regain health up here.” He tapped his head. “You're doing a good job, Miss Terrill. Keep it up.”

Tommy went to bed an hour earlier that night. Eve wanted him to have a good rest, so that he would not be tired the next evening. When she peeked in his room at eleven, as she did every night, she saw he had fallen asleep with his bed light still burning. On the side of the bed was an open magazine. It was a copy of Music Hall, and it was open to a full-page picture of Cliff Landry.

Edward brought the large closed car to the door at five thirty the next evening. Eve had spent nearly an hour helping Tommy to get ready. He wore a brown suit, a blue shirt with a soft flowing collar, and a gray-striped tie— “Just like a picture in a fashions-for-men magazine,” Eve told him gaily.

On the ride through midtown New York to the Simplon Tommy gazed eagerly out of the car windows, asking the names of the streets and several times saying to Edward: “You're sure you know where the Simplon is? You're sure, Edward?”

Finally Edward turned off Fifth Avenue, pulled up before a canopy, and stopped. Tommy leaned forward. He read the name on the canopy: “Club Simplon.”

“This is it, Eve!” he exclaimed. “We're here!”

Eve nodded. “Yes, we're here, Tommy. Edward, will you—”

On the other few occasions that Eve had taken Tommy for a visit somewhere—few, because he preferred to remain at home—Edward had lifted him from the car and carried him inside. Now he stepped from the driver's seat and was about to open the rear door when a hand was on his shoulder, and Cliff said: “Just a second. Mind if I do that?”

Eve had not seen him come toward the car. He wore full evening dress, although his usual garb in the evenings was a tuxedo. He looked very handsome, and he leaned forward and held out his hand.

“Hi, Tommy!” he said. “Happy birthday!”

“This is Cliff Landry, Tommy,” Eve said.

“Hel-hello,” Tommy murmured. His eyes were wide and staring at Cliff. It was a moment before he was able to put out his hand and place it in Cliff's. “How are you—Mr. Landry?”

“I'm fine,” Cliff laughed. “You look pretty swell yourself, Tommy. Snappy tie you've got there.” Eve saw Tommy's face flush with pleasure. “How about hanging on to me till we get in? We'll let Eve hold the door for us. Got to put her to work somehow, you know.”

Without waiting for Tommy's reply, he bent forward and gathered the boy in his arms. Tommy, after one wild look at Eve, encircled Cliff's neck, and they were going toward the door of the Simplon, which Eve opened for them. As they entered, Eve noticed that all fright had left Tommy. She heard him say: “I like to listen to you on the radio, Mr. Landry. You—you've got a hot outfit.”

“Thank you very much, Tommy,” Cliff responded gravely. “I see you understand swing music. What do you think of my sax trio?”

“Oh, they're swell!” Tommy exclaimed. “I know their names, too—Harry Pierce and Bill Loomis and Slips Conway.”

They were in the lobby of the club. The hat-check girl stepped toward them.

“How do you do, Miss Terrill. Good evening, Mr. Blake. May I wish you a happy birthday?”

FOR an instant Tommy was abashed. Then he raised his head and said steadily: “Thank you—I guess you're supposed to take my hat, aren't you?” He held it out to her.

“And here is your check, Mr. Blake,” the girl said.

Tommy's fingers clutched the pasteboard. He stared at the number, blinked, and thrust it in the top pocket of his coat.

“Now we're all set,” Cliff remarked. He carried Tommy toward the entrance of the main room. The headwaiter emerged, stepped toward them and bowed.

“Good evening, Miss Terrill. Good evening, Mr. Blake. Table for two, Mr. Blake?”

“Y-yes,” Tommy gasped. “Table for two—if you please.”

“Right this way,” the headwaiter said grandly, and strode before them. “I have a very nice table for two, near the orchestra. And may I wish you a happy birthday, Mr. Blake?”

“Much—obliged,” Tommy breathed.

When Eve saw the club she gave a tiny cry. The band platform, on which the orchestra was seated, had been moved forward, and behind it was a solid bank of ferns, so that the room was only one quarter its regular size. There were three or four tables about, on each a huge bouquet of flowers. From the ceiling hung colored balloons and Chinese lanterns. Several waiters stood near the tables, smiling. There was no appearance of emptiness, although Eve and Tommy were the only guests. The place was gay, festive.

And to the left of the band, on a frame, was a banner on which was inscribed in gold paint: HAPPY BIRTHDAY, TOMMY BLAKE.

“Cliff, you darling!” Eve whispered, almost unaware that she had uttered the words. She grasped his arm tightly, and then let her hand fall.

Cliff grinned at her. He placed Tommy in a chair at the table nearest the band—the waiter standing behind it with a deferential bow—and then turned to the orchestra.

“All right, boys,” he called. “Give.”

THEY arose, instruments in readiness. Cliff started them on the down beat. As the brasses and the woods swung out the melody, a quartet sang:

“Happy birthday to you.
Happy birthday to you.
Happy birthday, Tommy Bla-a-ake,
Happy birthday to you.”

Tommy's face was aflame. He looked at Eve, and said breathlessly: “That was for me, Eve! They were singing for me! That was Bumps Halloway and Joe Degnan and Petie Cross and Lanny Richfield — they make phonograph records, and Music Hall says they're the best quartet of any band, and they were singing for me!”

The headwaiter was at Tommy's elbow. “If Mr. Blake will permit, I have arranged a special dinner. Would he care to look at the menu?”

He bowed and handed Tommy the card, giving one also to Eve. Across the top was printed: “Dinner at the Club Simplon, in honor of the tenth birthday of Mr. Thomas Blake, November 2, 1939.”

Eve's glance flew to Cliff, who was standing near the orchestra, watching them out of the corner of his eye. He raised his hand and the band began Ten Little Soldiers Standing in a Row. Tommy's gaze was devouring the card, and then he traced his name with a forefinger: “Eve, look—my name! It says ‘in honor of the tenth birthday of — of Mr. Thomas Blake—’ ”

(Continued on page 34)

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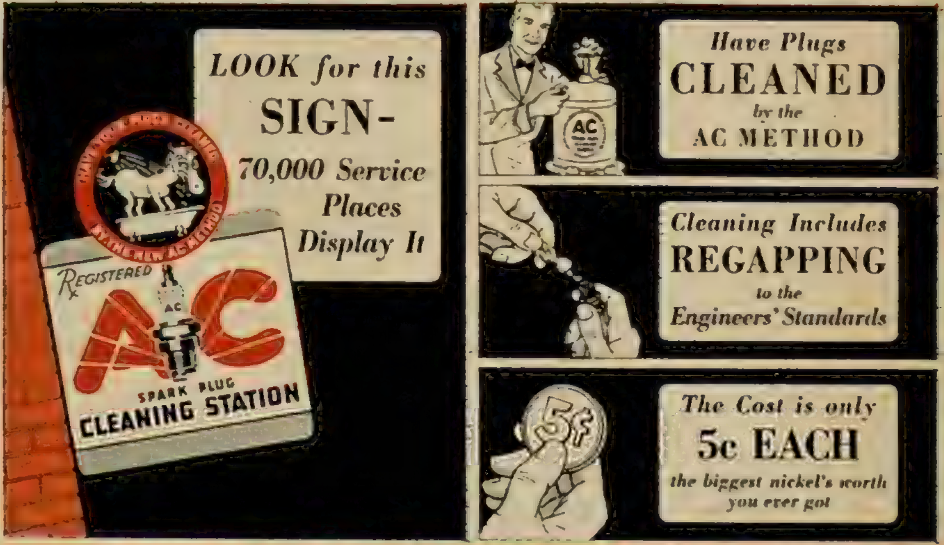

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"Where's your fare?" the conductor wants to know — and me without even a dime. "Right here," says I, passing him a stick of Beeman's. "Spent my last nickel for it. And is it a treat! Taste that keen, fresh flavor, that delightful tang—"

"Beeman's!" says he, looking mighty tempted. "I've been hankering for a chew of that smooth, tasty gum. Beeman's flavor rings the bell with me every time. Always fresh, always peppy. And just to show you I appreciate it—by golly, I'll lend you your fare myself!"

BEEMAN'S
AIDS DIGESTION

(Continued from page 32)

"Of course," Eve said. "Now you must read the menu, and see if you like the things on it. Although I am sure Frederick can be trusted to prepare whatever boys like best." She smiled at the headwaiter. "We begin with a fruit cup, don't we? And then a special soup à la Frederick, and then—roast turkey! I think we'd better start right in, don't you, Tommy?"

During the meal, which Tommy enjoyed hugely despite his excitement, Cliff kept the band playing constantly. He would turn and call: "What'll it be now, Tommy?" And Tommy would call back: "The Maine Stein Song!" or "Little Sir Echo!" or "The Whistler and His Dog!" and the orchestra would swing into it, with Cliff leading or taking choruses on the clarinet. The quartet sang several times, and Harry Bronson the drummer performed a specialty on the traps that had Tommy beating his hands on the table.

Then it came time for the birthday cake to be brought in, and the band played Happy Birthday to You once more, with Eve, Cliff, the waiters, and even Tommy joining in. Tommy blew out the ten candles with a single determined "Poof!" And every one applauded, and then Frederick handed Tommy the knife and he cut the cake, with a slice for all, including the orchestra. Cliff came to the table for his slice, while the band munched gaily, smacking their lips and raising their pieces of cake in toasts, exclaiming: "Here's to you, Tommy!" and "Here's luck, Tommy old boy!"

Then the table was cleared, and Cliff said to Tommy: "Now we're going to settle down to some real swing. The band is going to put on a jam session for you, Tommy. I'm not in it—it's just the boys. But first I want you to see something I got for you. A birthday present."

HE motioned to Frederick, who carried a large box to the table and set it down in front of Tommy.

"Gee!" Tommy gasped. "What is it?"

"I'd open it and find out, if I were you," Eve laughed.

Tommy cut the string with shaking hands. He plunged fingers in the mass of tissue paper and drew out a figure of a soldier, with a uniform of olive drab and a smart overseas cap and carrying a rifle. The figure was nearly three feet high.

"Golly!" Tommy exclaimed. "He's a beaut, isn't he, Eve? Look! His arms move! And that sure looks like a real gun—gee, thanks, Mr. Landry!"

"Let me show you something," Cliff said, taking the figure. He lifted the coat in the back and wound a key. Then he set the soldier on the table. To Tommy's delight, its legs jerked forward and it started to march across the table, and as it walked its arms moved, executing port arms and right shoulder arms.

"Boy!" Tommy shouted. "Look at him go! Look at him han gun! Gosh, I'll bet he'd sen enemy scooting! I think he's s Mr. Landry!"

"Then everything's O. K.," Cli said. "And now the boys are going into session for you. I'm going to sit back here, on the other side of Eve, where I can watch. You wind up Bill McGonickle—which is his name, by the way—and keep him moving. Maybe he'll go into a flea hop, if the music gets hot enough. Break it out, gang."

THE band started softly at first, and Tommy gazed with eager eyes at Harry Bronson, at the traps, flinging his arms high in the air and then barely touching the drums with his sticks, so that the beat was only a whisper. Gradually the beat grew more pronounced, and the brasses sounded clear, and then the band was in the groove, and Tommy was leaning forward in his chair, his fingers tapping the table furiously.

Cliff was close to Eve. He said to her: "Tommy's a grand kid, Eve. I don't blame you for wanting to keep him near you."

She did not speak immediately. She was gazing at the figure of the soldier. Then she said: "You're a pretty grand person yourself, Cliff. This—what you've done today — you are very, very kind."

"It wasn't anything." He waved a hand. "Besides, I got as big a kick out of it as Tommy. So did the boys. They're having a rare old time."

Still she did not look at him. "I just wanted you to know, Cliff, that I was wrong about you. I've never seen this side of you before. It's—quite surprising."

"Well, I was wrong about you, too, so we're even." His shoulder was touching hers, and suddenly his hand clasped hers upon the table. "Look, Eve. How's about giving it another chance? I never forgot you, not for a second—I guess you know that, don't you? But I was stupid enough to put my work before everything else. Well, I've learned a few lessons in the last year. Eve—do you think you could try it again? I want you. I want you more than anything in the world."

The orchestra was playing Day In, Day Out. Tommy was listening and watching intently. He reached for the soldier and wound the key, and the figure began marching, almost in time with the music.

Eve's hand did not move. "I'm afraid," she said gently, "that it's too late. It's hard to tell you—but I just don't feel anything when I think of you. I mean I like you, of course, but it ends there. . . . Whatever you gave me before is dead. It's all gone. I'm sorry, Cliff. . . ."

"But isn't it because we haven't seen each other in so long?" he asked. His voice was not quite steady. "After all, we can't expect to take up just where we left off—we've got to give ourselves time! Me, I don't need the time—I'm right back where

I was when I first fell in love with you. But you'll need a little while to—"

She shook her head. "It's no use, Cliff. I know myself. I know when a thing is finished with me." She looked at him now. "You wouldn't like me to pretend, would you? It's better to know the truth. You'd want that, wouldn't you?"

He stared at her for a long moment. Then, low: "Yes. That's the way I'd want it. Well, Eve—"

"You see, so many things have occurred—since we called quits. I've changed. I really have, Cliff. I'm not the same person. I don't know exactly what did it—Tommy maybe —but whatever it was, it happened." She was gazing at Tommy. His eyes were on the marching soldier. As the figure reached the edge of the table he turned it, and it started back. The orchestra swung into a new rhythm, a melody that seemed constructed on a single note, with the percussion instruments carrying the burden accentuated by the drums and the bass viol. "I wish it hadn't happened—but it has."

"Sure, I know." He tried to grin. "I won't say anything more, Eve. It's your decision. I guess I've got it coming to me. I broke first, didn't I?"

YES, you did, Cliff." The soldier had begun another march across the table. The music increased in intensity, the beat was more pronounced. Tommy's eyes were glued to the moving figure. His body was swaying slightly. "Maybe that's part of the reason why I can't go back to where we were." She smiled. "A woman scorned, you know—"

"You're not like that, Eve."

"Oh, I'm quite human!" Her tone was light. "Neither of us figured much on the other being at all imperfect, did we? That's what we got for not being realists. . . ."

Suddenly she stiffened. The color fled from her face. Cliff, frightened, exclaimed: "What is it? What's the matter, Eve?"

The orchestra was in a frenzy of rhythm. Harry Bronson was flailing his drums with fevered passion in a wild tom-tom tempo. And still the soldier marched. Tommy, bending forward, staring at him with wide, fixed eyes.

"Your legs—did you move your legs, under the table?" Eve whispered. "Did you touch me with your foot?"

"No—I'm sitting sideways—my legs aren't under the table. Eve, what's the matter? You're white as a ghost!"

"You're sure your foot didn't touch me?" She grasped his arm.

"Of course I'm sure! What's this all about, anyhow? What are you—"

Her hand gripped his arm. "Make them keep playing—don't let them stop, Cliff! Don't move. Stay where you are, but don't let them stop—"

He was confused, puzzled, but he caught Bronson's eye, and with a gesture indicated that the band was

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to swing into another chorus. The soldier in his march was near the edge of the table, his wooden legs jerking out before him, his arms executing right shoulder and port arms. He was in exact time with the beat of the music.

Swiftly Eve reached out and turned the figure, so that it was marching back toward Tommy. The boy's eyes remained upon it. His body was rigid, his face working curiously.

"Cliff," Eve gasped, "don't let them stop—"

She bent then, and with trembling fingers lifted the edge of the tablecloth so that she was able to see beneath. Tommy did not notice her. He was staring at the marching soldier. R-r-r-r-BANG! R-r-r-r-BANG! R-r-r-r-r-BANG! went the drums and cymbal, and the horns blared triumphantly, and the violins were a surging undercurrent. And the soldier came on straight toward Tommy, the metal gun flashing, his legs snapping out in exact rhythm. R-r-r-r-BANG! R-r-r-r-BANG! R-r-r-r—

"Look, Cliff—look," Eve whispered tautly, her head lowered below the table top. "His legs—Tommy's legs—he's moving them—they're swinging back and forth—"

Cliff leaned down quickly. His head was close to Eve's. He saw, then, what Eve saw.

Tommy's thin legs were jerking out and back, just as were the legs of the wooden soldier. They were bending at the knees and swinging strongly, the toes of his shoes hammering the rungs of Eve's chair. As the music throbbed and the soldier marched, Tommy kicked in ecstatic response.

"Let him see them—let him know he's doing it!" Cliff cried. Raising his head for an instant he yelled: "Keep that rhythm, Harry!" Then with a shove he turned the table over, sending it crashing from them, the soldier sliding across the floor, and he shouted to the boy: "Look at your legs, Tommy! You're moving them! You're swinging them back and forth! Look at them, Tommy!"

Like some one emerging from a deep sleep, Tommy turned his head slowly and gazed at Cliff. His legs were still swinging.

"What?" he murmured. "What did you say—Mr. Landry?"

"Your legs—you can move them! They're not dead any more—they've come alive! Kick, Tommy — kick hard!"

The boy glanced down in wonder. Then he saw what he was doing—that he was kicking out wildly, in time to the beat of the music. His face paled and then flushed hotly.

"Why—I can—I can move them! I *am* moving them! Eve, my legs aren't sick—they're well again—I can move them—I can move them, Eve—"

"Yes, Tommy, yes!" Eve cried. "Now you'll be strong and happy, and you'll be able to walk and play and run! Happy birthday, Tommy! Happy birthday!"

She clasped him fiercely and kissed him. Then she began to sob, choking sobs that shook her violently.

"Oh, Cliff, help me—I can't stop crying. Why should I cry? Isn't it wonderful, Cliff? Cliff dear, isn't it marvelous? Help me, please—hold me—I don't—want—to cry—"

She was in his arms, hard against him, his lips upon her hair, as he held her tightly, seeking to still her sobs. He motioned with his head, and the band was quiet.

"It's all right, Eve," he said. "It's all right. Go ahead and cry. . . . Eve, you see things can come alive again—you see that now, don't you, darling? They're not lost forever—sometimes they come back. You do see that now, Eve—"

She raised her face to his. She was not shaking any more. "Yes," she whispered. "I see that now—it has come alive again in me, too—Cliff—oh, Cliff, tell them to play—quickly—"

Of a sudden Cliff started.

"Eve," he murmured, "look! Look at Tommy."

The boy was off his chair. He was taking hesitant steps—two, three, four—toward the soldier that lay against the wall. He could not quite make it, upright, and stumbled, and crawled the rest of the way on his hands and knees.

As he picked up the soldier its legs were still kicking. Tommy stood it on its feet and it marched proudly across the floor.

THE END

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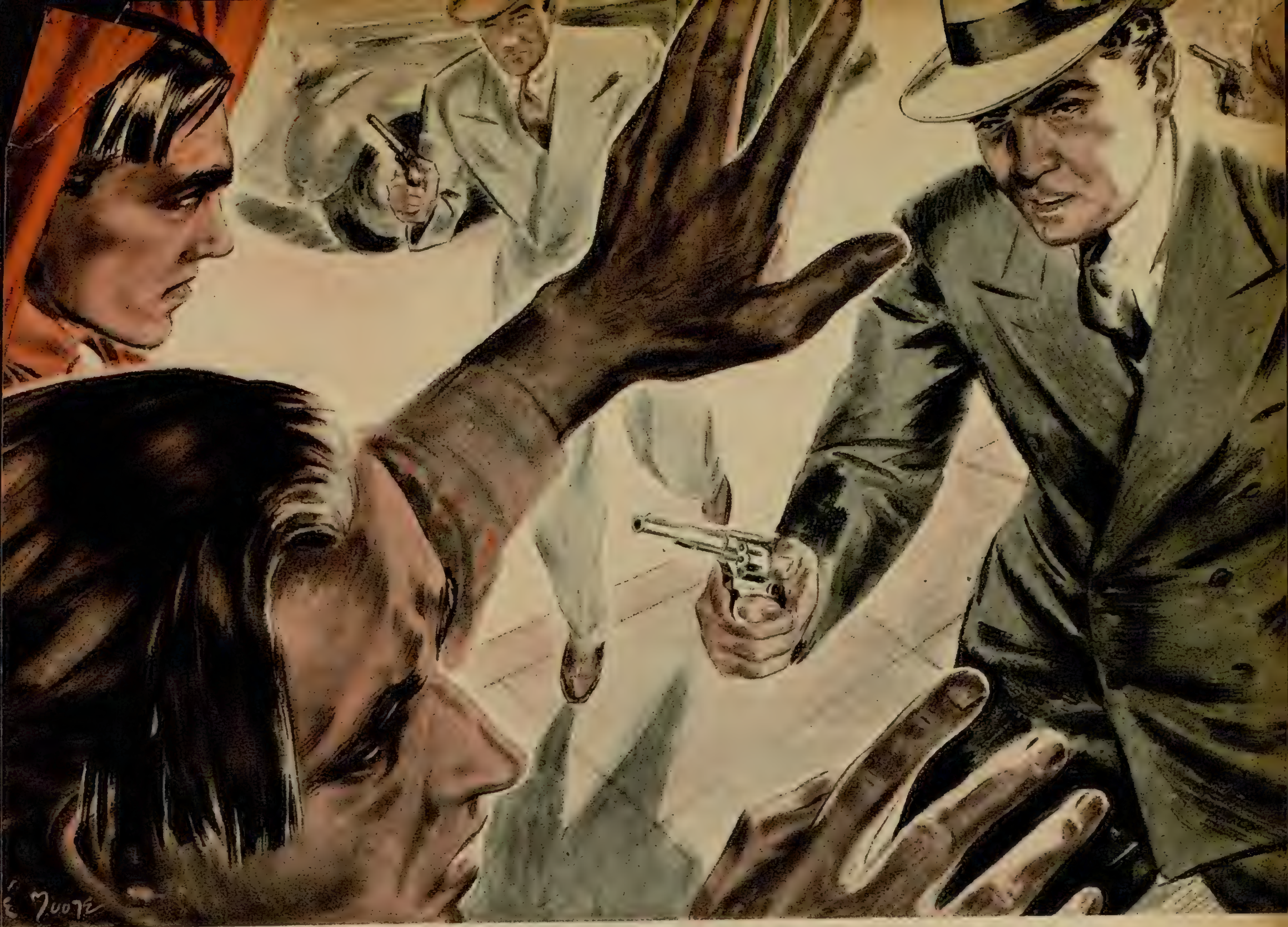


"Finally we closed in and made the capture. At last we had the most dangerous public enemy."

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF J. Edgar Hoover

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

PART TWO—CONCLUSION

EDGAR HOOVER'S creed, his philosophy of life, is what he calls "the F. B. I. Pledge" for law-enforcement officers. Another name for it might be "the G-Man's Bible." Here it is:

"Humbly recognizing the responsibilities entrusted to me, I do vow that I shall always consider the high calling of law enforcement to be an honorable profession, the duties of which are recognized by me as both an art and a science. I recognize fully my responsibilities to defend the right, to protect the weak, to aid the distressed, and to uphold the law in public duty and in private living.

"I accept the obligation in connection with my assignments to report facts and to testify without bias, or display of emotion, and to consider the information, coming to my knowledge by virtue of my position, as a sacred trust, to be used solely for official purposes. To the responsibilities entrusted to me of seeking to prevent crime, of finding the facts of law violations and of apprehending fugitives and criminals, I shall give my loyal and faithful attention and shall be equally alert in striving to acquit the innocent and to convict the guilty.

"In the performance of my duties and assignments, I shall not engage in unlawful and unethical practices, but shall perform the functions of my office without fear, without favor, and without prejudice. At no time shall I disclose to an unauthorized person any fact, testimony, or information in any pending matter coming to my official knowledge which may be calculated to prejudice the minds of existing or prospective judicial bodies either to favor or to disfavor any person or issue. While occupying the status of a law enforcement officer or at any other time subsequent thereto, I shall not seek to benefit personally because of my knowledge of any confidential matter which has come to my attention.

"I am aware of the serious responsibilities of my office and in the performance of my duties I shall, as a minister, seek to supply comfort, advice and aid to those who may be in need of such benefits; as a soldier, I shall wage vigorous warfare against the enemies of my country, of its laws, and of its principles; and as a phy-

A paradox—famous, but little known! . . Here at last are the facts about him sician, I shall seek to eliminate the criminal parasite which preys upon our social order and to strengthen the lawful processes of our body politic.

"I shall strive to be both a teacher and a pupil in the art and science of law enforcement. As a lawyer I shall acquire due knowledge of the laws of my domain and seek to preserve and maintain the majesty and dignity of the law; as a scientist, it will be my endeavor to learn all pertinent truth about accusations and complaints which come to my lawful knowledge; as an artist, I shall seek to use my skill for the purpose of making each assignment a masterpiece; as a neighbor, I shall bear an attitude of true friendship and courteous respect to all citizens; and as an officer, I shall always be loyal to my duty, my organization and my country.

"I will support and defend the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic; I will bear true faith and allegiance to the same, and will constantly strive to co-operate with and promote cooperation between all regularly constituted law enforcement agencies and officers in the performance of duties of mutual interest and obligation."

Hoover has been indefatigable in spreading these high ideals among local law-enforcement organizations —and successful, too—though not without opposition.

Politically controlled police departments in some cities do not like Hoover any better than their political masters do. Neither, unfortunately, do a few old-time police officers who are neither corrupt nor politically controlled.

The fact that almost all of Hoover's men are college graduates and that his methods of law enforcement rely more on the laboratory than on the night stick makes a few officers who have risen from the ranks suspicious of these newfangled men and methods. A chief of police about whose honesty there is no question, after attending the Attorney General's Conference, which aimed to bring about a closer co-operation between national and local forces, is said to have remarked acidly:

"The papers were interesting, but to a practical policeman they didn't mean much."

Hoover is fully aware that a few old-time policemen still regard his men as Boy Scouts, but he has gone right on adding first one feature and then another to the Bureau's service to make it of use to local authorities throughout the country.

Only the most obstinately provincial police departments refuse to avail themselves of the F. B. I. fingerprint department, which now contains upward of 12,000,000 prints, by far the largest collection in the world. The facilities of the Bureau's technical laboratory are also available without charge to local, county, and state officials; and the F. B. I. National Police Academy is increasingly used for training purposes by individua members of local law-enforcement bodies.

However, *some* jealousy on the part of local police forces is unavoidable. The wide publicity which in recent years the newspapers have given to the G-men throws into the shade the less spectacular achievements of the ordinary policeman on the beat.

For this publicity the G-men are only partially responsible. In the beginning, by Hoover's direct orders, they were secretive about their exploits. But there came a time, during the Dillinger-Karpis era, when this secrecy in the war on gangdom was doing more harm than good. The exploits of the gunmen got all the publicity. The worst hoodlums in the history of crime became national heroes. Then it was that the Director said:

"If there is going to be publicity, let it be on the side of law and order."

As a result, and a very good result it was, G-men and police officers replaced crooks as heroes.

DURING a chase Hoover never gives interviews or allows his men to do so. After a capture he tells the correct story, for the good it will do in keeping others from engaging in the same type of criminality, and also because he has an old-fashioned idea that taxpayers have a right to know how their money is being spent.

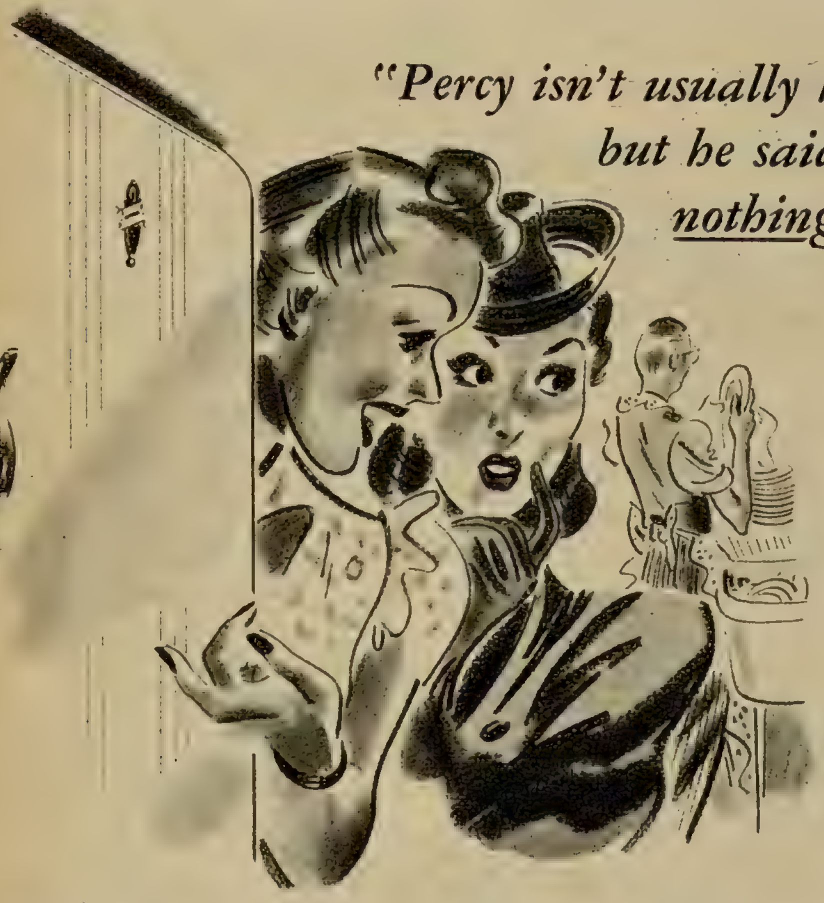
But the local policeman doesn't always think the thing all the way through. All he sees is that, even though the local force has co-operated in every possible way, the papers give the G-men the headlines because they are better copy and sell more papers—and this makes the local man sore, and he puts up a howl that Hoover is a "publicity hound," despite the fact that Hoover is scrupulous in giving credit to co-operating police.

Perhaps the Director isn't as patient as he might be with this quite understandable reaction. He is inclined to agree with his former chief, ex-Attorney General Cummings, who said, when one local police head complained loudly because Hoover and his men had captured a notorious killer right under his nose: "If some one were complaining that the F. B. I. had let a desperate criminal escape, I might be interested." Only Hoover, not having had the long political experience of Homer Cummings, was not so tactful. What *he* said, on the same occasion, was:

"Kindergarten stuff!"

Hoover's drives against civic corruption have extended over the years, ofttimes laying the groundwork for widespread civic reform. There was St. Paul, for instance, labeled by Cummings as one of the dark spots in the land. That was back in the Dillinger era. Then the G-men moved in, cleaning up the infamous Barker-Karpis gang of kidnapers and their hangers-on. The good citizens of that town rose up in righteous indignation and a house cleaning became the first order of the day.

"Percy isn't usually headstrong— but he said a Servel or nothing this time!"



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take Kansas City. G-men ac- ty dates back to the bloodcurdling Kansas City massacre, which was engineered in part by a local politician. Then came the sensational election-fraud cases investigated by F. B. I. agents under Hoover's personal direction. This clean-up resulted in over 250 convictions, breaking the backbone of the corrupt Pendergast political machine which was now on the run. The scene was set for a real clean-up. A fearless governor stepped in. The city administration abdicated. Then the Treasury agents came forward with an income-tax case that was prosecuted by United States Attorney Milligan, with the advice and support of Attorney General Murphy, who flew to Kansas City, accompanied by Director Hoover, to order personally that the government give no quarter in the prosecution of Pendergast, which ultimately was successful.

Similarly, the Hot Springs gang of public renegades exposed in Liberty last summer fell before the mighty ax of Director Hoover. Atlantic City, Baltimore, and other communities have felt the effectiveness of the G-men. It looks as though the forces of decency were fighting a winning battle. Maybe a lack of patience is a Hoover virtue, although it does bring him criticism.

The man is so human, his emotions so strong, his very righteousness so wrathy, it is too bad that the dignity of his position doesn't permit him oftener to let the general public see him for what he is. We read the newspaper accounts of his stalking relentlessly through dark hallways into the hideaways of armed public enemies. We admire his courage, of course. But we lay down the paper with the idea that here is a solemn fellow who takes himself pretty seriously and insists on everybody else taking him that way too.

He is just the opposite. Get him out for dinner when he has time for it, and he is the gayest companion imaginable. He gets fun out of everything, especially the food. Here is a sample meal: canapés, large size, two helpings; oysters on the half shell, six large; green-turtle soup, large plate; G-man salad, dinner plate piled high; hamburger, huge with onions; broccoli with Hollandaise sauce; apple pie and cheese.

That green-turtle soup is special. This is his recipe: First catch your turtle. Then put 1 quart of brown stock in a saucepan, add the liquid from cooking the turtle, 2 egg whites slightly beaten, and ½ lemon rind cut in thin strips. Bring to the boiling point, stirring constantly. Let simmer for 5 minutes and set in a warm place to settle. Strain through a wet napkin. Just before serving, add 1 pound of green-turtle meat cut in small cubes. Reheat without boiling. Add 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, and ¼ cup sherry. Makes 1¼ quarts.

The salad is special, too. It gives strength. Edgar says it is the water cress that does it. I say it is the garlic. Jimmy, the little colored waiter who has served the Boss G-man for years in his favorite Washington restaurant, makes the dressing. Jimmy, if you were to judge from the way Edgar and Clyde Tolson and Louis Nichols and the other big G-boys treat him, has never done a thing right since they knew him. If one of them should praise a dish Jimmy brought them, he'd rush it right out to the kitchen; he would be that sure something was wrong with it. If Mr. Hoover tastes the salad, makes a wry face, and jumps for a glass of water as if he were poisoned, Jimmy beams; he knows the dressing is good.

Edgar gets fun even out of the grim business in which he is engaged. Not out of the crimes, but out of the funny things that happen along the way, especially when the joke is on him. We have all read about Hoover's personal capture of Alvin Karpis, Public Rat Number One, and his friend Fred Hunter, in New Orleans, but we haven't read Hoover's own version of it:

"You see, we'd tracked this rat to a house on Jefferson Boulevard just off Canal Street. I had told the boys how desperate he was, and had given them all a chance to back out if they wished to. Not one made a move. Then I told them they could put on bulletproof vests if they wished to. Not one made a move. Then we moved in on Karpis. We had men on the roof, men on the fire escape, men at the back

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door. Inspector Connelley, two special agents, and I took the front-door shift.

"The arrangement was that when we started from the corner in our car the signal would be given and we'd all move at once. The plan had been rehearsed carefully. It would have gone like clockwork except for one thing. Karpis and Hunter didn't stay put. Just as we started from the corner in our car, they came out the front door and got into theirs.

"I told the special agent who was driving to step on the gas; but, as we started, a mounted policeman came galumphing down the street on a big white horse, *floppity-floppity-flop*. We had to let him go by. He might not have understood what the shooting was all about and might have charged in on the wrong side. Then, as we started again, a child on a bicycle crossed our bow. We couldn't risk injuring the child, even to get Karpis; so we stopped again. Finally we closed in on the gangsters and made the capture. At last we had in our hands the most dangerous public enemy in the United States.

"'Put the cuffs on him, boys,' I said.

"Then it developed that not one of us had a pair of handcuffs. They were in the other cars. A crowd was gathering and we had to move fast, so two of the agents bound the hands of the hoodlums with their neckties.

"'To the Post Office Building,' I instructed the driver.

"The boss knows where all his men are all the time": Director Hoover at the map on his inner office wall.

"The car, with four of us, turned into Canal Street. I asked the Oklahoma agent who was driving:

"'You know how to get there in a hurry, don't you?'

"'No, sir,' he replied. 'I was never in New Orleans before in my life.'

"'Mr. Hoover,' broke in Karpis, who hadn't said a word up to then, 'if you mean the new Post Office, I know where that is, because I was just goin' to rob it.'

"Fortunately for the dignity of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, it was the old Post Office where the prisoners were to be taken, and we didn't have to accept the proffered guidance. We did, however, have to ask the way of a passing pedestrian, who would probably have died from fright if he had known that the only thing that stood between him and Alvin Karpis was an Oklahoma necktie.

"Well, not the *only* thing," he concluded, with a laugh. "We did have our guns with us."

Edgar's office hours, when there isn't anything special doing, are from eight thirty in the morning until around seven at night. When he is on a case, he often goes forty-eight or seventy-two hours without sleep, and with nothing to eat but sandwiches. But once in a while, on a light day, he'll dismiss the car after luncheon and say, a bit guiltily, that he guesses he'll walk back to the office. The boys all know what that means. Some dealer in antiques, who knows his tastes, has phoned him that there is to be auctioned off that afternoon some especially fine Chinese figurine or tapestry on which he may wish to bid. His study on the second floor of the Seward Square house is filled with these mementos.

Hoover has never been to the Orient. There is nothing Oriental about him. He is typically up-to-date American in appearance, manner, dress. But there must be a hidden streak of mysticism in him, akin no doubt to his idealism, which makes him find spiritual satisfaction in the exquisite beauty of Far Eastern craftsmanship.

Except for the study with its books and its antiques, there is little in the Seward Square house, other than its meticulous neatness, which reflects its owner. Rather it reflects in every carefully preserved carpet on the floor and picture on the wall the personality of the beloved woman who presided over it for more than half a century, and whose death two years ago made it a place of emptiness for her devoted son.

Annie Scheitlin's ancestors came from Switzerland. Before she met and married the young government employee Dickerson Hoover, she had traveled widely and studied in Europe. Her ancestors had been mostly soldiers, and they had bequeathed to her a fighting spirit, bulwarked by a generous share of typical Swiss independence, both of which qualities she bequeathed to her son.

For nearly two decades this remarkable woman and her remarkable son lived alone in the gray stucco house on the big square behind the Capitol and the Congressional Library, where Edgar got his first job. The mother's influence accounts for many things

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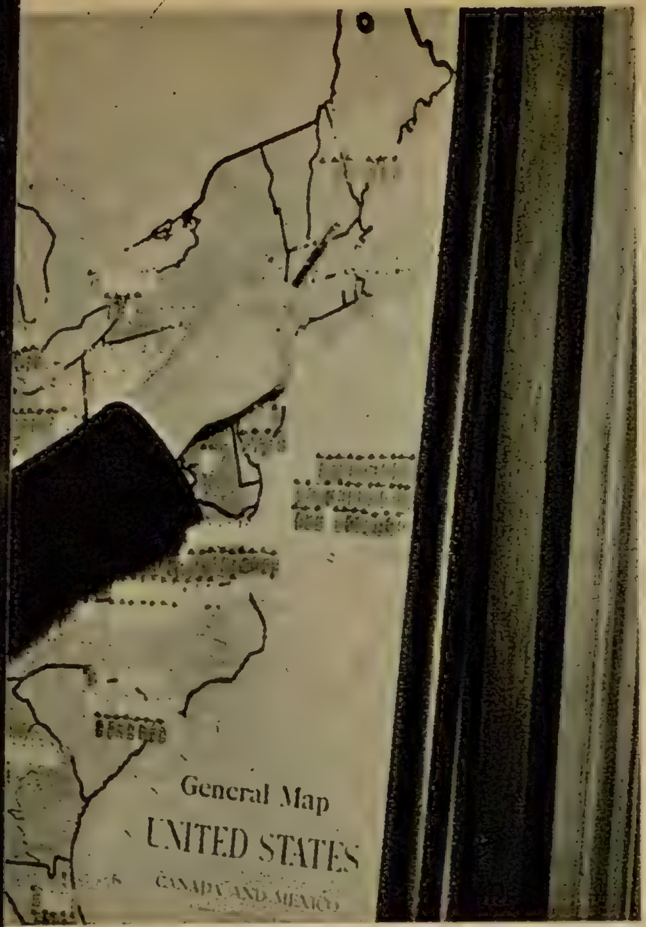

in the life and character of John Edgar Hoover. Not the least of these is his chivalrous, almost devout attitude toward womankind, toward motherhood and wifehood.

The only picture on his desk at the Bureau are his mother's and one of himself holding his godson, John Edgar Nichols.

His office is much more representative of him than his home, for it is the place where he lives. The Federal Bureau of Investigation is Hoover's life. That's where the Hoover heart beats. And the big walnut-walled, crimson-carpeted room which is his office is about as close to the heart of the man and his organization as anything of wood and wool could be.

Two rooms, really: the outer one where he sits when he receives visitors, and the inner one where he transacts the important business of the Bureau. Windows open, even on winter days; colored photographs of high American mountains, of swift-flowing American rivers; a painting over the fireplace of that magnificent double feature of nature, Yosemite Falls; statuettes, all action; furled American flags; the autographed boxing gloves already mentioned; framed copy of Kipling's If (the Director's favorite poem); sailfish five feet seven inches long, landed in Florida on the first week's vacation in seven years; and on the desk, between book ends of petrified wood, the Bible, the Oxford Book of American Verse, Emerson's Essays, and Abe Martin's Barbed Wire—these are Edgar Hoover.

So too is the great map of the United States which hangs on the inner office wall, on which is indicated the exact whereabouts of each of his nine hundred and more special agents and their organization assistants—green tacks for special agents in charge of local offices, white for special agents on duty, blue for accountants, yellow for temporary clerks, red for clerical employees. The tacks are changed twice daily. The boss knows where all his men are all the time.

Outside of this office, on various floors of the great Department of Justice Building, stretches the great organization which Edgar Hoover has created—the Identification Division with its twelve million fingerprints; the Technical Laboratory, which has set a new standard—a J. Edgar Hoover standard—of scientific crime detection; the F. B. I. Academy, where the special agents are trained; and the F. B. I. National Police Academy, which extends to local and state law-enforcement officials the advantages of training in the Hoover manner.

But the heart of the F. B. I. beats in the room where Hoover sits. As for himself, there aren't many like him. Perhaps the breed has almost run out: the guy that cares about his job and how it is done, and to hell with all the other guys who want to chisel in for their own benefit. It is extraordinary, really, that a man of these dimensions can exist in present-day Washington. And besides all that, he is a fine fellow.

How come that such a doggone attractive man, with ideas like his of the sacredness of domesticity, has never married? Well, it isn't because he never had a chance. He seldom goes to parties, but when it is his official duty to do so he is invariably the center of attraction.

"THE HEAVY LINE DRAGGED ME TOWARD ETERNITY!"

A true experience of C. J. LATIMER, *Warren, Ohio*

❶ **"ANOTHER FISHERMAN** and myself had just finished setting a heavy trot-line in Lake Erie," writes Mr. Latimer, "when a sudden treacherous squall lashed out of nowhere and churned the water into towering waves.

❷ **"A WAVE SMACKED** us broadside, and over we went! Then I felt a heavy drag on my leg. I was caught in the trot-line and was being pulled to my doom. In the darkness, my companion couldn't untangle me!

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❸ **"BUT ONE OF OUR PARTY ON** shore brought his flashlight into action. Its powerful beam cut the distance and darkness—and in a minute I was free. I shudder to think of what might have happened except for those dependable 'Eveready' *fresh* DATED batteries!

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One day a beautiful young lady with a letter of introduction penetrated the precincts of the Director's office. She represented a Southern newspaper, and she wanted to know—the ladies of the South were palpitating to know—why he didn't marry.

The Director didn't tell her. (He may be caught without handcuffs but never without his nonskid rubber soles!) But when she pleaded for a statement of what he thought the ideal girl should be, he came through with very definite ideas on the subject. The resultant story, titled He Always Gets His Man, But Never Gets His Girl, made history in the South—and in the Bureau.

Here are a few of his requirements:

" She must be sincere—

" She must be understanding—

" She must be feminine and practical—

" She must have faith in me, must marry me for keeps—

" She must be old-fashioned—

" She must remain on the pedestal on which I have placed her."

One would think that the most daring young woman would shrink from trying to measure up to such standards. But no. Incoming mail at the Bureau reached a new high. Scented missives are still pouring in.

The real answer to the question why he never married is, of course, locked in his own capacious bosom. His job is an almost insuperable bar to successful domesticity. He is in Washington today, in Los Angeles tomorrow, in Duluth the following day; he never knows when he is going to walk out of the house and not come back for weeks; he frequently doesn't know *whether he'll ever come back.*

When the Dillinger heat was on, agents were drawn into Chicago from all the surrounding territory. One young chap so commandeered was a St. Paul agent whose wife was about to have her first baby. When Hoover heard about it, he ordered him sent back immediately by plane to St. Paul.

The man's knowledge of the personal lives of his more than nine hundred special agents scattered all over the country is remarkable. He keeps in touch by telephone and teletype with the progress of every important case—but he is never too absorbed to ask about that sick wife in the hospital or that baby due for its first tooth.

Of course, the men love him. They know he is a hard taskmaster. But they know he works harder than any of them, and dares as much. They plead with him, in fact, not to expose himself to the dangers which he insists on sharing with them.

One day last fall, grabbing a taxi in the scramble outside Washington's Union Station, I said to the driver:

" Take me to the F. B. I. That's the Ninth Street entrance of the Department of Justice Building."

" I know," replied the taximan. " That's the entrance I hope to use some day. I've got my application in, but I've got to cram a lot more knowledge between my ears before I get a job there."

I moved over where I could get a better look at the young man's keen intelligent face.

" That's the only way you can get into that place," he continued, neatly avoiding three tourists and an old colored woman with a basket. " If it were any other outfit in Washington, I'd be there now. My dad knows a lot of politicians and they'd do anything for him. But they all told him it would do me more harm than good if they tried to pull their stuff on this man Hoover. He doesn't work that way."

MY mind raced back to a conversation I had had with Edgar Hoover at a time when the papers were dubbing this and that hoodlum " Public Enemy Number One."

" Truthfully, no single criminal can correctly be called Public Enemy Number One," he had said. " That title can be claimed only by Old Man Corrupt Politics—and he lives in practically every community in the land."

Everybody in Washington, apparently even taxi drivers, knows how successfully Edgar Hoover has kept that real first enemy of the people out of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, and how much that achievement has contributed to the Bureau's astounding success.

I asked the young man on the front seat if he didn't think the method he described was the right way to run a government bureau, and he came back with: " I sure do. And there are a lot of other people in Washington that think so, too. My dad says the country would be a lot better off if some one like J. Edgar Hoover was running the whole show."

I said nothing to that one; but, ever since, I have been doing a powerful lot of thinking. After all, the chief job of an executive, especially the executive of a big business like the United States, is to get the facts. Not just facts about kidnapings and murders and robberies. These are but a small part of the G-man's job. There is no phase of American life—social, industrial, financial, political—which does not pass almost daily under the eyes of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. And there is certainly no man alive who has so many sources of inside information, so many helpful contacts, so many ways of getting the facts about *anything*, as John Edgar Hoover. He has made government a career; he knows official Washington as do few men of our generation.

His record for prompt and effective action, once he gets the facts, is not bad, either.

Facts that are not colored by political bias, acts that are not dictated by political expediency: right now, this country could take a lot of both of these medicines. Perhaps, after all, the very qualities which made the big north woodsman call Edgar Hoover " a hell of a good investigator " might make him a good President, too!

THE END

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READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

YOU'RE not breathing much unless you can speak at least forty-two words with one breath. . . . Most people who work sitting down need to breathe better. . . . Paderewski takes breathing exercises every day.

Frances Robinson-Duff, celebrated dramatic coach, tells me that proper breathing may relieve quarrelsomeness or hysteria because it helps clear the brain. Principally Miss Robinson-Duff gives voice lessons to theatrical stars, her pupils including such famed ones as Helen Hayes, Norma Shearer, Katharine Hepburn, Ina Claire, Clark Gable. But the medical profession also seeks her aid. Dr. Voronoff, the youth-gland man, went through one of her courses awhile back; and recently a well known psychiatrist sent a lady patient to be cured of self-pity. So wailing was the high pitch of the patient's voice that she had literally talked herself into a state of melancholia!

Stage and screen students of the Frances Robinson-Duff school never really graduate. They keep coming back for vocal instruction in their newest roles. When time can't be spared, Miss R.-D. coaches them beside their sickbeds, their bathtubs, on trains and airplanes, at breakfast, lunch, and dinner. Though she jokes readily about this, she seldom mentions another kind of achievement—the four war years she spent in nurse's uniform, teaching soldiers with lung wounds how to breathe again.

☆ Explained by Miss Robinson-Duff, here are voice facts that should be useful to all of us: The stronger we breathe out—exhale—the stronger are we able to inhale—breathe in—and *that's* what puts oxygen pep into your system!

Caruso could exhale 25 per cent of the air taken in for every note that he sang.

Few of us exhale more than 5 per cent.

Develop the wonderful air pump nature has given you, your diaphragm, by panting (yes, like a dog) while lying on your back on the floor. Then stand up straight; close one nostril with a finger; purse your lips (as for a kiss) and *blow out* just as long and as hard as you can.

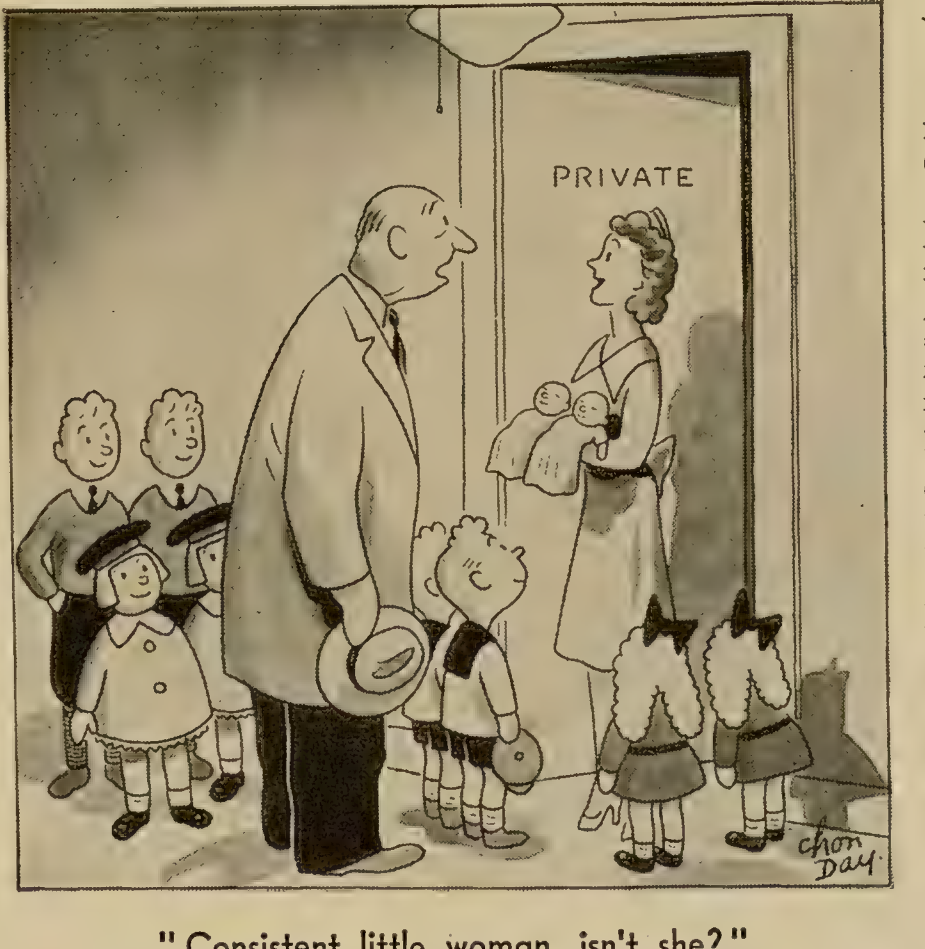
☆ Nearly as heartrending as any Reno disunion was the office divorce I heard about the other day from a married secretary who decided to leave her job, after fifteen years, and live the domestic life. Her boss, an important industrialist, sobbed like a deserted orphan, realizing so many details of his business had been entrusted to her that he never could get along comfortably without her. She felt as guilty as though she were breaking all family ties for the sake of a runaway romance. It struck me there was something weirdly modern in her plea for release. "I've got to do it," she cried. "I want to stay home with my husband and have a baby!"

☆ During Lent try this *Caucasian Casserole* of eggs and green peppers. It makes a substantial meatless meal. . . . Scald 5 peppers and slice in quarters after removing seeds, membrane, and skin. Have ready 12 small new potatoes, cooked and drained, and 4 hard-boiled eggs cut in half lengthwise. In deep fireproof dish, well buttered, arrange a layer of the potatoes and eggs. Moisten with a little canned mushroom soup; season with salt and paprika; add a sprinkling of capers or a few chopped pickles. Now put on your quartered peppers, then a second layer of potatoes and eggs. Pour in the rest of the soup; cover thickly with bread crumbs; dot with butter and bake 30 minutes in very slow oven. Serve with a green salad.

☆ Stylish ladies of ancient Athens perfumed their arms with fresh mint, knees and necks with thyme, faces and bosoms with palm oil, eyebrows with marjoram, legs and feet with myrrh. Will Durant's Greek research gives us this spicy cosmetic information. . . . Yarb doctor Crosby Gaige, please note.

☆ Mary Brooks Picken fills a long-felt need with her new illustrated reference book, The Language of Fashion, a dictionary and digest of fabric, sewing, and dress. (Published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company.)

☆ Her most embarrassing moment was suffered recently by a girl of my acquaintance who contracted a stubborn case of hiccups at a stylish motorboat show. She was accompanied by her fiancé, a keen motorboater. They hadn't been drinking; her hiccups were one of those unaccountable attacks that can (and usually do) afflict us at the wrongest of wrong times. Surrounded by boats of all types and sizes, she had to say: "Water, *hic!* Get me some water, *hic!*" To the end of their days her young man—soon to be her husband—will never quit kidding her about the time she had to have water with her boats. The prospect has almost turned her away from marrying him—but not quite.



"Consistent little woman, isn't she?"

ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL BERRY

THE Girl NEXT DOOR

BY ERIC HATCH

READING TIME ● 28 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

WHEN Bradley Norton, young sportsman, loses his money, the problem of how he shall earn a living is solved, temporarily at least, by William, butler to the Carltons, whose place is next door to the Norton estate on Long Island. William buys a midget racing car from George Sykes, hires George as his mechanic, and persuades Bradley to become his driver.

Cynthia, the Carltons' nineteen-year-old daughter, who has been in love with Bradley ever since she was flower girl at his wedding ten years ago, is frightened at the risks the job involves, but proud that Bradley wants to work when it would be so much easier for him to sponge on his friends. She hopes to marry Bradley when—and if—Florence Norton gives him a divorce. At present, however, Florence is content with a separation, by which she receives money from a trust fund together with the rent from the Long Island estate.

On the night that William buys the racing car, Bradley goes with Bob McCail, a garageman, to help with a wrecked automobile, and finds that the woman who is pinned under the car, and whom he rescues, is his wife. Some days later, just when he is happy getting the midget ready to race and working for Bob McCail as a grease-monkey, he gets word that Florence wants to see him at the hospital. He goes reluctantly and fearfully. In spite of his new-found love for Cynthia, he knows that if Florence wants to return to him, his strongly chivalrous code will force him to take her back. Meanwhile, with his terrier Jane, he's at the Carltons'.

PART THREE—CYNTHIA ATTACKS

AT the Carlton estate, Cynthia paced up and down the lawn. Jane, who since Cynthia had adopted Bradley had happily adopted Cynthia as a joint love, paced beside her. She looked vaguely worried because Cynthia looked worried. Cynthia was more than worried. She was practically frantic. Bradley was at the hospital with Florence. Bradley was a softy. He'd forget all the things she'd tried to teach him these past weeks about calling his soul his own and nuts to the ancestry. Florence would make big eyes at him and say she was all alone in the world and get him to take her back, just because of that piece of paper in Farney's wallet.

Bob had told her about that. He'd seemed to hope she'd do something about it. Bradley wouldn't ever forgive her if she did. *Darling* Bradley. But she couldn't let this happen to him, no matter what she had to do. Her love wouldn't let her.

She paced. From time to time she spoke to Jane, feeling that Jane, being a female too, would understand.

"I know what you'd do," she said. "You'd wag your tail and lure him off places. Well, I can't do that. I simply can't. It just isn't done. And, for another thing, I don't know how."

She paced on, thinking. Presently her eyes narrowed in intense concentration. A moment later she said, "Maybe I *do* know how. Come on, pup-dog!"

She walked around the corner of the house to the back porch, where she knew William would be at this hour, reading Popular Mechanics. She dropped onto the gray boards of the steps, pulled up a blade of grass and began to chew it—the gesture of all country people when preparing to approach a delicate subject. William, lost in involved mechanical dreams, didn't notice she was there until she spoke.

"William."

The butler snapped out of his dreaming, looked at her with a little start, then smiled companionably. Just as chewing a blade of grass was a sign of rural mental activity, so Cynthia's coming to sit on his steps was to William a sign of impending conspiracy. She'd been doing that for years when she felt in need of an Anthony Eden—ever since she'd got William to get her father to get her a pony. Now, as always, William, with a proper regard for diplomatic etiquette, pretended he didn't know this.

"A most interesting article on carburetion. Would you care to glance at it, Miss Cynthia?"

But Cynthia broke all the rules of diplomacy. She came right to the point.

"William," she said, staring hard at the stable because she didn't want him to see her face, "it would be awful, wouldn't it, if that woman made Bradley take her back?"

"Ma'am," said William, "it would push the applecart fair over Niagara in a barrel."

Cynthia was near to tears.

"William," she said, "I just couldn't stand it."

The butler reached out and patted her shoulder.

"There, there," he said.

"William," said Cynthia, "will you help me?"

"With my last breath," said William, "so help me and may I be struck down dead if that's not true. But how can *I* help in what's purely an amatory matter?"

Cynthia turned. She looked as she had looked when she had first broached to him the subject of the pony.

"I have a plan," she said.

BRADLEY knocked on the white steel door and heard Florence call to come in. Breathing a little hard, he went in.

The sun's rays were slanting now, and fell on Florence, lighting her the way Kliegl dreamed of lighting beautiful women. The white bedclothes set off her dark hair. The flowers—country flowers—gave off sweetness. She looked like a Madonna. She turned dark eyes on him that he saw were filled with a dew that might become tears. He walked on into the room and took her hand. He was moved.

"You're very beautiful," he said. "I—I'm glad you didn't die."

Her lips, fallen-Madonna lips, parted.

"I've been so sick, Brad—so sick."

He looked down at her, at the hand he held. He saw that she was wearing her wedding ring.

"I know," he said; "but you're all right now."

"Brad, I want to say something, and it's hard because of lots of things. Sit here by me—just for a little. Won't you, please?"

As cautiously as a man lowering himself onto a keg of dynamite, he sank to the extreme edge of the bed. Florence went on:

"When—when—I mean-- Oh, it sounds so silly just said, but what I mean is, when you're all alone—facing death all of a sudden—even if you've been all mixed up before—you see things clearly."

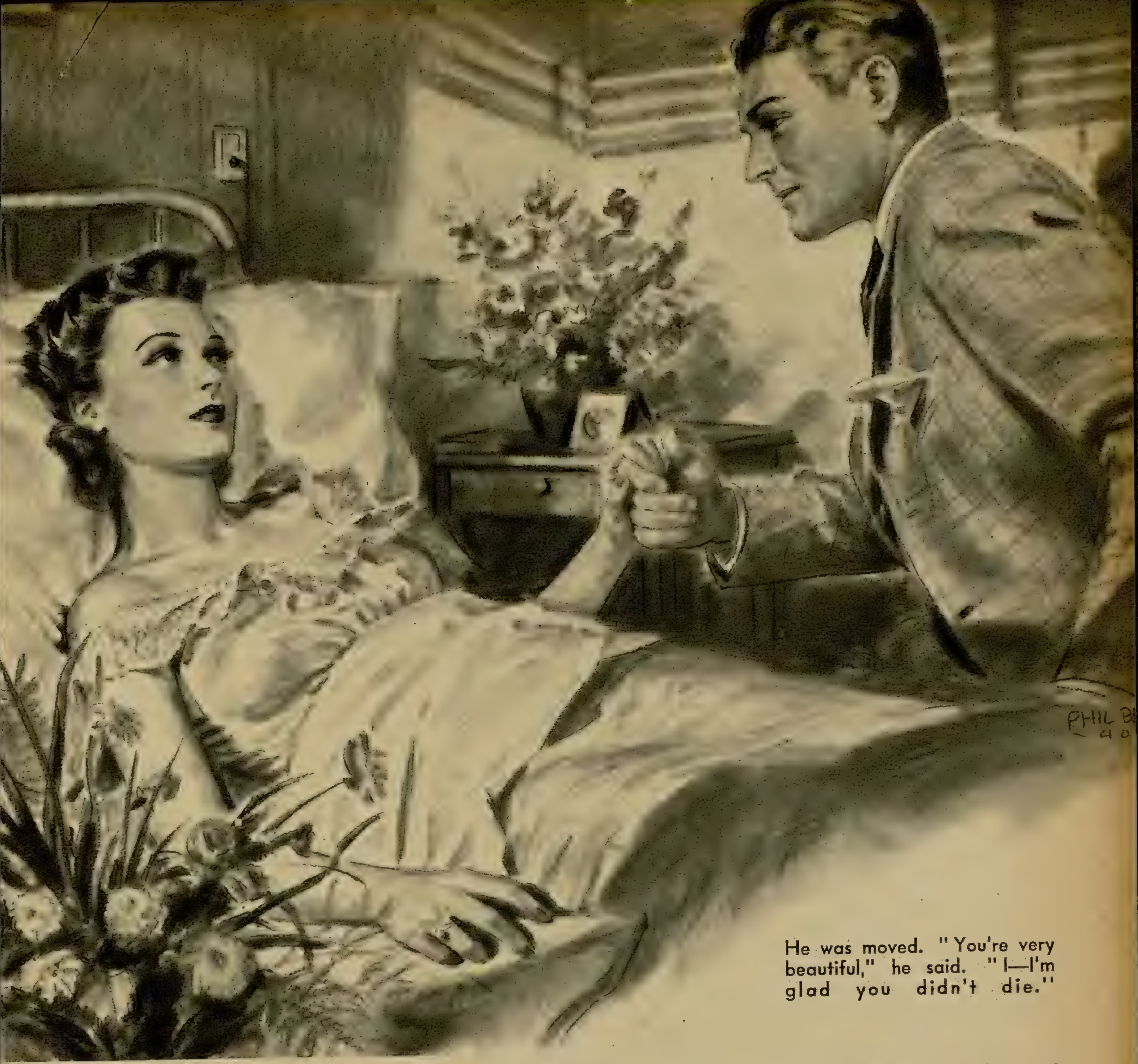
"I didn't," said Bradley. "I saw double."

This wasn't the right answer. For just a second Florence's eyes lost their magic. She shot him a sharp look.

"I don't understand."

He laughed softly.

"It's simple," he said. "When I faced death all alone, I saw double. I was blistered. To the eyebrows. I saw things clearly after I'd had a cold shower." He laughed again. "Cyn . . ." He caught himself. He'd been going to tell her how Cynthia'd kept him under it until he congealed. Whatever he did, he mustn't mention Cynthia. He didn't



He was moved. "You're very beautiful," he said. "I—I'm glad you didn't die."

like that. It made the unspoken thing that was between him and Cynthia so worldly. Mustn't let his wife know that he was running around with a young girl—mustn't let her know that they were together the livelong day—mustn't let her know that he had found youth and warmth and the sun, moon, and stars in her. He felt the way bankers feel about their wives finding out about their babes. He *mustn't* feel that way about Cynthia. He tried to pretend it was only because Florence would think of it like that, but he knew it wasn't. Florence was his wife. Cynthia was his playmate. Put that way, it was ugly.

Florence let go of his hand.

"You were going to say something just now—about sin-something. What on earth? Sin—sin—"

He saw it wasn't any use. It was on the tip of her tongue anyway.

"Cynthia," he said. "You remember Cynthia Carlton?"

Florence thought for a second. Then, "Oh, the little Carlton girl. She was a flower girl at our wedding. What about her?"

"Nothing," said Bradley. He floundered. "I mean, I was going to say she got me a job in a garage."

Florence thought about this. It sounded absurd, like a feeble-minded attempt to cover something he'd almost told her. She decided to probe.

"She lives right next door to you, doesn't she." Florence was musing. "I remember. I suppose—why, of course, she's grown up now. Is she pretty?"

"Oh, not really," said Bradley. "I suppose you might call her pretty."

He was burning inside. It began to show on his cheeks, and his voice as he said this was so studiedly casual a child would have noticed the fire in his heart. Florence Norton was no child. She smiled.

"And I suppose, living right next door, you see her a lot. She always thought you were God on wheels. I suppose she still does—or doesn't she?"

"I really wouldn't know," said Bradley. "I . . ."

He stopped. Florence was laughing. She had a laugh made of silvery tinkles. It was a little mocking, a little the way she might laugh at a child who is paralyzed with embarrassment.

"Why, Brad! You're blushing. My dear, I can't believe it! I believe you're actually in love with the little

A plot is hatched, and our hero encounters a surprise—A gay romance of young moderns

Carlton girl! You *cradle*-snatcher!"

Again the silvery laughter.

"That's always the way," she went on. "A girl gives the best years of her life to a man, and then some fluffy little young thing comes along. Brad, you make me feel ancient!"

"You're talking a lot of rot."

"Oh, no, I'm not. I can tell. Do you think she's *very* lovely, and do you kiss her and tell her—all the things you used to say to me?"

If Florence had been a man, Bradley would have slugged her. As it was, he squirmed and suffered.

FLORENCE, even though she didn't want him for herself, was jealous now. She had an inspiration. His state of confusion gave her an opening. To his acute discomfort, she reached out and took his hand again.

"Brad"—she turned on the magic full force—"Brad, I'm a little sorry about this—that is, if it really means anything. Remember I was telling you about how—after the accident—I saw things clearly again?"

"Here it comes," said Bradley.

She ignored this.

"I saw—what a fool I've been."

"Yes," said Bradley, thinking about that hotel bill, "you've been a fool."

"I haven't been a fool—the way you think." She was watching him now, closely. "I haven't been—unfaithful to you, Brad."

"Oh, *Florence!*"

"Oh, I know people—have talked. But you don't have to believe them. There isn't anything but talk—there isn't one single thing a person could point to that would—prove anything."

Bradley looked away, out of the window.

"*Is* there?" said Florence.

He turned to her and looked her in the eyes.

"No," he said. "No, Florence. You can relax. There isn't—one—single—thing."

She saw in his eyes that he was lying. There was something, then—something utterly damning. He didn't want to use it now, but that Carlton girl might force him to use it. That meant she'd *have* to get him to take her back for a while. But there was a hardness in him now that hadn't been there before. She could feel it. She'd noticed the hardness of his hands—this other hardness was the same. She ran her fingers, stroking, over his hands, and lay back as though she were tired.

"Remember our wedding, Brad?"

He nodded.

"It was a fine wedding," he said.

"I've thought about it a lot—lately. Remember that ridiculous hotel we went to on our honeymoon?" She laughed again, molten silver in her laugh now, warmth. "My goodness, how we loved each other then! We thought it would last forever."

"It didn't," said Bradley. "It lasted about six months, actually."

Her eyes filled with tears, spilled them in a tiny rain down her cheeks.

"It's—lasted with me—always," she said. That was enough spade work for now. With her free hand she pressed the bell button that lay on the other side of the bed. The nurse would come and say the hospital equivalent to, "Time, gentlemen, please," and he would go, carrying this moment's memory with him, and he would come back. They always come back.

The nurse came in. "Time to go, Mr. Norton." Pathetically Florence clung to Bradley's hand. "You'll come next week, Brad? I know you're busy and—and—but please come."

She was a beautiful actress. Almost had she convinced him that she really did love him, and that made him feel lousy, because he didn't love her. Absurdly, it made him feel he ought to love her. That was her magic. He stood up.

"I'll try to, Florence. I—I don't know, I . . ."

She spoke; her voice was low and soft, the way the light in the room was soft.

"Of course you'll come," she said, "because you know how much it means to me."

He left then—carrying, as she had known he would, the memory of her tears with him. He didn't like the memory. He wanted to take it to the sway-backed bungalow and drown it in the still deep peace of the pond. He hoped it would drown; but he was afraid—afraid of the weakness that made him a gentle man instead of a hard one, and he was mortally afraid that the weakness would win out if he saw her again.

"Dear Lord," he said, "please let Cynthia be there when I get home. Please let Florence fall in love with somebody quick. Amen."

He climbed into the sedan and sent it rattling as hard as it could rattle toward the bungalow.

BRADLEY'S prayer was not immediately answered. When he reached the bungalow Cynthia was not there, nor presumably had Florence fallen in love with anybody. George and William and Bob McCail were there, however. So was the racing car on its trailer, and so was a vehicle that Bradley recognized as the whilom delivery van of the De Luxe Cleaners in Oyster Bay. Now it was painted cream color all over, and emblazoned on its sides in red script was the legend, *Rockinghamshire Racing Team.*

Bradley looked at it and blinked. He promptly forgot about Florence as he realized that this, then, was the dainty phrase William wished him to wear on his back when he went defying the lightnings on the roaring road. He was so stunned by it that for a second or two he didn't realize it was odd the midget should be on its trailer, and even odder that this De Luxe Cleaners Rockinghamshire Racing Team van should be standing outside the bungalow. The surprise chased away the gloom he had been shrouded in, and made the hospital seem far away and unreal.

"Hi, gang!" he said. He got out and pointed to the script. "Why that, William? Why that?"

William bowed, oozing dignity.

"I was born on Lord Rockingham's estate," he said.

"Boy," said Bob, "right now you're *lookin'* at the Rockinghamshire Racing Team—and it's all shaved, shampooed, an' showered, and ready to go race."

"I had a telegram," said William. "Came this afternoon over the phone," he added quickly, in case Bradley might ask to see it. "My entry for the Mountview Track, you up, is acceptable."

Bradley thought they were kidding him. He said, "What are you talking about? We're going to race at Freeport next month sometime."

George smiled at him. Bradley thought there was something odd about his expression, but he wasn't sure.

"Aw—no," said George, "aw—no. Didn't I ever tell you? You can't drive that circuit till you've got a license. You got to get some experience on the jerk tracks first. Shofering's just like learning to be a diver. You got to start at the bottom."

HE laughed. Bob and William shook their heads sadly. It didn't bother George. He went on:

"Stiffy used influence. I guess maybe he got the British ambassador or somebody to contact the Mountview Track. He says they just wired him O. K."

He didn't say that the Mountview Track would accept the entry of a kiddy kar if it was accompanied by the entrance fee. He didn't say, either, that that type of racing was far more dangerous than the big time. He was telling the truth, though, about a driver having to drive those tracks before he'd be licensed for even the secondary or bush-league tracks like Freeport.

"The old girl will have a better chance there, anyway," said William. "She needs a race or two under her belt. Shall I go in and pack you, Mr. Bradley?"

George looked sharply at William.

"What do you mean, shall you pack him? Does he have to be shipped in a crate?"

Bradley laughed.

"William and I are very high-class people," he said. "We speak very high-class talk."

"Look, George," said Bob. "You don't maybe appreciate just who you're runnin' round with. Take William, here. He's a ultrafashionable society butler. An' Brad, he's Bradley Norton—a ultrafashionable society grease-monkey. And me—why, everybody knows I'm a ultrafashionable society garageman."

"You're nuts," said Bradley.

"Don't I sell gas to the Whitneys and the Vanderbilts and Astors and Van Rensselaers, and fill 'em up with air?"

"Hot?" said George.

"*Tchk-tchk-tchk!*" said William.

father and my grandfather be- e him and his grandfather before im would spin in their graves if they knew you were on the Rockinghamshire Racing Team, McCail."

Bradley grinned at Bob. "You mean you're really going with us?"

Bob looked at the grass.

"Pshaw," he said, "I'm gettin' old. I got to get in a *few* laughs before I die. Watchin' you drive William's car ought to be one of 'em."

Bradley's heart warmed. This was like it used to be when he was going to start off for a hunt meet and he and his grooms were loading the horse. The jokes were the same. He looked at the car and smiled again. He was thinking that if it were a horse, it would be such a very little horse. He said, "When do we go? Soon?"

"You go tonight," said William.

"If we start now," said George, "we ought to make Mountview in about five hours. You can get some shut-eye and we can get out to the track early, and you got all day to practice the turns."

Bradley took a deep breath. For the first time, he realized it was on—that the thing they'd been working for all these weeks was going to happen: that he'd be strapped into that shiny red thing, with the roar of the motor and the screaming of the tires in his ears, and the other cars all around him, and nothing to bring him through except luck and his own nerve. His heart began to beat fast with excitement. His eyes lighted up, his hands trembled. He took out a cigarette and lighted it, so nobody'd notice.

"GO on in the house an' pack up, Brad," said Bob. Then, adopting a burlesque cockney, "Or do you want Lord Rockingham to pack you?"

"Wait a minute," said Bradley. "I can't go without saying good-by to . . ."

"Mr. Bradley," William interrupted, "Miss Cynthia's not home. She—she's gone into the city to spend the night." He saw Bradley's face fall as the excitement and pleasure died out of it. "She—she'd gone before the telegram came."

"Oh." Bradley had an awful thought. He drew William to one side. "William, did she know I was—going to the hospital this afternoon?"

The butler looked rattled and unhappy.

"Mr. Bradley, may I hope to die if what I say is false, but you've no cause for worry on that account."

"Where is she, then? Where can I call her up? I can't go off into the blue like this without even speaking to her."

"Miss Cynthia didn't tell me where she would be, Mr. Bradley, and that's that."

The suspicion was growing in Bradley that Cynthia didn't want to see him because he'd been to see Florence. She'd asked him not to go, and had looked as though he'd hurt her when he told her it was his duty. He

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tried now to pretend that saying good-by to her wasn't important, but it was important. He was, in a way, going off to the wars. He wanted his lady's favor to wear on his sleeve. If anything happened—if there was a smash or something, and they'd parted on what was almost a quarrel . . .

"Go on—pack up," Bob called to him. "We got to roll. What kind of a racing team is this?"

"William . . . tell her I'll phone her," said Bradley. "And take care of Jane."

He turned and went into the bungalow and packed traveling things in a small suitcase. His heart was heavy in him. He didn't even know when he'd be back, and he couldn't seem anxious about it to Bob and George. It would be a dirty trick not to be enthusiastic. They'd both of them worked harder than he had, really, on the car.

He understood about Cynthia not wanting to see him that afternoon. She probably had got to thinking, and had thought all the things he'd thought in the hospital room. She wouldn't like to think of herself as somebody's babe. So long as he didn't have anything to do with Florence, it was different; he saw that. Once he acted as if Florence were still his wife, Cynthia automatically dropped into the babe or doll classification. Of course she was right to go to town.

His bag packed, he went out again. The others had opened the back door of the little truck, and he saw there were two bunks in it and George's mess of tools and some spare tires and cans of benzol and alcohol and tetraethyl for the midget. He pitched in his bag. Then they all said good-by to William and climbed into the front seat. With George at the wheel and William standing in the driveway waving a handkerchief and shouting British good-luck cries for people taking a horse to the races, they moved onto the road.

THE Rockinghamshire Racing Team rolled slowly through the Vermont hills. It had been rolling slowly for some seven hours, because the De Luxe Cleaners of Oyster Bay, impetuous folk who prided themselves on their speed of delivery, had driven the heart out of their truck before selling it to William. As they rolled slowly into the outskirts of Mountview on the border of Lake Champlain at one in the morning, it would have been more fitting if they had borne the label Rockinghamshire Creeping Team.

The three men of the team were tired, disgusted, and dirty. William had produced the van as a surprise, and it had turned out to be just that. Among other things, it had burned gas at the rate of four miles to the gallon and oil in like ratio. Aside from pushing it into the Hudson River or the Barge Canal, there had been nothing those supermechanics, Norton, Sykes, and McCail, could have done about it. Now almost automatically they headed for the first filling station that hove in sight. None of them spoke a word as they slaked their car's Gargantuan thirst. They stood with expressions of silent suffering as can after can of oil at thirty cents a can went into its maw. Long since, they had said all the things they could. They had said things about the car and about William—awful things. They had said awful things about the De Luxe Cleaners. Their rage had even extended to Lord Rockingham, who they felt was probably responsible for the whole horrible business. They still didn't speak as the truck, stuffed with fuel and loud with the internal mutterings of a gourmand, lumbered back into the street and traversed its length to Mountview's one hotel. Here they unloaded Bradley and his suitcase.

WE'LL drive out to the track," said George. He and Bob were sleeping in the van. "We'll see you at eight. O. K.?"

"We'll drive out to the track," said Bradley, half asleep. "O. K."

"Not you," said George. "Us. You stay here."

"I stay here," said Bradley. He woke up, grinned. "O. K., boys. Don't let anybody steal that truck."

"It'd be a shame, wouldn't it!" said Bob.

"Sure," said Bradley. "Lord Rockingham would feel fierce. We'd have to cable him. At his county seat."

"You give me an idea what to do with it," said George. "Night."

They rambled off. Bradley looked about him. Mountview, not so hot by the broad light of day, was pretty grim at one in the morning. It was built of local stone and rusty red brick, and was as deserted as when the Indians decided they couldn't stand it and moved West. He looked at the hotel. Its bleak traveling-salesman window looked right back at him. He could see the row of leather-covered armchairs facing the street, each with its brass cuspidor by its side. He shuddered.

"What on earth am *I* doing here?" he said. He laughed softly. "I wonder if it really is me. Good heavens, what a place!"

With another shudder, he walked up the two steps to the hotel's front door, pushed it open, and crossed the darkened lobby to where he saw a dim light glowing over the desk. The night clerk, an elderly man who looked as though he might also have been made of local stone, was sound asleep. There was a tarnished nickel bell on the desk. Bradley brought his hand down on it smartly. The clerk closed his mouth and sat up with a jolt.

"Front!" He looked around him, blinked, then smiled sheepishly. "I'm Mr. Hopkins—I was just dreaming I was back at the Alamac Hotel, where we had bellboys. Excuse me, please. You see, we have a bell here but no bellboys. No bellboys at all. We had one once, but he went off to the w

"Civil?" said Bradley.

"Spanish," said the clerk; an then, taking up a pen and dipping it, "Your pleasure, sir?"

"I want a room," said Bradley. "A room and bath."

"I *am* sorry," said Mr. Hopkins. "We don't have rooms with bath. We did, of course, at the Alamac. We did start to put one in here, but . . ."

"The plumber had to join Montcalm at Quebec," said Bradley.

Mr. Hopkins smiled.

"Oh, no," he said. "The Mount House isn't quite that old."

Bradley gave him a friendly grin.

"For Pete's sake, tell me what happened to that plumber," he said.

"Mrs. Mount died," said the clerk solemnly.

"Oh."

"She was the one who wanted a bath. Mr. Mount gave the whole thing up then and there. He hasn't been the same since."

"That's too bad," said Bradley. "She die recently?"

"If you call thirty years ago recently, she did. She got the idea from the Alamac."

"Of dying?"

"Of the bath." Mr. Hopkins looked closely at Bradley. "You *do* want a bath!" he said. "You're all over grease. Come, let me register you. Then you can go up and get all freshened up and have a nice sleep. Every one sleeps well in this clean mountain air."

HE pushed the register forward and handed Bradley the pen, reading the name upside down as Bradley wrote. Suddenly he chuckled.

"Oh, we have a *nice* room for *you*, Mr. Norton. I *am* so glad to see you. Yes indeed!"

Bradley squinted at him. The Nortons were pretty warm on Long Island and in New York. He didn't think their fame had spread to the mountain fastnesses.

"That's fine," he said. "Let's go."

Mr. Hopkins shuffled around the desk and reached for the suitcase; but Bradley insisted on carrying it himself. It was heavy. The clerk gave him a grateful look and led the way up a flight of partly carpeted stairs, and then along an almost totally dark corridor, and presently opened the door of a room and snapped on a light that hung from the ceiling and had a glass shade over it, green on top, white underneath. In one corner of the room was a white iron washstand with china pitcher, slop jar, and glass. In another was a great oak wardrobe. In the center was a vast white iron double bed.

Surprisingly, everything about the room was spotlessly clean—the towels, the bed linen, the white net curtains on the two windows that looked over the lake.

"This is fine," said Bradley.

"I'm glad you like it," said the clerk. He went to the door and, lowering his voice, said, "You might not believe it, Mr. Norton, but I was young once. I'm *mighty* glad you got here all right."

"What the . . ."

But Mr. Hopkins only smiled and nodded and went out, closing the door behind him. Bradley frowned and scratched his head. Then he went over to the windows and opened them and leaned on the sill. He could see the lake. It was still and full of stars reflected from the night sky. He breathed deeply the scent of pine. It was nice after breathing those De Luxe oil fumes for seven hours. He put his chin on his hands and lost himself in beauty. Lake, stars, trees, mountains and hills, all free. A clock in the town struck the half-hour with a deep mellow bonging. He was sorry it wasn't midnight, so it would have struck more than just the once. When the echo died out, a sense of loneliness came over him.

"Cynnie, Cynnie, Cynnie," he said. "Please don't be sore at me about Florence when I call you up tomorrow."

THE loneliness grew. It seemed a pity to have so much beauty and no one to share it with. He wondered if Mr. Hopkins ever felt like that when he looked out at the night. Then he heard a clicking noise, turned back into the room, and straightened. The communicating door that led from his room to the next was opening. He made his hand into a fist and waited. The door swung wider—and presently Cynthia Carlton stepped from behind it. She wore a gabardine traveling suit, but she was hatless and her golden hair was ruffled from having been slept on. Her eyes were half shining and half full of sleep. She stood still, looking at him, and he felt a lump rise in his throat. And then he couldn't see her very well because of silly emotional tears that suddenly got in his way of vision. He thought he ought to be angry at her. He couldn't be. He could only love her.

"Cynnie!"

"Hello, Brad," she said, with a little smile. She said it with studied casualness, as though she hoped he'd think her being there was the most ordinary thing in the world. Then her poise went from her. "Oh, Bradley darling, I'm so glad you got here! Mr. Hopkins and I were frantic that you wouldn't!"

Slowly Bradley crossed to her, and then, gently as a bachelor holds a new baby, almost reverently he put his arms around her.

"You shouldn't have come, Cynnie."

Her head was buried on his chest. It had been buried on him often before, when she'd skinned her knees falling from her pony. But the head had been buried on his stomach then, and the golden hair had been swinging pigtails. As then, she was crying now.

"I had to, Bradley. I—I was so afraid Florence would keep you. I made William send you here. I thought if I stayed near you and kept you strong and you raced the car, you'd forget about her. I mean, for now anyway."

This was a jolt. He hadn't thought his stanch mechanical friends would put up a job on him. For a second he stiffened in resentment. Cynthia felt it.

"Brad—*they* didn't know I was coming." She lifted her face and smiled. "I know you think I'm a so-and-so, Bradley, but I'm not really, because I left a note to mummy and daddy on my pillow *saying* I was coming."

Bradley smiled too now, wanly, at himself. He had a hunch that, instead of being alone with all that beauty of the night, he was shortly going to find himself the center of a small but angry crowd.

"Why on earth did you do that?" he said.

"Because I didn't want there to be anything sneaky about our being off places alone together."

Bradley laughed and patted her back. The idea of her having left that note appalled him. And he loved her for it. Almost, it made her being there all right.

"My little golden-haired, half-witted, beloved friend," he said, "if you think we're going to be alone, you're very much—"

He stopped because at that instant Mr. Hopkins knocked and simultaneously bounced into the room. He no longer looked as though he were made perhaps of local stone. He looked rather as though his veins were full of lake water. He was wilted.

"IT'S awful!" he said. "It's just simply awful what's happened!" Bradley knew what was coming. Mr. Hopkins took a long breath to ease his jittering. It didn't.

"There's a lobby in the lady," he said. "I couldn't help it. It's—it's"—he closed his eyes and pointed at Cynthia—"her mother!" Then, as quickly as he had come, he was gone. Bradley stepped away from Cynthia and bowed.

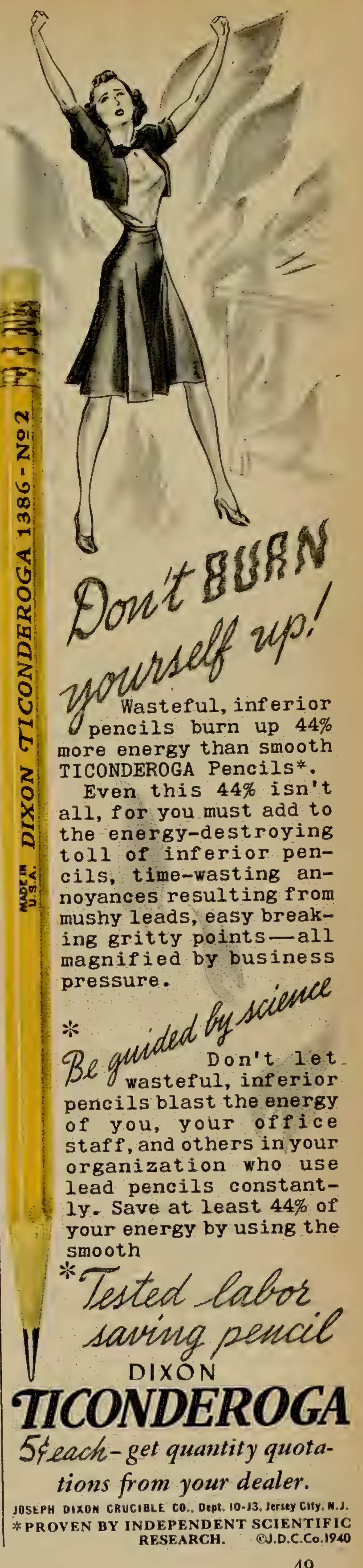
"We who are about to die salute you," he said.

Cynthia looked as though she were about to cry all over again. Her lips trembled.

"Oh, Bradley!" she said. "I've got you into a hell of a mess!"

Bradley thought just that, but he managed to smile at her. Then he too took a deep breath and steeled himself to wait for the inevitable. Already he could hear it coming along the hallway. He wondered if Mrs. Carlton had come alone, and then he wondered if it was conceivable that she packed a gun. He hoped desperately he could keep things from being too awful for Cynthia.

A beautiful girl, a married man, a meeting at a lonely hotel—and the arrival of the girl's mother! It looks as if Bradley were in a pretty mess. What will Mrs. Carlton do? You will find out in next week's chapter. Watch for surprising and unexpected developments!



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Explore Vacationland with a Liberty Vacation Prize . . .

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14988
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Burlington Route photo.

IF you have any knowledge at all of famous watering places, vacation resorts, and transportation routes to vacationland, your chance to win one of Liberty's cash prizes is excellent. Even though you missed the initial coupon last week, you can get into the game directly from this page, with every opportunity to score. Read the brief Rules carefully so that you understand what is required and then solve the jumbles on Coupon 2. Do not, however, send the coupon yet. Wait until you have a complete set of ten at the end of the game. Now, to make up lost ground:

Reprints of Coupon No. 1 are available for those who failed for any reason to save it. Write to the address in Rule 6 and enclose five cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing. With the solution of this set of jumbles your entry will be even with the field. Coupon 3 will appear next week in Liberty.

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks ending in the issue dated May 18, 1940, Liberty will publish an official coupon containing a list of jumbled names. Each of these jumbles can be unscrambled into the name of a well known vacation resort, area, or a popular transportation route used by vacationists. Example: NOTADAY—DAYTONA. In the interests of clarity and brevity, River, Lake, Mountains, and Island will be omitted from jumbles in this contest. Example: MANITOULIN ISLAND would appear in this contest simply as MANITOULIN.

2. To compete, use the official coupons and list the solution for each jumbled name in the space provided.

3. When you have solved all ten lists of jumbles, write a brief statement of not more than 100 words explaining "Where, in North America, I would best like to spend a vacation, and why." This statement must accompany and be a part of your entry.

4. Entries will be rated on correctness of solutions and clearness and convincingness of the accompanying statement. The entry with the largest number of correct solutions accompanied by the clearest, most convincing statement will be judged the best and will receive a $500 First Prize. The five next best entries will be awarded $100 each. The 200 entries next in order of excellence will be awarded $5 each. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

5. All entries must be submitted as a unit at the end of the contest. No correspondence can be entered into concerning any entry. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. All winning entries become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc., for reproduction wherever desired.

6. Send all entries by first-class mail to Jumbled Vacation Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

7. All entries must be received on or before Friday, May 17, 1940, the closing date of this contest.

NO. 2—USE THIS OFFICIAL COUPON

Jumble	***Solution***
1. GALOAM	....
2. CAPDIL	....
3. LUBEOP	....
4. STEWYERL	....
5. TEWCARALER	....
6. PEAGS	....
7. ENEKE	....
8. TAFNEAS	....
9. TANRAGBE	....
10. SPEKTRASE	....

Southern Pacific photo.

LAUGHS FOR A TROUBLED WORLD

Disney's Pinocchio, a Tarkington revival, and a West-Fields frivolity variously illumine life's lighter side

BY BEVERLY HILLS

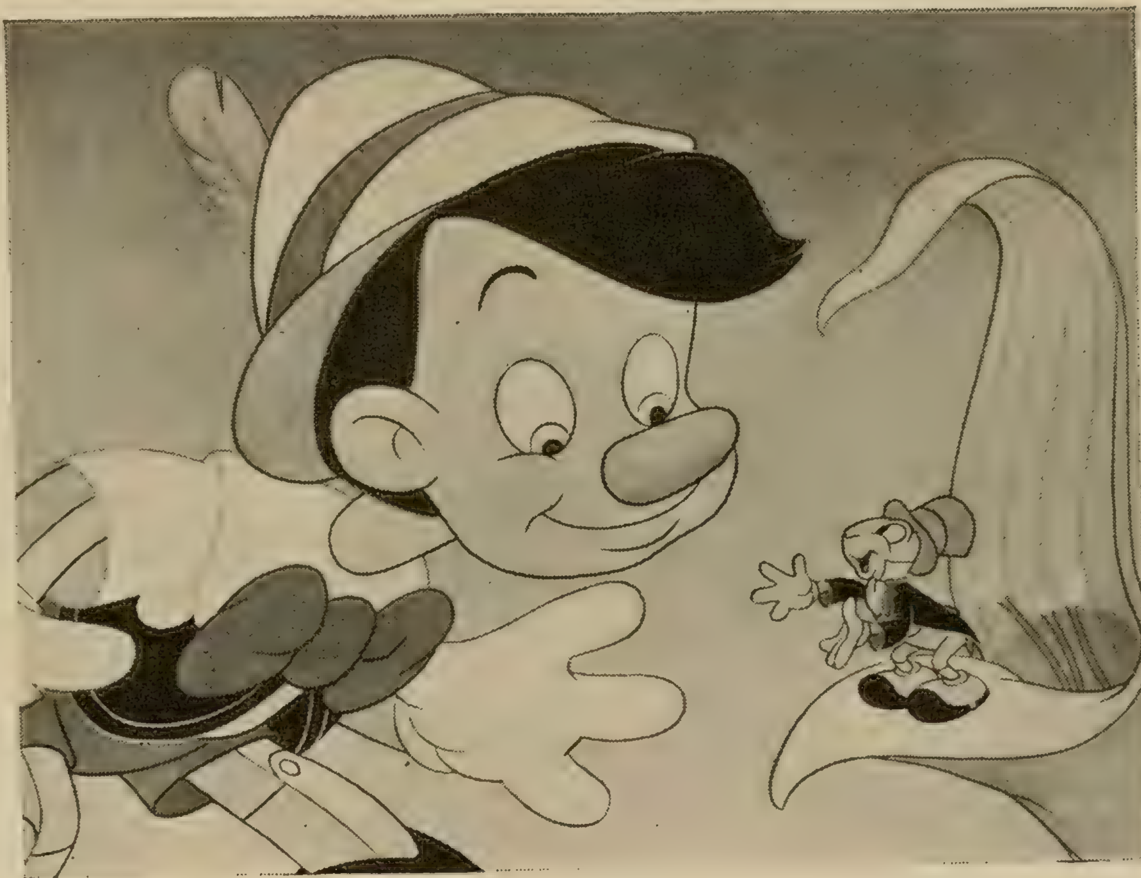
READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ ★ PINOCCHIO

Feature-length cartoon comedy, adapted from Collodi's fantasy, screen play by Ted Sears, Webb Smith, Joseph Sabo, Otto Englander, William Cottrell, Erdman Penner, and Aurelius Battaglia. Produced by Walt Disney. Released by RKO Radio. Running time, 87 minutes.

THIS is Walt Disney's second feature-length cartoon, over two years in the making. Comparisons with the Disney adventure in ink and celluloid, Snow White, are inevitable. The retelling—modernization is a better word—of the Collodi Italian classic reveals a striking technical advance over Snow White. This fabulous comedy excursion into picaresque fancy has imagination, humor, and craftsmanship, it has moments of high imagery, but . . . it lacks the novelty of the pioneer venture, moral platitudes are spread on a little thickly, the musical background nowhere approaches the contagious tuneful mood of Snow White. Nothing in it is within miles of the chorus of the seven little men of the forest. In fact Pinocchio is weakest musically.


Jiminy Cricket advises Pinocchio in Walt Disney's new cartoon fantasy.

Disney has fashioned his fable around a little wooden puppet created by an old woodcarver and called Pinocchio. Then Pinocchio is brought to life by the Blue Fairy, told he cannot be a real boy until he acquires truth, courage, and unselfishness. With an impish little scamp of an insect, Jiminy Cricket, as his guide and mentor, Pinocchio finally achieves reality, but not until he has encountered a wicked fox, been imprisoned by a bad puppetmaster, kidnaped to a magic island where bad boys are bewitched into jackasses, and has been swallowed by a whale.

It is cocky, fresh little Jiminy Cricket who supplies naïve Pinocchio's conscience and the individual cartoon hit of the film. He is a Dopey in reverse. Not that the old woodcarver's kitten, Figaro, and his goldfish, Cleo, lack personality.

This goes a long way technically beyond Snow White. There is a freer use of the camera, as when the lens hops toward a scene you see through the eyes of the leaping cricket. There are singular moments of beauty. The underwater sequence, with the exotic marine gardens, is a fresh background for cartoon humor. And the collision of Pinocchio and Jiminy Cricket with Monstro the whale touches a high point in ink excitement.

Yes, the children will love Pinocchio.

VITAL STATISTICS: Walt Disney has two feature-length cartoons in work. One is Felix Salten's Bambi, the other is called Fantasia. Trouble with Bambi, because Salten's animals of the forest cannot be caricatures but must be real, with human attributes. . . . Stokowski conducts the Philadelphia Orchestra for Fantasia. . . . Carlo Lorenzini wrote Pinocchio under the pen name of C. Collodi in the '80s, created it out of ideas used by puppetmasters for centuries. Took the name of Collodi from the village where he spent his boyhood. . . . Correct pronunciation is Pin-oh-kee-o, accent on second syllable. Which means little pine boy. . . . In Pinocchio Cliff Edwards is the voice of Jiminy Cricket; eleven-year-old Dickie Jones does the puppet boy; Walter Catlett is the fox, J. Worthington Foulfellow; Christian Rub is the old woodcarver; Evelyn Venable the larynx of the Blue Fairy. Over a hundred boys tested for Pinocchio before Dickie was chosen. . . . Jiminy Cricket just growed, like Topsy. In Collodi's story there was a cricket who warned Pinocchio against trouble, got killed for his trouble, came back to haunt the marionette as his conscience. At first the Disney studio had thought of making a character out of a termite, seeing as Pinny was a wooden puppet. Then the cricket idea expanded. A lot of trouble encountered getting expression into the tiny face. . . . Twelve hundred workers concerned with the film; 450,000 drawings and paintings used; 200 girls in the inking and painting department. Girls, having more patience, are better for detail work; men, with their sense of action and caricature, are better animators, says Walt. . . . Some of the sounds the Disney forces had to create: sea horses whinnying, a nose growing and wilting, a whale snoring, same sea leviathan lashing the ocean into a fury, characters talking under water, happy and sad clocks striking. The artists used a pliable model whale five feet long for their work on Monstro.

★ ★ ★ SEVENTEEN

THE PLAYERS: Jackie Cooper, Betty Field, Otto Kruger, Betty Moran, Norma Gene Nelson, Ann Shoemaker, Buddy Pepper, Donald Haines, Thomas W. Hoss, Peter Hayes, Paul Burns, Jody Gilbert, Snowflake, Hattie Noel. Based on the Booth Tarkington stage comedy. Directed by Louis King. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 75 minutes.

BOOTH TARKINGTON wrote engagingly and with discerning humor of boyhood in a small Indiana town when he did his William Sylvanus Baxter stories. Seventeen concerned the crashing drama occasioned in the hitherto simple life of Willie Baxter by the two weeks' visit of Lola Pratt of Chicago. Fickle Lola with her baby talk "but definitely" sets the little town on its ears and in no time Willie Baxter is in a mess of trouble, what with stealing his father's dress suit, borrowing all his pals' money, getting involved in the installment purchase of a new car.

All this, celluloided before silently, still makes a fresh and amusing little comedy of adolescence. You will like Jackie Cooper as Willie Baxter, you will be startled by the versatility of Betty Field (the sex-restless foreman's wife of John Steinbeck's Of Mice and Men) as Lola, you will note the promising work of little Norma Gene Nelson as Willie's highly annoying kid sister. And the direction is excellent.

VITAL STATISTICS: That typically Indiana home was found in Los Angeles' West Adams district. Oddly enough, it belongs to two sisters who twenty-six years ago were neighbors of Booth Tarkington in Indianapolis. . . . Norma Gene Nelson, nine, who does the brat kid sister, never had been before a motion-picture camera before. She was appearing in a child role at the Pasadena Community Playhouse when producer Stuart Walker found her. . . . Tarkington has been streamlined. When Seventeen was a stage play in 1917, the boys sang Sweet Lola Pratt to the tune of Sweet Genevieve. In this new film version they do a jitterbug dance to a melody called Ladies in Love. Same scene, but how the times have changed! . . . When Seventeen was produced as a stage play in Indianapolis in '17, Stuart Walker directed it. Now, as Paramount producer, he makes it into a film. . . . Dick Hogan, who does George Crooper, Jackie's rival, is looked upon as a comer. Once a singer with cabaret orchestras.

★ ★ ½ MY LITTLE CHICKADEE

THE PLAYERS: Mae West, W. C. Fields, Joseph Calleia, Dick Foran, Donald Meek, Anne Nagel, Margaret Hamilton, Fuzzy Knight, Ruth Donnelly, George Moran. Story by Mae West and W. C. Fields. Directed by Edward Cline. Produced by Universal. Running time, 84 minutes.

THIS is a rowdy farce of the days when the great open spaces were still great open spaces. Mae West is Flower Belle Lee, a robust little blossom from Chicago who somehow joins up with Cuthbert Twillie (none other than W. C. Fields), a medicine man and card sharp. After Mae stands off a tribe of Indians from a day-coach window with two six-shooters, she frames a fake marriage with the agitated Fields, having noted his satchel filled with greenbacks. But the money is as phony as the wedding, and most of the film concerns Mae's efforts to avoid the fervent advances of the bridegroom. Mae, you see, has lost her heart to a mysterious masked highwayman.

A vague, spotty yarn, with amus burlesque-flavored interludes he and there, dull patches elsewhere. The laughs are like this: Fields says he's selling novelties and notions. Mae wants to know more about his notions. High spot: When Mae substitutes a goat for her own plump self in the bridal bed of Fields' darkened nuptial chamber. That gives you a general idea.

VITAL STATISTICS: Hollywood held its breath when Mae and Fields started work. Explosions were anticipated pronto. Nothing happened. Mae remained the perfect lady, Fields the gallant gentleman. Mae, it seems, did most of the script; Fields contributed most of his dialogue and lots of suggestions. "Our styles don't conflict," Mae commented. "We both have class." . . . Mae still hopes to do Catherine the Great. Meanwhile she snaps her fingers at ghosts. Owns a San Fernando Valley ranch in the so-called haunted hills, once the hide-out of pioneer bandit Joaquin Murietta. . . . W. C. Fields' first movie was for D. W. Griffith. It was Sally of the Sawdust, date 1925. Mae's first screen appearance, made in 1932, in a role in George Raft's Night After Night. . . . Director Eddie Cline was once a member of the famous Keystone Cops of Mack Sennett. . . . Watch for W. C. Fields' glum Indian pal. He's played by George Moran, once half of the team of the Two Black Crows, famous to phonograph records, vaudeville, radio. This is Moran's first film appearance since the death of Mack in an auto accident. . . . Philosophizes Fields: "To hold a woman's love a man must be all things to her: father, mother, husband, Casanova, counselor, jackanapes, and bartender."

☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

by Oliver Swift

★ ★ THE UNWILLING JOURNEY by C. P. Lee. The Macmillan Company.

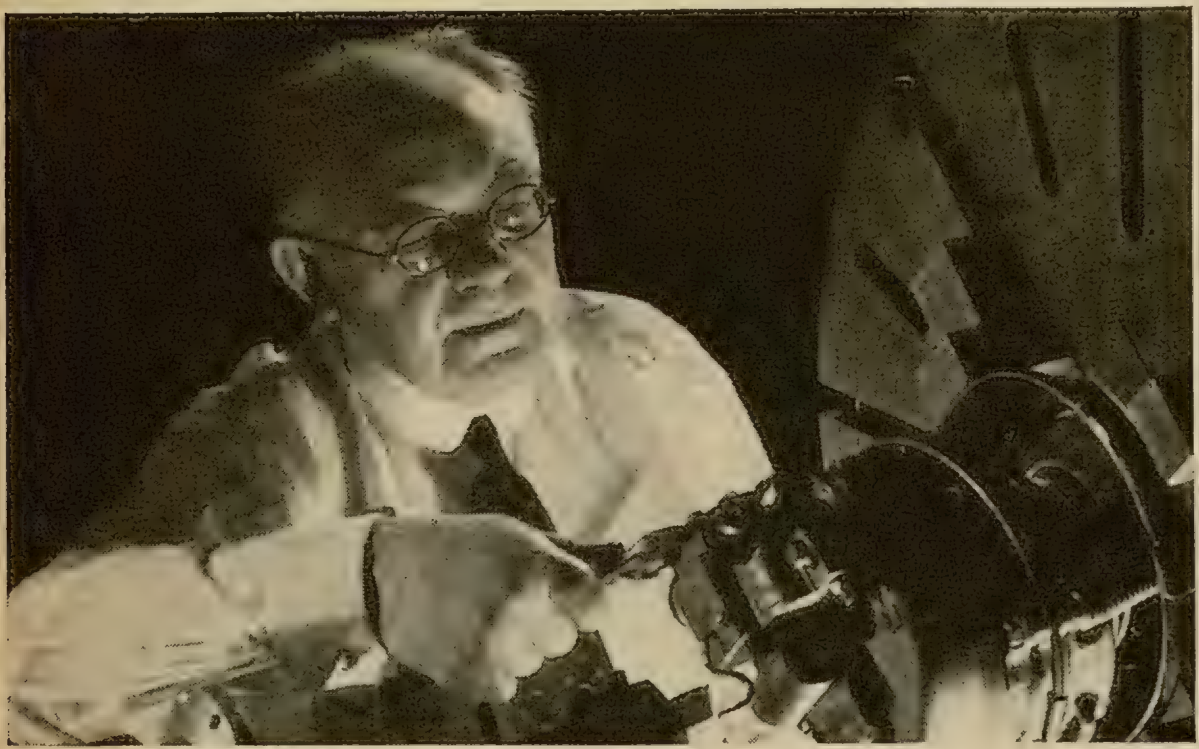
Vivid impressions of people and experiences in an Arkansas boyhood. The only unpleasant taste—in a book with many pleasant tastes—is caused by the maladroit handling of the boy's adolescence.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet, The Grapes of Wrath, Abe Lincoln in Illinois, Gone with the Wind, Gulliver's Travels, That They May Live, Ninotchka, Mr. Smith Goes to Washington, Babes in Arms, Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex, Rulers of the Sea, The Real Glory, The Women, The Rains Came.

★★★½—His Girl Friday, Of Mice and Men, The Hunchback of Notre Dame, The Great Victor Herbert, The Light that Failed, We Are Not Alone, First Love, Intermezzo: A Love Story, Eternally Yours, Disputed Passage, Golden Boy.

★★★—The Shop Around the Corner, The Fighting 69th, The Blue Bird, Slightly Honorable, The Earl of Chicago, Everything Happens at Night, Remember the Night, Destry Rides Again, Geronimo, Four Wives, Tower of London, That's Right, You're Wrong, Drums Along the Mohawk, The Roaring Twenties, Hollywood Cavalcade, Espionage Agent, Thunder Afloat, Honeymoon in Bali, The Cat and the Canary, The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes, Dust Be My Destiny, Nurse Edith Cavell, The Star Maker, The Under-Pup, When Tomorrow Comes, Fifth Avenue Girl, Lady of the Tropics.



Who Is This CHRIS STEENSTRUP?

IN 1901 a young Danish toolmaker began work in the General Electric shops in Schenectady. One day he hit on an idea for making a machine safer and more efficient. The boss had his doubts, but Chris Steenstrup proved his idea would work. Today, beloved by his fellow engineers, with 110 patents to his credit, Chris is still looking for ways to improve things.

Chris welcomes tough engineering assignments. For instance, he solved one of the toughest problems in the building of Dr. Alexanderson's great radio alternators which made possible radio communication with Europe during the World War. Back when there were very few domestic electric refrigerators in the country, Chris got the job of devising a long-lived and efficient refrigerator. After months of work he designed a mechanism that ushered in a new era in American living. For from it General Electric developed the first sealed-in-steel refrigerator mechanism—the principle that has helped bring the comforts of electric refrigeration to 14 million American families.

Chris Steenstrup's contributions to more comfortable living are typical of the hundreds made by General Electric men and women. For years they have been putting electricity to work in the home and in industry, helping to make all manufactured products more plentiful and less expensive, enriching our lives—providing More Goods for More People at Less Cost.

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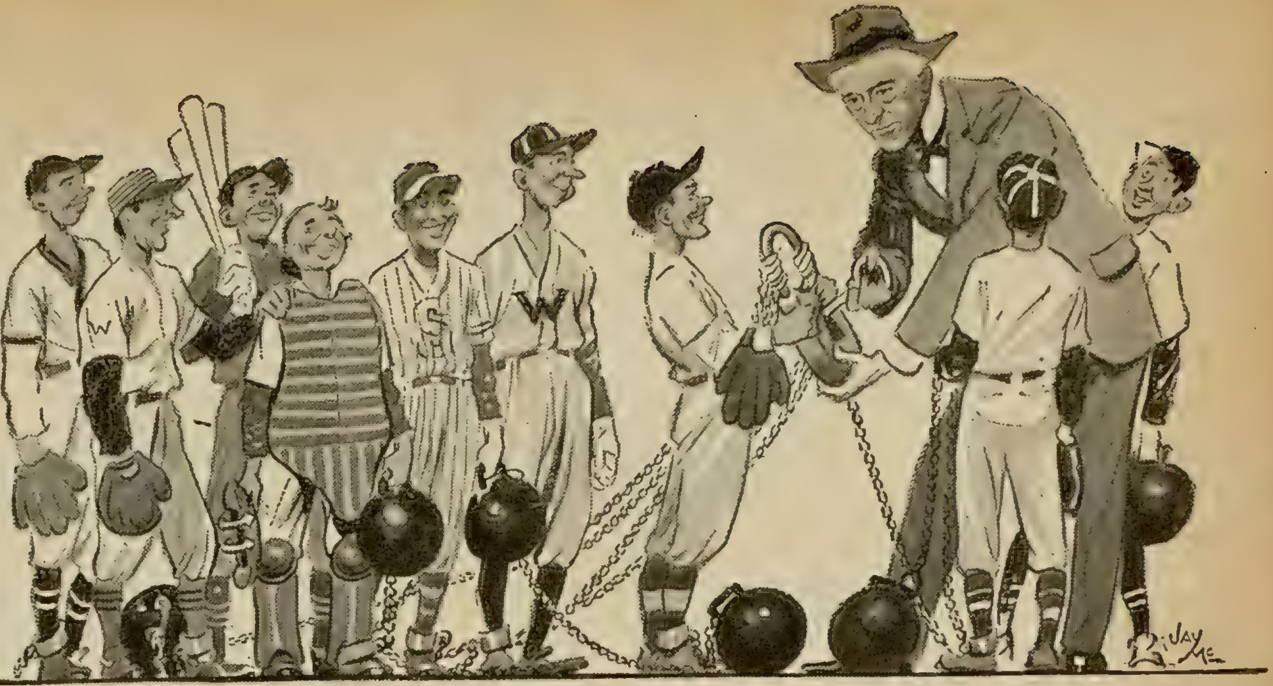
Chain-Gang BASEBALL

Now comes the year of the diamond's Great Rebellion—Will it succeed?

BY FREDERICK R. BECHDOLT

READING TIME • 12 MINUTES 5 SECONDS



UNLESS all signs fail, 1940 will go down in organized baseball's history as the Year of the Great Revolution. It is altogether possible that, before the end of the year, players will be freed from conditions which often amount to peonage.

If this comes to pass, the man on the street can no longer pick the winner of next year's World Series before the training camps are open. Clubs now relegated to second division will have chances for pennants.

I said, if it comes to pass. Revolutions sometimes fail. And this particular revolution is a one-man job. Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, high commissioner of organized baseball, fired the opening gun a long time ago. Now and then he has been turning loose another blast. Before the end of last January he sent out a bulletin to all the club owners in the country. A startling document, a sort of Declaration of Independence for the players, it proposes drastic changes in the present contract system.

Judge Landis' campaign for the game's betterment is directed against the modern institution which we call Chain-Store Baseball. Some smart sports writer coined that term more than a year ago. Recently another member of the fourth estate changed it to Chain-Gang Baseball. If you are one of the several million who follow America's national pastime, you are familiar with both expressions. But unless you are one of the extremely few exceptions, your knowledge of the system, its workings and effects, is hazy indeed. I am going to take time out to explain these things before we consider the proposed reforms.

By way of illustration let's take the case of Jimmy Duffy. I'll show you later that, although Jimmy is my brain child, the picture is a composite photograph of many real players.

Jimmy is twenty-two years old. He is driving a truck for the canning factory in Mankato, Minnesota, and on Sundays he is playing semiprofessional baseball with the Mankato Baltics. He is playing shortstop and he is hitting better than four hundred. He dreams of the time when he will ease into Frankie Crosetti's shoes and take Joe DiMaggio's place in the Yankee batting order.

Eddie Stover, manager of the Baltics, owns a clothing store on Front Street. He used to catch for the Philadelphia Nationals back in 1920; he knows that Jimmy Duffy is good. So he writes a friend who is managing the St. Paul club. The friend drives down and looks the boy over.

We cut now to the president of a rich ball club which is headed toward next year's World Series. We'll christen this club the Lions. He gets a letter from a traveling man who stopped over in Mankato one Sunday and saw the Baltics blast the Iowa City Cornhuskers out of the lot; the debacle started in the fourth inning, when Jimmy Duffy swung from his heels with the bases crammed.

The tycoon wires one of the high-salaried scouts he has scattered over the United States. The scout hops a train on Saturday. Monday, Jimmy Duffy tells his manager:

" I'm going to sign with the Lions." And Eddie Stover, who knows what it's all about, says:

" Easy now, kid. Don't make a mistake. You're not ready for the big time yet. Take my advice and go to St. Paul. A year or two in the minors and you'll be hot; half a dozen major clubs will be trying to get hold of you. The Lions are sitting pretty with that tight infield combination. You don't want to wait till somebody dies or breaks a leg, do you? "

He says a lot more, but the Lion scout isn't drawing down eight thousand a year and expenses because of his good looks. He's a pretty fair talker himself. Jimmy has already signed a blank contract on the dotted line—the scout assured him that was the league regulation for all rookies—and he was trying to break the news easy to Stover for old times' sake.

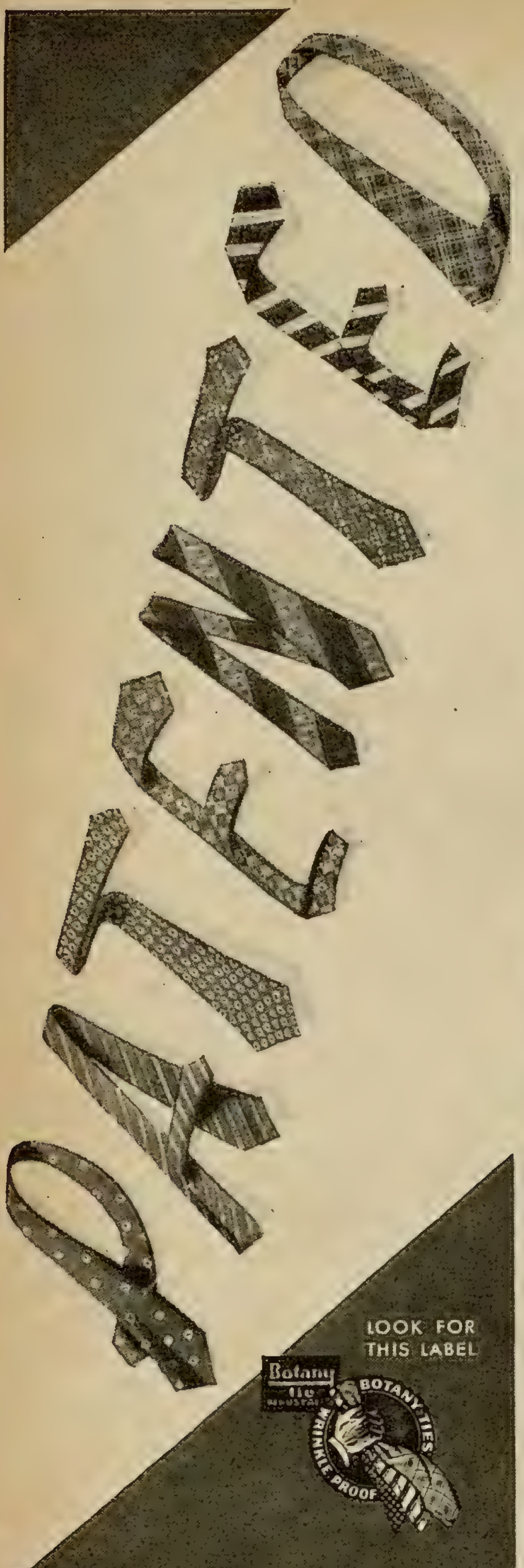
The next spring he lands in Kansas City. He plays with that club three years. But he doesn't even see a major-league training camp. He's going great. Just before the end of the third year he gets orders to report to the Lions at the beginning of the following season.

When he goes home to Mankato in October, Jimmy tells Eddie Stover. He's feeling so good that he doesn't notice how indifferently his former manager takes the tidings.

SPRINGTIME finds Jimmy, a letter of instructions in his pocket, on his way to Louisville. From Louisville he drifts to Omaha, from Omaha to Sacramento, California.

Six years have passed since he signed that blank contract which the Lion scout shoved before him. Discouragement has done its work; he's getting older and he has slowed up, when he receives a telegram announcing that he has been sold—to St. Paul.

The facts whereof the foregoing tale was built are set forth in official bulletins which Judge Landis sent to all club owners in organized baseball



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last January. If you read these pronouncements you'll see Jimmy Duffy got a better break than many others.

Now, why did the Lions trouble themselves with Jimmy Duffy if they didn't need him? Simply because they didn't want some rival pennant contender to get hold of such a good player. Again I cite Judge Landis' bulletins as my authority.

Why couldn't Jimmy have exercised the great American privilege of quitting his job at the end of the year when his contract expired?

He could, but if he did, he would have been barred from organized baseball. For every player contract contains a clause which gives the employer the right to renew that contract at its expiration—and no salary is mentioned.

Keep that salient fact in mind while we get down to the mechanics of Chain-Gang Baseball.

Pennants and entrée to World Series mean increased gate receipts during following seasons; so do positions in the first divisions. The club owners aren't in business for their health. Attempts to hog the services of top-rate players have been going on since the days when most pitchers sported mustaches. When the late Colonel Jacob Ruppert used his bank roll to build a streamlined organization of scouts and farm clubs, he was only modernizing an old custom.

Colonel Ruppert hired the canny Ed Barrow, and the New York Yankees began to go to town.

The Yankees last year had eighteen scouts: five key men whose yearly salaries, exclusive of traveling and incidental expenses, range from five to ten thousand dollars; thirteen others who get three thousand apiece and expenses. And every one of these has several subsidiaries working part time. They are in touch with every sand lot in the country.

This excellent organization is solely responsible for Joe DiMaggio, Joe Gordon, Frankie Crosetti, Lefty Gomez, and other kingpins who went up to the greatest winning club in baseball history. It is also responsible for the bagging of scores and scores of youngsters, many of whom never came within five hundred miles of a major-league training camp.

While the Yankees were getting the jump on every one in scouting they began intensely developing the so-called "farm system." They bought several minor-league clubs; financed others by working agreements.

Other major-league owners with fat bank accounts are also in the business in a big way, among them the Cardinals, Brooklyn Dodgers, Detroit Tigers, Boston Red Sox, Chicago White Sox, Chicago Cubs, Pittsburgh Pirates, Cleveland Indians, Cincinnati Reds.

Why did they go to all that trouble and expense?

They wanted to put players in cold storage. To do this they had to evade rules of baseball designed to permit free advancement of young players.

These rules allow a club to control only a limited number of men: in the

20 QUESTIONS

1—She is the American queen of sports, so named by sports writers for her 1939 performance. Only twenty-six and a beautiful blonde, she is as interested in perfecting her vocal talents as she is in putting on a vigorous demonstration of the sport at which she excels. From a frail little girl she has become a famous athlete. Who is she?

2—William Sydney Porter made which one of these pen names a household word: Mark Twain, George Eliot, George Sand, O. Henry?

3—If you make candy on a damp day, does it require a longer or shorter cooking time than when the weather is dry?

4—The newspaper Pravda is assumed to reflect the opinion of the government of which of these countries: Rumania, Italy, Russia, or Germany?

5—Is a horoscope an X-ray picture, an astrological chart, or a report of the Horological Institute?

6—Midshipman Easy, Long John Silver, and Captain Ahab were principal characters in what sea adventure stories?

7—What is the only even prime number and why are all the other primes odd?

8—What did the late Paul Dresser, composer, and Theodore Dreiser, novelist, have in common?

9—What do the international weather symbols in this sentence mean: After ◍ today there will be a ⌒ followed by ○ weather?

10—Which one of these states was not one of the thirteen original colonies: South Carolina, Delaware, Maine, or Georgia?

11—221B Baker Street is well known to devotees of detective stories as the home of which of these famous sleuths: C. Auguste Dupin, Father Brown, Sherlock Holmes?

12—Is the equinox the longest day of the year, the shortest day of the year, the time when the sun's center crosses the equator, or the day the ground hog sees his shadow?

13—Who was the personal representative of President Wilson to the European governments from 1914 to 1916, a mission similar to that undertaken by Sumner Welles?

14—Is the slop chest on a ship the place where they keep the rigging, a fixture of the galley, or the store of clothing?

15—Who popularized the phrase "the white man's burden" in a poem by that name?

16—During what years has Joe Louis won all his bouts on knockouts?

17—"A horse that was foaled of an acorn," pony, and filly are slang terms for what unlike things?

18—When Thomas Jefferson was President, who was the head of what was then termed the Republican Party?

19—What three diseases are responsible for the greatest number of deaths in the United States?

20—What American President married his college sweetheart?

(Answers will be found on page 67)

majors, forty-five players on the club roster, fifteen sent down to minor-league clubs, to be recalled later if needed for replacements.

When a major-league owner buys a minor-league club he immediately acquires a depository where he can dump surplus players whom he doesn't need. With every additional club he increases his cold-storage space.

That isn't all. Baseball rules include what is called the selective draft. At the end of three years a promising player in the minors is eligible for purchase by the majors at a specified low figure. Also no club can sell a player into a league of lower classification unless no one in the upper league wants the man in question.

In order to dodge these rules and hold hundreds of players for dog-in-the-manger purposes, major-league clubs do some raw work. A scout persuades a youth to sign a contract wherein the space for the employer's name is left blank, or talks the boy into signing with some minor-league club belonging to the chain-store system, and—I quote Judge Landis—"the player often is misled to believe he is signing with a major club."

THE major-league tycoon can now shuffle the boy around for six years. The minor-league club holds him until he is about to become eligible for the draft, then "sells" him to the major club which really owned him all the time. The latter thereafter keeps sending the serf back into the minors for three more years under that recall provision mentioned above.

If you have any idea that the purpose of the system is to strengthen the offending major-league clubs, look over the rosters of these same clubs, find out how the players were acquired. You'll discover that an astonishingly small proportion came up through the so-called farms.

The foregoing gives you merely a general picture of the system which Judge Landis is attacking.

It has already given four or five rich clubs in each of the two major leagues what amounts to a monopoly on promising young players. By getting this, they have also obtained a monopoly on the two pennants and the World Series.

Before the chain-gang business began, a smart manager could strengthen a weak club. He could secure surplus players whom other clubs in his own league had accumulated, and material from clubs in minor leagues. If he was adroit he stood a chance of bringing his team into the first division; he might even make it a pennant contender. As things are now, he hasn't a chance; the lads whom he needs are locked up in cold storage.

Bear in mind this fact; look at the list of rich clubs engaged in the farm business. Look at the positions which they hold in the two major leagues. Then you'll understand what I mean when I said that if peonage is abolished, second-division teams will have a fighting chance for pennants and the man in the street won't

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Williamson

Sis: Why the war paint, Babs? Impersonating a femme fatale?

Babs: Quit picking on me, Sis! You're terrible. A girl's *got* to have glamor these days.
Sis: Glamor is spinach, darling. If you had more pep in your bones, you wouldn't need so much paint on your face. I'll bet what you need is *vitamins.* And that reminds me. Come downstairs a minute—for lesson No. 1.

Kellogg's
PEP
VITAMIN-ENRICHED

Sis: We can't have pep without all our vitamins, my cherub. And one of the best ways to get two of the important vitamins, B_1 and D, is right in that delicious cereal you're sampling—KELLOGG'S PEP.
Babs: Say, where have you been hiding this? It's the grandest tasting cereal I ever ate. Boy! Are you a discoverer?

Babs: (another night) Good-bye, Teacher! I'll see if your lesson works.
Sis: Where there's pep there's hope!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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"I don't care if this IS our stop . . . can't you see I'm enjoying my MENNEN SHAVE!"

MENNEN
LATHER
SHAVE
MENNEN COM

Gone with the wind—yessir, wiry whiskers *breeze* off when you use Mennen Lather Shave! No yank. No pull. Oil-dissolving, hair-penetrating Mennen Lather banishes razor-resistance. Want real shaving *comfort?* Then see your druggist and sing out, "Mennen Lather Shave for Mine!"

Mennen makes a swell Brushless, too.

TRY THE 3-STEP MENNEN SHAVE—SHAVE CREAM—SKIN BRACER—TALCUM FOR MEN

TAKE
Good Care
OF
YOUR HAIR
WHILE YOU HAVE IT....

JERIS
IS A GOOD
HAIR TONIC

JERIS
JERIS
HAIR TONIC
A HIGHLY EFFICIENT ANTISEPTIC APPLICATION FOR SCALP & HAIR

IT'S ANTISEPTIC
Remember "an ounce of prevention"! Look to the health and good-grooming of your hair NOW. Use JERIS, the common-sense hair tonic to pep up scalp circulation, so vital to hair health... JERIS will positively remove unsightly, loose dandruff, and keep your hair glowing, handsome — easy-to-manage.

AT DRUG STORES AND BARBER SHOPS

ENLIST

enlist
in the Women's Field Army of the American Society for the Control of Cancer, and help in the intensive war against this disease.

educate
yourself and others to recognize early symptoms that may indicate cancer.

save
some of the 150,000 who may die this year unless promptly treated. Early cancer can be cured.

join your local unit now!

or send your enlistment fee of $1.00 to

AMERICAN SOCIETY
for the
CONTROL of CANCER
350 Madison Ave., N. Y.

be able to pick next fall's World Series winner before the spring training camps open.

Now, close competition is the thing which keeps the turnstiles clicking. When the opposition takes it lying down year after year, John Henry Smith grows bored.

We find a few major-league clubs still packing them in late in the season. And of those crowds, it would be interesting to learn how many came to see Joe DiMaggio or Hank Greenberg perform, and how many to watch baseball.

After midseason we find second-division clubs playing games to dreary expanses of empty seats. There are several owners in the majors who stand a good chance of bankruptcy if present conditions continue.

IN the minor leagues, where organized baseball really lives, the state of affairs is worse. There fan interest used to be stimulated by development of talent in the home club. John Henry Smith of Kansas City or San Francisco watched some gangling young rookie develop into a great player. After the boy had departed to the majors, John followed his fortunes with unabated interest—and kept on going to the local ball park to witness the rising of new stars. Kansas City has become a farm club. I am told that the fans are growing hypercritical of material which was developed in other towns. Charley Graham, owner of the San Francisco Seals, an independent club, has hard sledding seeking new players. In order to keep the turnstiles clicking, he has resorted to night games.

Unless something drastic is done, several million fans are going to lose their waning interest in America's national game. Peonage of players, monopoly of pennants and World Series, destruction of those ball clubs which are unblest with huge bank rolls, loss of interest by the fans—Judge Landis aimed his guns at these evils when he released ninety-one men from their contracts with the Detroit Tigers several weeks ago. He did a number of other things which brought headlines to the sports pages.

He made a move which may become historic when he sent out a bulletin in January. The bulletin contains several propositions, which he asks club owners to consider carefully. Most interesting of these, because it is directed at the fundamental source of evil, is a brief clause:

All players below the major leagues whose contracts have not been sold by September first are to be eligible for drafting by higher classification clubs each year.

In other words, if a player is good enough to be in demand by the big leagues, every major club which needs his services will have a chance to secure him.

This proposition alone, if adopted, should bring the greatest reform that organized baseball has ever undergone.

THE END

WHEN TOLERANCE IS *Treason*

BY RUPERT HUGHES

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

"It's time to clean house!"—A ringing challenge to liberals with common sense

WHEN the sublime dips to the ridiculous it is time to get off, or throw overboard whatever is dragging it down. Our sublimest national ideals are today undergoing such strain that they are being used for the protection and prosperity of the very people who aim to destroy them.

We have lately heard Fritz Kuhn of the Bund, convicted for theft from his own organization, shouting that he has been denied a fair trial because of prejudice against the political creed which he took from Hitler, who despises democracy and all that we believe in, and in whose totalitarian state our ideals are considered pure idiocy. The judge defended himself and the jury as if they were on trial.

We have lately heard Earl Browder, tried and convicted of obtaining a passport by a false statement, making a long address to the jury and appealing to "the American tradition." Again the judge felt it necessary to deny that political prejudice had been allowed to creep into the trial. He sentenced Browder to four years in prison; but of course, according to "the American tradition," the convicted man promptly walked out on bail pending the determination of his appeal. That very night he addressed a Madison Square Gardenful of shrieking Communists, declared, "I am a Communist and proud of it," and denounced the wicked institutions of our nation. The passport he was accused of obtaining illegally was for one of his secret visits to Russia, to Stalinia, which has promised to undermine and pull down all such contemptible despotisms as ours.

Vitriolic abuse has been hurled at the Dies Committee for digging plague-bearing rats out of sewers and failing to treat them as if they were the purest of patriots. To the disgust and despair of its critics, Congress renewed the powers of the committee by an almost unanimous vote. The critics would have preferred to have Dies sent to jail for accusing people of being what they boasted of being, Communists.

But Uncle Sam is expected to break rattlesnakes with his bare hands; to lie down and match his teeth with the copperheads. He is permitted to convict Communists and Nazis only when they steal or break the law concerning passports.

Good sportsmanship is one of the prettiest things on earth, but it takes two good sports to keep a contest from being a mere giveaway to cheaters. To play fair with those who will not play fair is to throw away the game.

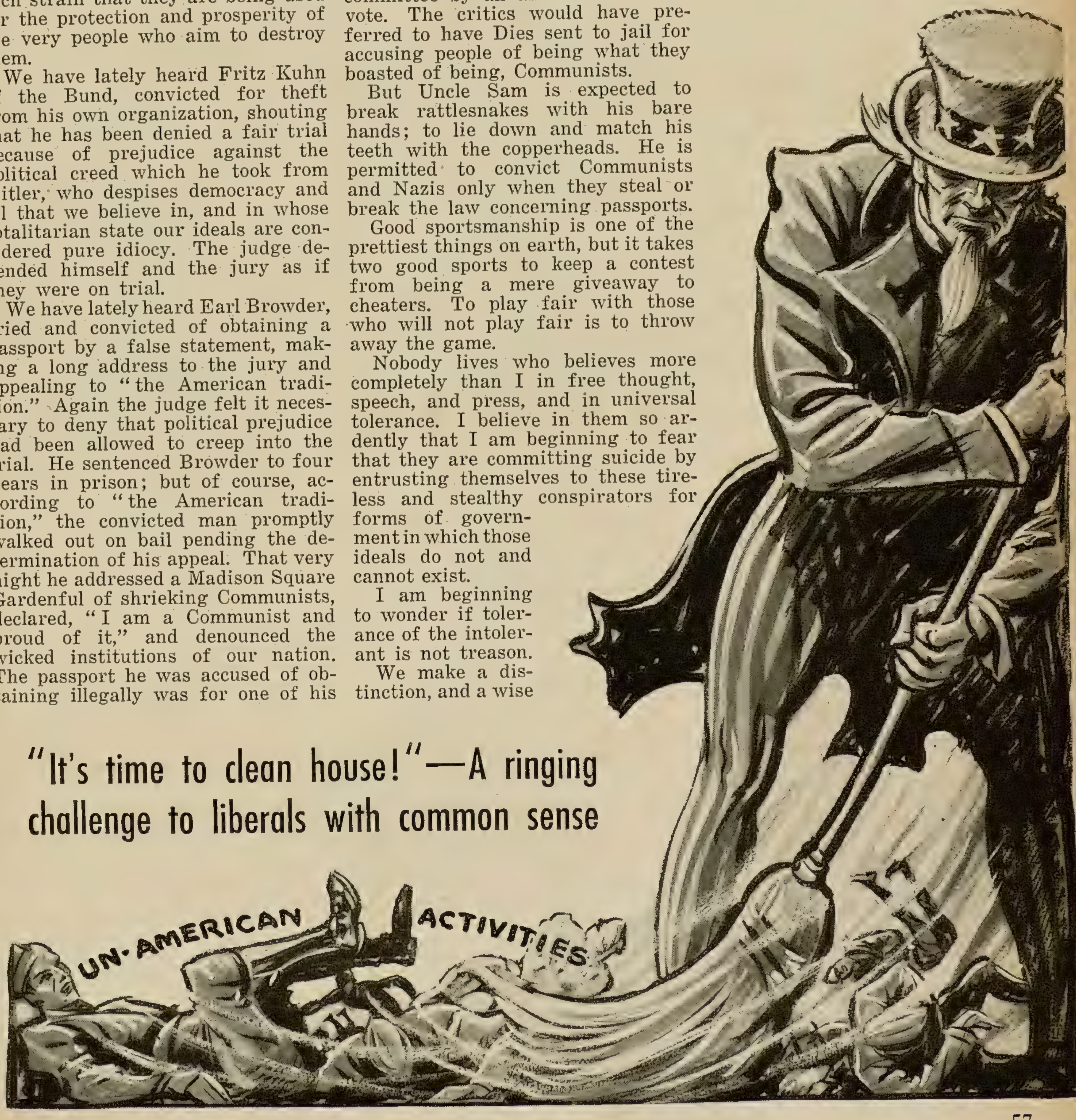
Nobody lives who believes more completely than I in free thought, speech, and press, and in universal tolerance. I believe in them so ardently that I am beginning to fear that they are committing suicide by entrusting themselves to these tireless and stealthy conspirators for forms of government in which those ideals do not and cannot exist.

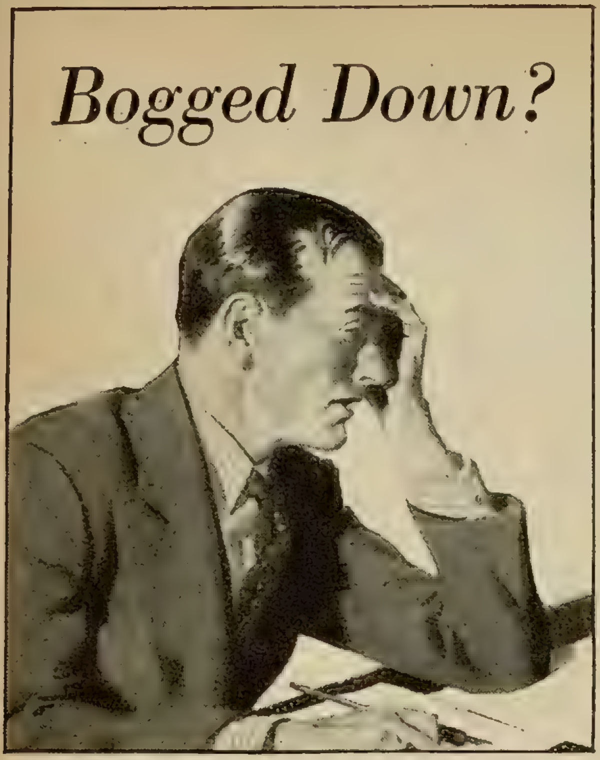
I am beginning to wonder if tolerance of the intolerant is not treason.

We make a distinction, and a wise one, between those who advocate political change, which is the privilege of every citizen, and those who advocate the overthrow of our government by violence. Violence is a narrow word, and would hardly include poison, which is quite as unpleasant and quite as fatal.

I am one of those who have persistently denounced censorship in all its forms. I have not denied that a person should be responsible for what he utters and publishes, but I have opposed the stifling of him in advance. By an irony I was made military censor during the last year of the World War. No censor ever did less censoring.

I am one of those who have been fanatical enough for free speech to stand up before American Legion meetings and rebuke the soldiers for





FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

Bogged Down?

FRESH YEAST
to help digestion

VITAMINS *for vitality*

Let them **BOTH** help give you *new vitality* this winter . . .

Pepless? . . . Pulled down by little digestive upsets? . . . Then—try adding the new Fleischmann's High-Vitamin Yeast to your diet.

It's the vitamins and the fresh yeast *together* that make Fleischmann's High-Vitamin Yeast so beneficial, scientists say.

The fresh yeast *stimulates* sluggish digestive activity and *speeds* the assimilation of food. Laboratory tests have shown this action belongs to the *yeast itself*. It is entirely distinct from known vitamin action.

The vitamins are needed to *maintain* steady nerves and *keep up* vitality.

Only in Fleischmann's High-Vitamin Yeast can you get such an abundant supply of the 4 important vitamins, A, B_1, D and G, and *all* the vitamins of the amazing Vitamin B Complex.

Begin now. See if 2 cakes a day, every day, can't help pull you up, give you stronger nerves, more vigor.

Let this Fresh Yeast give you double help

Fleischmann's HIGH-VITAMIN YEAST

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opposing the hiring of halls to Communists and for breaking up their meetings.

I am now inclined to apologize for what I said and rebuke the soldiers for not breaking up more meetings.

Once I was invited to speak to a chapter of the Steuben Society on the merits of that very useful Revolutionary general who came here by way of France after a little trouble in Germany, and who called himself Baron von Steuben. I found myself in a hall ornamented with pictures of Hitler and filled with copies of his Bible, Mein Kampf. I saw the members saluting one another with "Heil Hitler!" and the hand outstretched as if to slap down anybody who claims human rights.

I was so embarrassed that I simply told them that Steuben had been saved from starvation by the Jew, Haym Salomon, who helped finance our young nation. I said that, of course, being good Americans, my auditors could not believe in racial prejudices or persecutions or in such imaginary nonsense as an Aryan race. I pretended not to notice the infamous insolence of such a chapter's daring to exist under our flag. I was told later that one of the Nazis had to be restrained from throwing me out of the hall—or trying to.

I have in my time quoted, as if from the Gospel, Thomas Jefferson's words: "If there be among us who would wish to dissolve this Union, or to change its republican form, let them stand undisturbed as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it."

That majestic thought glowed in Jefferson's first inaugural address, and it glowed in my heart. But I have since learned that, in his second inaugural, Jefferson spoke of the "hope" that public opinion would draw the line "between the inestimable liberty of the press and its demoralizing licentiousness. If there be still improprieties which this rule would not restrain, its supplement must be sought in the censorship of public opinion."

PREVIOUSLY, when in 1799 it looked as if we were to have another war, Jefferson, the most ardent devotee we ever had of freedom, wrote to Kosciusko: "If we are forced into war we must give up differences of opinion and unite as one man to defend our country."

Well, are we not at war today? Is not our whole economy and custom of life thrown awry by the restlessness and boundless ambition of Hitler and his partner Stalin? Can we travel the seas in safety? Is our commerce free to visit the ports of the world? Can we regard Europe or Asia without horror? Is it decent, is it human, at such a time to be tender with partisans of Hitler and Stalin, who not only stand up in our midst to defend their masters but advocate their ideals as substitutes for ours?

Freedom of thought, press, religion, equality and tolerance h for their purpose the extension mercy in the world, the sweetening of human relationships, the increase of wisdom, and the opening of opportunity to all. How can they be invoked in behalf of murder, butchery, and totalitarian despotism?

In Jefferson's administration, Aaron Burr was charged with a treasonable project, and Jefferson has since been charged with vindictiveness in trying to get him punished. Even the all-tolerant Jefferson complained bitterly of granting "impunity to that class of offenders which endeavors to overturn the Constitution and are themselves protected in it by the Constitution." When Burr was released, Jefferson protested: "The criminal is preserved to become the rallying point of all the disaffected and the worthless of the United States, and to be the pivot on which all the intrigues and the conspiracies which foreign governments may wish to disturb us with, are to turn."

IS not that very situation here again? The Communists and the Nazis are known to have received and to be receiving great sums of money and definite instructions from abroad to undermine our institutions. We stand here hemmed in by wars of frightful destructiveness and we are revolted by the ruthlessness with which Hitler and Stalin destroy their own peoples and their peoples' liberties even while using them as weapons for the annihilation of other peoples, particularly the few remaining democracies.

Yet, while we stand staring and in dread, our life at home is disturbed by the appalling effrontery of organizations that not only defend those massacrers but preach to us that their "ideals" (God save the word!) should replace our own.

The moment repression is attempted, these people of alien sympathy, if not of alien birth, scream for the protection of their "rights" under the very Constitution they are trying to destroy. And to their screams are added the protests of natives, often in high places, who maintain that the unalienable rights of Americans must shelter these alien conspirators.

The wildest farce writer would shrink from displaying what would happen to German or Russian citizens or to American visitors who should attempt in Germany or Russia to organize alien societies, publish newspapers and pamphlets, wear uniforms, hold drills, and frankly protest against the rulers or the rules of Communism or Nazism.

In Russia or Germany such organizations would not last long enough to emit the first yip. Yet we are asked not only to tolerate them here but to protect them in an impudence almost greater than their treason. Think of that night when Nazis packed Madison Square Garden. They wore their uniforms, and the New York police reserves turned out to guarantee them against interference. The Nazis almost beat to death one poor fool who dared to criticize their criticism of us; and Dorothy Thompson, who laughed aloud once, was barely rescued from violence by friends.

Think of it! What could be sillier than all this? Are we not treating our ideals with the same contempt they receive from Hitler and Stalin, and their missionaries?

Is it a confession of un-American intolerance, or is it a love of my country that makes my gorge rise at the continued toleration of these people and their followers—and their defenders? Whatever it is, I am very sick at my stomach. I very much want to relieve myself—and especially to relieve myself upon those who spew their filth on our institutions and our flag.

You remember the old story of the lazy tramp who lay basking in the sun and let insects swarm all over him. Finally one of them stung him in a vital spot, and then he roared:

"Now you can all get off!"

Hasn't the time come for Uncle Sam to shout the like to all the vermin foreign of birth or foreign of sympathy—and not only to shout it but to shake himself and start a mighty brushing-off?

CAN'T one believe in fair play and not be fanatical about it? By what process of reasoning can one maintain that the sacred rights of free speech, thought, and press should be granted to those who hold them as not sacred but rubbish?

Ask any Communist these questions: "If your political theories should gain control over this country and you should be able to reconstruct our government according to your ideals, would you permit opponents of your belief to speak with absolute freedom, to hire halls, to plead in public squares, to recruit memberships, to publish newspapers, pamphlets, and books?"

We do not have to wait for the answer. We have before our eyes a gigantic example. From the moment the Communists gained power in Russia, they went far beyond czaristic despotism, and freedom of speech, press, thought perished and perished bloodily; prisons were choked with citizens; property was confiscated wholesale; the theater, the arts, literature, individualism were crushed; a secret police reveled in conspiracy against the most elemental rights.

Is Uncle Sam a majestic nobleman or a bit of an ass when he allows a Communist to hire a hall, to stand on a soapbox and sputter, to publish, to own property, to stay out of prison? The Communist's whole purpose in life is to gain control of this government in order to suppress every one of the very privileges that permit him to conspire against it.

It would be sheer madness to deny that if the Communists among us

"THANKS for a lovely evening"

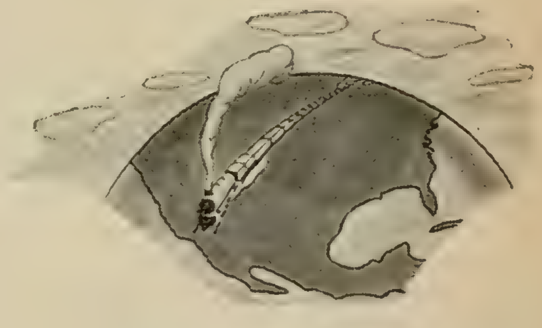
... A new kind of beer retailing is bringing wholesome recreation to millions of Americans

Today's new kind of beer retailer is keenly aware of his social responsibility in the community. He sells good beer ...but he also makes sure that his place is wholesome, inviting and free of *any* anti-social influences.

The Brewing Industry wants *all* of beer's retailers to be of this type. We do *not* want any other kind.

That is why we have instituted a new "self-regulation" plan to protect your right to drink good beer in decent surroundings. The plan is now in effect in a number of states. It will be extended as rapidly as possible.

Write for interesting FREE booklet. Address: United Brewers Industrial Foundation, Dept. C12, 21 East 40th Street, New York, N. Y.



A FREIGHT TRAIN 2485 MILES LONG ... FILLED WITH FARM PRODUCTS!

Since re-legalization, the Brewing Industry has purchased 25,000,000,000 pounds of farm products ... enough to fill a freight train 2485 miles long. Beer's purchases were a welcome aid to farmers in depression years.

RECIPE FOR A RESTFUL SLEEP

As an aid to a sound, restful sleep, try a glass of beer before retiring. Beer is a mild, wholesome cereal beverage, and is frequently prescribed by doctors.

NATURE MAKES BEER!

Beer is made by a simple *natural* process ... a process that frequently occurs in nature without any help from man. By his skill and experience, however, the brewer contributes much to make American beer the fine-tasting beverage that it is.

BEER ... A BEVERAGE OF MODERATION FOR THE NATION

UNITED BREWERS INDUSTRIAL FOUNDATION

BEWARE!!

EVEN YOU MAY HAVE

GINGIVITIS

BLEEDING GUMS
IRRITATED GUMS
TENDER GUMS
SORE GUMS

4 OUT OF 5 MAY BE VICTIMS

So many people today are afraid of Gingivitis with its sore, tender, bleeding gums. And they have a right to be if warning is unheeded! Clinical investigation shows more than 4 out of 5 men, women and *even young folks* may have this inflammation where gums join the teeth which, IF NEGLECTED, is often a precursor of ravaging Pyorrhea. *Only your dentist* can help Pyorrhea; but you, yourself, can help guard against Gingivitis.

Join Forhan's "Save Your Teeth" Program

See your dentist every 3 months for tooth and gum inspection and *twice daily* brush teeth and massage gums with Forhan's Toothpaste—formula of Dr. R. J. Forhan for massaging gums. A recent clinical investigation showed over 95% of Gingivitis patients were remarkably helped in just 30 days by following this method.

And what a marvelous cleaner! Brushing with Forhan's not only helps brighten dull, dingy teeth to their "natural" lustre—but it helps REMOVE ACID FILM THAT SO OFTEN STARTS TOOTH DECAY. Get a tube of Forhan's TODAY. *Note the difference.* 39¢ and 19¢ at drug and department stores. Week-end size at 10¢ stores.

Forhan's
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
FOR

FREE
50¢ GUM MASSAGER
Send empty carton from 39¢ size tube Forhan's Toothpaste to Forhan's, Dept. D-5, New Brunswick, N. J., and receive this wonderful 50¢ Gum Massager FREE.

gained control they would instantly and utterly annul our freedom. Our statesmen would be shot in droves, our judges thrown into dungeons, our business men impoverished, our editors, publishers, authors, our satirists, cartoonists, columnists, book reviewers, critics of life and art would be silenced, jammed into concentration camps, butchered.

Who can doubt this when he sees what is taking place in the enormous nation from which Communists draw their inspiration and often their money?

We listen to men and women—some of them brilliant, some of them otherwise humane, some of them old friends of ours—proclaiming that they believe in Communism because they want to uplift mankind, make people happier, ameliorate the condition of the overworked and undernourished, and to recapture from the guilty rich the wealth gained by oppression and extortion.

THEIR ethics are as screwy as their logic. When the charge is made that many millions of the Russian people perished of starvation, the Reds and the Pinks and the Shrimp Pinks answer that "only a few millions starved." Ye gods, *only* a few *millions* STARVED!

We let them preach their hideous gospel, not because we respect it but because we respect ourselves. Yet such self-respect is suicidal.

I have come reluctantly to believe that we have let them talk long enough. We have stood off and watched the gigantic shambles they have made of Russia. We have stared in wonder at the bloody burlesque of their trials, their purges, their wholesale executions of their leading statesmen, generals, diplomats. We have given them time enough to work out their experiment, and I think it safe to say that every normal American regards Russia with more abomination and horror today than at any other time in the past twenty frightful years.

Then why, in the name of common sense, should we permit their missionaries to sneak to our altars as to cities of refuge and claim immunity from persecution under the aegis of our ideals of free speech, free press, free thought?

Their red flag means that our red-white-and-blue must be hauled down. Yet we have allowed them to march through our streets flaunting that banner of tyranny. They denounce our police and spit in their faces even while the police try to keep the peace. We have allowed them to gain control of labor unions and wreck long established businesses, tyrannize over their own laborers and slaughter others. They confess to an utter disregard of frankness or honesty. They take false names, deny their own allegiance, manufacture counterfeit money, practice sabotage, vilification, assassination.

The poisonous influence of these Communists, these professional underminers whom Lenin called "engineers of revolution," is spreading throughout our whole system, infecting the young. The American Student Union, some months ago, was accused of Communism, and Mrs. Roosevelt stood up in defense of it and pleaded that we should learn not to be afraid. When lately the Union held a convention in Madison, Wisconsin, President Roosevelt sent a message of good wishes. The wholesome American spirit of the organization is seen in a vote it took as to the conflict between Russia and Finland. Of its members, 29 voted in favor of Finland, and 323 in favor of Russia! More than 11 to 1 of them approved the Communist effort to destroy the little democracy.

In Los Angeles, at a City College election on January 19, 1940, an avowed Communist ran for the presidency of the student body; 746 students voted for him and only 996 for his opponent. When interviewed, he said: "Nuts! We are only interested in discussing political economy. We call ourselves the Young Communist League."

Only a few days ago at this writing, American Youth Congress members, gathered in Washington, ejected from their meeting a grandson of Theodore Roosevelt who was a member, and later, as a final proof of their graciousness, hissed Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt and booed President Roosevelt himself. Too old to be spanked, they might be sent to Russia to boo Stalin, and the boys could join the army protecting poor Russia from tyrannical Finland.

WHAT is true of the Communists is true of the Nazis. Hitler has ground liberty under his heel. His book proclaims the glory of the lie—the bigger the better. His life proclaims his willingness to slaughter his friends, his political enemies, and rivals, to proclaim Communism as the world's great evil, and then combine with it against the world. The thought of free speech and free press is loathsome to him.

German women had the ballot. Hitler ordered them back to the kitchen and the cradle. German children were protected by the law as individuals. Now in Germany the child is but a molecule in the State. And the State is Hitler. He is God, and a jealous one.

He has heaped upon our ideals and our nation and our high officials all the abuse that his hysterical screaming practice in vituperation can imagine.

We are also suffering from many subversive movements of American origin whose ideals are as hostile to Americanism as any of the foreign totalitarianisms. These are large groups of noisy persons using freedom of speech and press, collecting and spending vast sums of money, proclaiming doctrines utterly opposed to freedom or equality.

Many Americans laugh at the thought of a nation of 130,000,000 people taking alarm and stooping to pay attention to a few lice. But a louse or a flea can carry a plague. A tapeworm can starve an athlete.

Russia has a much larger population than ours and was only yesterday a czardom. Germany has a population nearly two thirds the size of ours and was an empire day before yesterday, a republic yesterday, and today is a despotism. Italy, with one third of our population, was a constitutional monarchy a while ago, and is now a despotism. Spain was a republic the other day, and is now cutting down its problem of how to feed its population by shooting great numbers.

Russia is ruled by a few Stalinists. In Germany the Nazis are only a fraction of the population. In Italy the Fascists are only one to twenty. Why should we consider ourselves immune to seizure and control by a small and ruthless group?

If I stand idly by and watch murder or robbery or fraud committed and do nothing to prevent or even report it, I become an accessory after the fact. I am one in the conspiracy. So toleration of intolerant traitors is in itself constructive treason. He who pleads for the protection of un-American, anti-American activities becomes himself un-American, anti-American.

MY arrival at this belief has been very slow. My heart has always leaped at the majesty of the Declaration of Independence, the grandeur of the Bill of Rights. The noblest things in human history have been, to me, mankind's efforts to extend and increase the liberty, the equality, the power, the education, and the happiness of the individual. But the democracies of Europe have been crushed one by one till only a few remain. They are fighting desperately for very existence. Have we the right to permit the enemies of our ideals to shriek their hideous doctrines, circulate their ghastly gospels, and convert our intellectuals, our students, our impressionable emotionalists to their creeds?

If we grant them all they ask, we shall not long have anything to grant. Our liberties will be drowned in blood as other liberties have been, and are being, drowned before our complacent eyes.

So I say it is only common sense, it is only plain patriotism to set up this standard: "You claim the right to free speech, free press, tolerance, equality in order to propound your philosophy. Does your philosophy include free speech, free press, tolerance, equality?

"No? Then you shall not have freedom here. You shall have the gag and the cell and, if need be, the death that you would mete out to those who disagree with you."

We have been patient long enough. It is time for a great house cleaning, a great silencing of infamous insolence and strutting treason.

THE END

AMATEUR CARPENTERS HAVE MANY A NICKED FINGER TO BANDAGE, BUT....

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Name..
Address..
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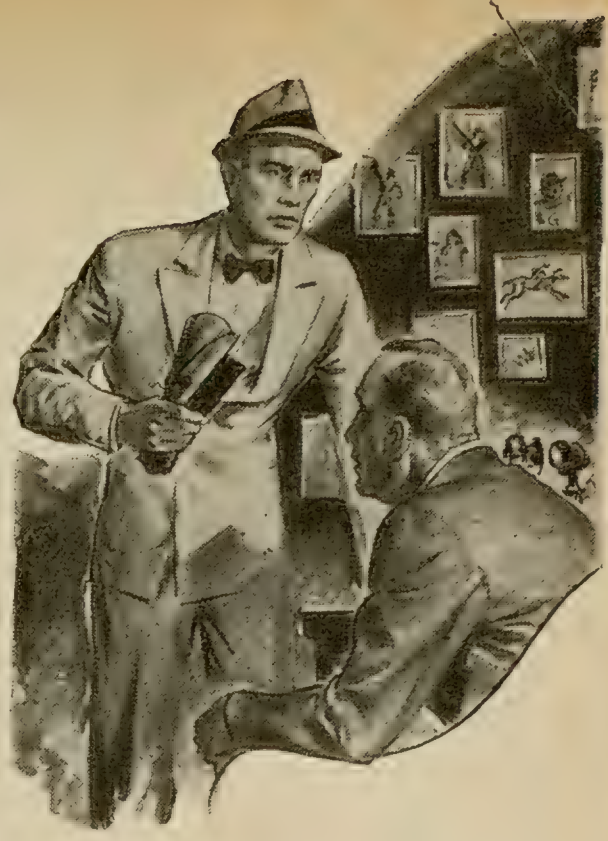
THE NO-HITTER

Liberty's Short Short

BY DUANE DECKER

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 20 SECONDS



FROM the minute he walked into my office, I knew I had seen him somewhere before. But I couldn't place him. He was tall and gangling, with a face that was almost homely except for the earnest gray eyes. He had a big brown envelope, rolled, that stuck out of his coat pocket.

He said, "They told me this was the sports editor's office, so I guess you must be Mr. Daniels."

"That's right."

"Well, what I came to see you about—it's something you printed in your paper about a ballplayer named Hank Piper. You called him the 'All-America Heel.'"

I nodded. "I thought he deserved it. But that was two years ago. I haven't printed anything about Hank since he left organized baseball."

"I know. But I've got something in this envelope about Hank and that nickname. And you're going to print it, Mr. Daniels." His voice was earnest. "And you're going to listen to what I've got to say, too. The fans still remember Hank by that nickname, and it's not fair."

"Well, I'll take a look at what you've got in that envelope," I said. But he shook his head.

"No," he said. "Before you read it I've got to remind you of some things that happened the—the day you pinned that nickname on Hank, the last afternoon he wore a big-league uniform."

"Did you see the game that afternoon?" I asked.

He nodded. "I was there. Hank was just warming the bench for the A's by then. He'd been dropped by the Senators the year before—remember?"

"Hank was washed up," I said.

He pointed out how that had been a big day for Hank Piper. Because, even though he was warming the bench for the A's, his kid brother was slated to pitch for the Red Sox. His kid brother—Sam Piper—had just come up from Louisville, that spring, with a great record. And the game was Sam's major-league debut.

It looked as though Sam was as good as the record indicated. Because he shut out the A's for seven innings while the Red Sox built up an eight-run lead. The crowd was on edge. Which was no wonder, because no rookie had ever pitched a no-hitter in his big-league debut. The picture of the game grew clearer and clearer to me as he talked on.

"Well," he was saying, "after the seventh, Hank left the A's bench and went to the dressing room for a plug of tobacco. On his way back, a girl walked down the ramp and called to him. You'll remember this girl, Mr. Daniels. She used to work for you. You had sent her there to get a human-interest story on Hank. Her name was Sally Talbot."

"I remember Sally. A nice girl, but never cut out to be a reporter."

"Well," he said, "when she let on she knew his kid brother, he got interested in her and talked plenty. Because she blushed when she mentioned his kid brother's name. She said to Hank, 'I guess we'd both like it a lot if Sam pitched a no-hitter, wouldn't we, Mr. Piper?' But Hank said no, he hoped Sam wouldn't. That amazed her. Then Hank explained why. He said that when it came to pitchers, no-hit games were a jinx. He said rookie pitchers went sour after they pitched one. He said the baseball records would show that. And they do, Mr. Daniels. A no-hitter tenses a pitcher up, after he pitches one; it makes him think he's got a reputation to live up to that nobody in the world could live up to."

I frowned. "I hadn't thought of that angle, but—"

"Anyway," he went on, "the A's didn't get a hit off Sam in the eighth, and when he walked out to pitch in the ninth, he was just three outs from turning a trick that had never been turned in the history of the big league. Remember that ninth, Mr. Daniels?"

Remember it? I'll say I did! The first man up for the A's popped out, and the crowd could see he wasn't trying for a hit. With the game hopelessly lost, the A's didn't want to break Sam Piper's record. Then the second man took a third strike without lifting his bat from his shoulder. The crowd was nuts by then.

The last batter to face Sam was Al Kessler. But, halfway to the plate, Kessler was called back, and in a moment the amplifier was droning: "Piper batting for Kessler. Piper."

The crowd was on its feet, screaming. They knew Hank was being given the chance to make the final out that would hang up an all-time record for his kid brother.

"Hank let the first pitch go by," I said. "It was a strike."

He nodded at me. "Yes. And then, Mr. Daniels, he started studying his kid brother. Hank could see that the kid had worn himself to a frazzle from the pressure. Hank knew that the way a pitcher stays in the big show for fifteen years is to pace himself, learn when to take it easy and when to bear down. Not bear down *all* the time. Why, the way his kid brother was starting in, he'd have pitched his heart and arm out in a couple years, shooting at the moon.

"So when Hank saw his kid brother wind up for that second pitch, he cocked his wrists and swung. And the ball whistled into center field for a clean single. And *that* kept Sam Piper from hanging up a world's record."

"I'll say it did!"

"But that kid brother went on to win twenty-one games that season, Mr. Daniels, and twenty-five the next. Do you think he would have if he'd pitched a no-hitter in that debut of his? Never in a million years!"

He stood up. And then—suddenly—I knew where I'd seen him before. I guess my jaw dropped a foot as he held out the envelope toward me.

"So here it is, Mr. Daniels—the story of the interview Sally Talbot had with Hank that day. You wouldn't print it then because you were so down on Hank you wouldn't print a word in his defense. But you will now. Sally, she gave it to me just before we got married, Mr. Daniels. And I swore I'd make you print it when I got to be a big enough star in the major leagues to talk out of turn to a sports editor. Well, I figure winning twenty-one games last year and twenty-five this year makes me a big enough one to do it."

I took the envelope. "All I can say is, Sam, you look a lot different in a business suit than you do in a baseball uniform. But I'll print that. I'll kill that nickname, if I have to run a special edition to do it."

He said, "Thanks, Mr. Daniels; I'll tell Hank."

"Give him my regards, Sam."

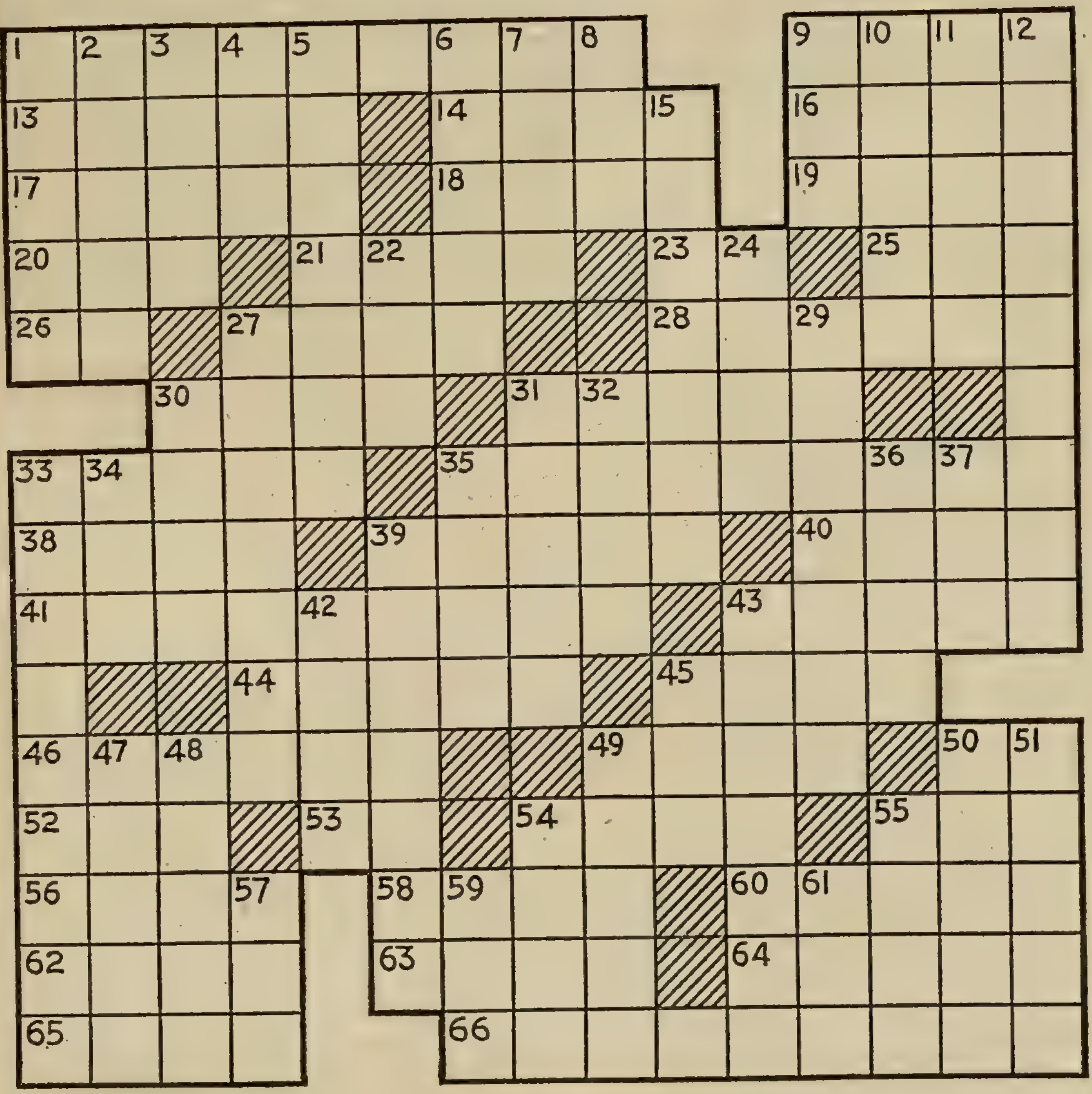
"You bet," he said. He was grinning when he walked out.

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1940; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

By Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 1940 females on knees; come with lifetime guaranty of faithful service
9 He won't play ball with the boys and go out on strikes
13 Dump
14 It can be oak, chestnut, maple, etc., and picked up easily
16 She Major Bear
17 What congressmen do when they wish to add
18 Thin Man's dog
19 It's pretty sore and due to erupt any day now
20 Spanish saint
21 God of Europe
23 NCO (abbr.)
25 Purplish-brown pigment found on Hindu pottery and in Xwords
26 Em goes round with her
27 It waves at you around Miami and itches on bellboys
28 Force, not police
30 Drool coffee
31 This has a huge colored section
33 What young people like on fast days
35 The silent dictator
38 Fowl language for one so young
39 Flashy thing, dashes around the nite spots, has a big taillight, never bumps into anything
40 What most men give a pretty woman
41 Fire extinguishers
43 This causes a woman to change what's on her mind
44 Horse meet (pl.)
45 Puss flaps
46 Half a centski
49 Human dog sleds
50 Muffle the mushmauler!
52 Kind of war booze
53 Subway on stilts
54 High light
55 Miss Lamb's mother
56 Many will enjoy reading this before Mr. Hitler's name
58 It's right there with a comeback
60 Kind of soft squashy pillar
62 Early American Reds
63 If you picket a scab, it leaves this ugly ——
64 Kind of dog found around Berlin
65 Miss Stein, to her pals
66 "Is your wife entertaining this Xmas?" "No, not very!"; "Where can you find happiness?" "In the dictionary!"; Joe Miller's favorite food (pl.)

```
TYMPANIC GNOSIS
REALM■TATOU■ARID
ORGY■CARET■STALE
OBI■SOLON■CARTON
PA■DENIM■ALGAE
  TORIC■CREEP■AT
ATOMIC■BURRS■TWO
WAXEN■KAPOK■SHAM
AXIS■SINEW■SPARE
KEN■CANAL■SCENES
ED■CAVIL■ATONE
  BIGOT■SMELT■MA
SPACER■BIPED■SIN
ARIAS■WATER■BERG
COLD■EAGER■RATEL
 PSALMS SERENADE
```

Last week's answer

VERTICAL

1 Feaze (fonetically)
2 Noble guy with one outstanding feature (what a nose for news he had!)
3 Hot spot grammaw hung around
4 Early home of Bacon
5 This woman will always be missed! (two words)
6 America will rise when it hears this
7 More's alternative
8 Decorated the mahogany
9 This gives that sinking sensation
10 This made an attack on the children during the cold spell
11 Ham's side dish
12 Mandolin weeth Rahshn haggzent
15 He won't wear a shirt unless it's coal black
22 It has the coolest head in Europe
24 Yellow Hawkshaw
27 What to do for peace in time of war
29 They crush the flours that bloom in the spring
30 What blondes aren't very
31 A vegetable's diet
32 Her Tod affected a Peer (pl.)
33 Barney Google's bangtail (two words)
34 Salesman's oomph
35 Sunbeam sailor
36 The end of the Rockefeller millions
37 Best kind of combatant to be
39 Advertisements for fresh-laid eggs
42 Sometimes you wouldn't think this was human
43 They sure trim you at Sing Sing when they hand you this
45 Entertaining Knee Action (abbr.)
47 Pull the plug and let the hogwash out
48 Man of salt and rock
49 Place to go buy-buy
50 There's a mushy sound to this word
51 What German guillotinists split
54 "Oh - - - -!" cried the Persian, when some one trumped his king
55 Caesar's next to the last word (two words)
57 It makes the best thing bestest
59 Citizens' Country Club (abbr.)
61 Miss Rutledge, to Lincoln

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

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MORE SECRETS ABOUT *Blondes* AND *Me*

BY TOMMY MANVILLE, JR.

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

America's 4-Star Screwball (remember?) resumes his racy, riotous reminiscences

Avonne Taylor of the Follies was the third Mrs. Manville.

BRAVO! Manville! Bravo!

They tell me I was such a terrific hit that they have dragged me back for a couple of encores. Gran'pappy is always glad to take a bow.

Clap hands, boys and girls. The Manville Merry-go-round is on the air! I'm going to tell you about my third colossal romance, which jammed the brakes—for a little while at least—on my lightning escapades.

She was such a gorgeous creature!

Flo Ziegfeld called her the most beautiful show girl he ever glorified.

The Prince of Wales invited her to London for a command performance.

Her two previous marriages ended in divorce and she had sunk $500,000 in the stock market and had been the heroine in a $50,000 jewel robbery.

She was now qualified to settle down as Mrs. Manville Number Three.

Her name, folks, was Avonne Taylor.

I was crazy about this girl. Nuts about her. Here's the story.

On a balmy day in May, 1931, I found myself in Hollywood basking in a bit of blonde sunshine. I had no special reason for being in the Land of the Cinema. I was on a sort of fishing expedition.

I was bored by the Hollywood hooligans. Parties in Beverly Hills that you hear so much about are patty-cakes compared to a real blowout at Bon Repos.

As far as having the Manville brand of fun was concerned, Hollywood was a desert for Gran'pappy Manville.

I asked my host, " Where are all the pretty girls who are supposed to be running around in bathing suits? Or am I thinking of Florida? "

That stumped him. But his wife came to the rescue.

She said, half resentfully, " I'll give you the telephone number of a beautiful girl in New York. Her name is Avonne Taylor. She was the seminude girl on the clock in the Ziegfeld Follies."

Gran'pappy chirped, " Now we're getting somewhere fast."

From that moment on I lost all interest in California beauties.

I said to my hostess, " Please wire Avonne Taylor. Say it's our introduction."

Then I telegraphed my secretary and told her to call Avonne and arrange a dinner date. When I hit Chicago I called my secretary to find out what Avonne said.

Avonne said she was busy.

When I hit the old home town I decided to try the delicate Manville technique. I sent her flowers galore. It worked. She weakened and decided she would have dinner with me.

Boy, oh, boy, I got one look at Avonne and I knew this was love.

Avonne had said, " I wouldn't marry you and all your millions. I have had two husbands already."

She was as stubborn as the statue of Venus.

So I piped up with, " Why don't you take a trip with me to Paris and make up your mind? "

I was a persistent cuss. She was the most beautiful woman I had met up to that moment. I had been having so many disappointments!

After I spent most of the night trying to sell her a bill of goods, swearing by everything under the sun that my intentions were honorable, Avonne and I sailed for Paris the next morning on the S. S. Ile de France.

She wanted to be alone. Our quarters were on different decks. Our voyage was strictly platonic.

Sorry to have to disappoint you, folks.

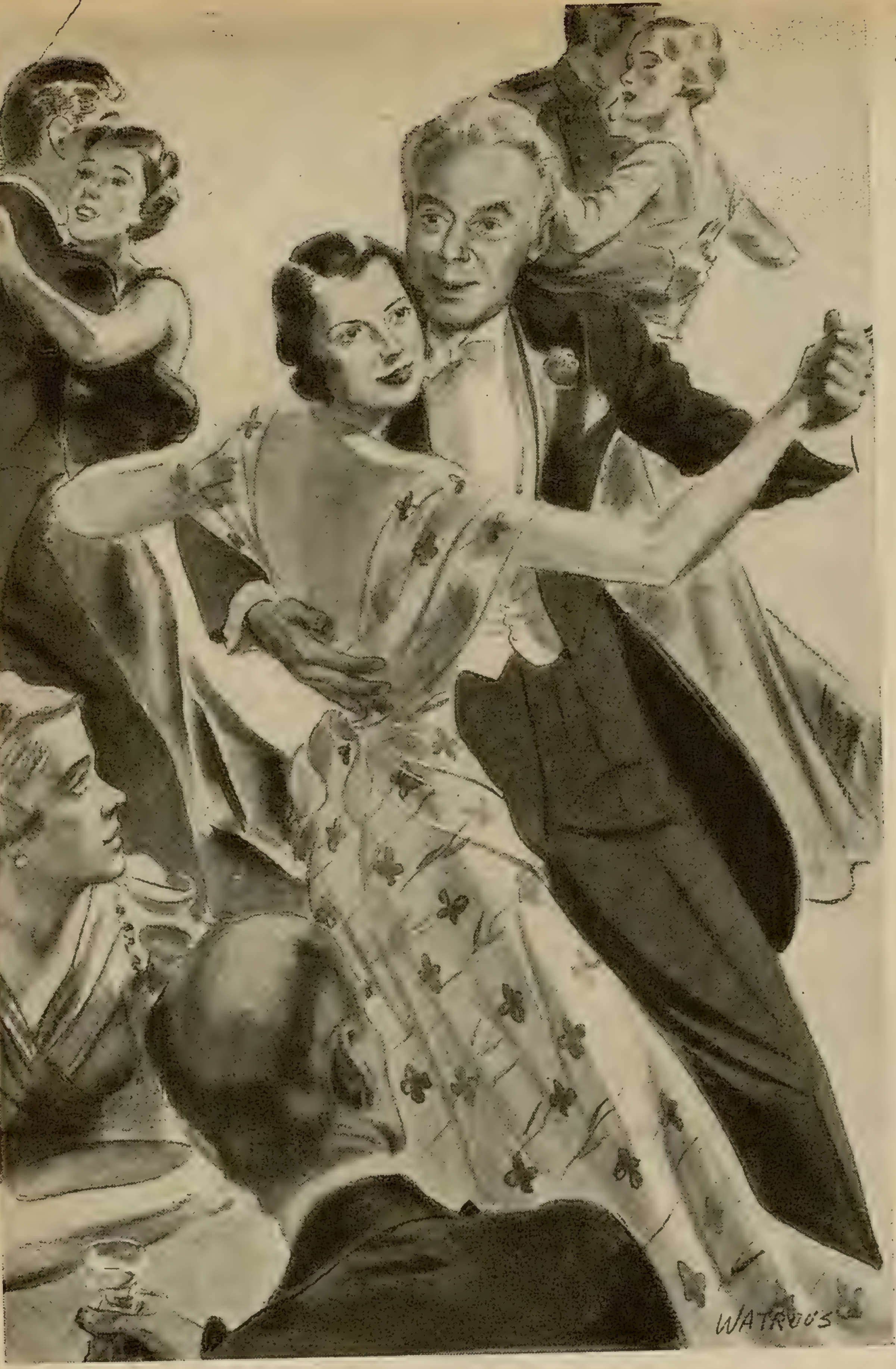
Then came Paris, city of romance. Ah, marvelous indeed it is to reflect on evenings spent with Avonne dancing in the gay spots of Montmartre.

After a week, Avonne collapsed under the Manville blitzkrieg. She consented to take me, for better or for worse.

In Paris they refused to marry

A startled cab horse shares the limelight with Tommy at a New York night club.

New York Daily News Photo



Marvellous it is to reflect on evenings spent dancing in the gay spots of Montmartre.

Avonne and me because we didn't have the right credentials. They were darn fussy. We had to produce copies of our divorce decrees. Then they said we had to wait thirty days.

We sailed in a hurry for Manhattan. I phoned my lawyers from the boat to get the necessary credentials ready.

At nine o'clock in the morning on May 21, 1931, Avonne and I went to my office at 230 Park Avenue to pick up the papers.

I hot-footed it over to a Fifth Avenue jeweler, where I bought her an 11½-carat diamond engagement ring.

I was never so happy in my life.

We had our wedding breakfast at a casino in Central Park, and then we went to Bon Repos.

I had four Rolls-Royces at that time. So, while the housekeeper was acquainting the new Mrs. Manville with the ménage, Gran'pappy Manville remained in the garage four hours tinkering with his cars.

When I entered the main house, Avonne proceeded to bawl me out for leaving her for four hours on the morning of our marriage.

"Gosh, honey," I said, sort of gentle-like, "my favorite roadster was dirty. I had to wash it."

Then she said she had something else to take up with me. She didn't care much for the furniture in La Pooperie. Too ornate. She complained about a lot of other things.

She went around the house rubbing dust off the moldings. She said that the flowers were arranged sloppily. The candles on the table were entirely too high.

Avonne decided I wasn't conducting myself in a manner befitting the dignity of the Manville name. She decided I needed a shot of swank.

The first step was to move into a suite at the tony Hotel Pierre on Fifth Avenue. She said it would bolster up my ego—as if my ego needed inflation! She added that in time I would forget that I had ever worked as a bellhop and a chauffeur. How could I ever forget that?

She upbraided me the first morning when we strolled out of the Pierre and I said "Hi-ya!" to the doorman.

I was boiling mad.

Then she acquired an English accent. What burned me up more was that she insisted the elevator was a "lift," the druggist a "chemist," a cup of java was a "demitasse," and a chunk of beefsteak was always "filet mignon."

After twenty-eight days of this I jumped on my yacht and sailed for the ocean. The honeymoon was over.

November 29, 1931, Avonne got a divorce, charging incompatibility, and we've been the best of friends ever since.

SPEAKING of English accents reminds me of the coronation.

I had planned to attend the coronation of King George VI with three wide-awake blonde sirens.

So what happened?

I was barred.

His Majesty's potentate in Washington raised a squawk and I couldn't get passports for my entourage.

They said something about not wanting me running around loose with three blonde beauties in Westminster. Maybe they were afraid we'd steal the show.

Gran'pappy was annoyed. And when Gran'pappy gets annoyed he is annoyed for fair.

So I sent out a communiqué from Bon Repos. I proclaimed to one and all that my blonde pals and I would get to the coronation. I announced that we would go to Paris, charter a plane, and fly over the coronation parade.

France also barred me.

"O. K.," I thought to myself. "Then I'll have my own coronation. It'll be a grand party right at Bon Repos."

The girls cried for joy.

My secretaries got up a list of a hundred boys and girls and invited them to Tommy Manville's Coronation Party.

It was the rowdiest, drunkiest, noisiest, and brawliest party I ever saw. Over 500 bottles of champagne were turned into dead soldiers. At one point there weren't enough ambulances available to carry out the casualties, so I had to hire special taxis. As soon as the victims were repaired, they came back to the ménage to pick up where they left off.

At six in the morning I decided things had gone far enough, so I announced that I was ready to be coronated.

THERE OUGHT TO BE A LAW—AGAINST WORMS!

I had 'em as a pup — and they nearly got me. But this time the Mistress was wise. I noticed her eyeing me over the top of her Sergeant's DOG BOOK — and right away I realized I hadn't been up to par. "You've got worms again," she says. "Let's get the SURE-SHOT CAPSULES!"

She was right! I took the SURE-SHOT — and did it chase the worms! Just like the Sergeant's PUPPY CAPSULES that pulled me through as a pup. I don't know where we'd be without the DOG BOOK. Better get yours free at a drug or pet store — or with this coupon.

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My canopy bed was improvised to be my throne.

My three favorite secretaries anointed me with a big crown made out of gardenias and red roses.

The Manville chorus then sang, "Here's to Tommy the First, King of Playboys, Monarch of Blondes, Sultan of Lovers."

Then they let out a long Bronx cheer.

His Majesty took umbrage at that outburst.

He jumped off his throne and proclaimed: "Just for that, you can all get the hell out of here!"

BESIDES the Mamaroneck police upon whom I call in case of a crisis, I enjoy the protection of my own handpicked constabulary.

Ordinarily I maintain six guards at Bon Repos, day and night. It's a nice soft job for the guardsmen, but I have to have them.

One night I was stricken with a terrible premonition.

At ten o'clock that night I summoned the Captain of the Guards.

I said to him, "How do I know that when the light goes out in my bedroom your men don't tumble off to sleep?"

The Captain's puss distorted with pain. He seemed terribly offended to think I distrusted his men.

"All right," I said. "You stay right here. I don't want you to say a word to any of the men. I'm going to find out something."

I kept the Captain of the Guards in the living room until midnight. He talked about Château-Thierry and I told him about my service in the navy during the World War.

Then I put out all the lights. We sat in the living room for another two hours, watching the boats glide along Long Island Sound.

It was now 2 A. M.

"Come on," I said to the Captain. "Let's see what goes on here."

We stood at the back porch, which faces the entire estate. I blew my police whistle.

Not a peep out of the guards!

I then yanked both my pistols out and fired into the air.

Still not a murmur from the guards.

My police dog barked, and still no sign of life in the guardhouses.

The Captain was dumfounded.

"I thought so," I remarked.

Next, I pressed the button to ring the siren on the roof. It let off a terrific blast.

Pronto the guards came bouncing toward me from all corners.

"O. K., boys," I said. "Fine work! Come on in. You too, Captain."

I promptly made out seven checks and fired them.

I SUPPOSE this Saga of a Screwball cannot be complete without dragging in another branch of the Manville family. They are on the main line today.

The head man in this family is Hiram Edward Manville, my father's younger brother.

His wife, Mrs. Estelle Romaine Manville, is one of the outstanding social leaders of Gotham.

They have two children. One of them, Estelle, is married to Count Folke Bernadotte, nephew of the King of Sweden. The other, Hiram, Jr., was voted the handsomest man of the class of 1929 at Yale, and married Ethel Schniewind, a socialite.

The Bernadotte nuptials set my uncle back $500,000 altogether. That includes trousseau, festivities, and everything.

The last I heard of my cousin, Hiram, Jr., he was one of the bright understudies at a great financial house in Wall Street.

My ritzy relations seldom get into print except in society columns relating some swell function.

The H. Edward Manvilles have certainly made the grade. The whole kit and kaboodle of them are to be found in that holier-than-thou libretto called the Social Register.

Funny bit of irony that I, who have probably done more to improve society than any one else, should be excluded.

All I say is, "Nuts to you!"

Hiram, Sr., and his wife call everything Hi-Esmaro. That's the name of their estate at Pleasantville; it's the name of their $1,000,000 yacht, and also the name of their villa in Phoenix, Arizona.

It's a sort of sentimental monicker. The "Hi" part comes from his first name, the "Es" from his wife's first name, Estelle, the "ma" from Manville, and the "ro" from his wife's maiden name, Romaine.

THE H. Edward Manvilles and the T. F. Manvilles no like. It's worse than a Kentucky mountain feud.

The dowager Estelle, who has royalty for a son-in-law, does not deign to speak to the Duchess, my mother, who has a dazzling playboy for a son. They haven't exchanged words in a generation.

I don't get a tumble from my relations on the other side of the tracks, either.

Gran'pappy gets his stuff straight from the feed box. The other day one of my Cheka reported to me an episode that occurred at the opening of the Metropolitan Opera House two seasons ago.

The patrician Mrs. H. Edward Manville climbed out of her limousine and was promptly besieged by the press photographers. The boys are dispatched to the opera portals on such occasions to mug celebrities. Naturally, these lenshounds must use discretion. They have to snipe the gals who count.

While Mrs. Manville, decked out in tiara and ermine, was assuming bookoo hauteur for the photogs, and the boys were focusing, one of them suddenly espied that Olympian grand dame, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt of *the* Vanderbilts.

"Hey, fellas, there's Mrs. Vanderbilt!" he shouted.

The guns flashed a single shot of

"IT'S SPRING! TIME TO CLEAN OUT THAT RADIATOR WITH SANI-FLUSH!"

All winter long, rust and sediment have accumulated in your radiator. Fine scale is choking the cooling system of your car. Clean it out! It's easy and inexpensive. Do it yourself in a few minutes. Use Sani-Flush.

There is nothing in Sani-Flush that can injure your motor or radiator fittings. It removes rust, scale, sludge and sediment from the cooling system. Use 10c worth of Sani-Flush (25c for the largest trucks and tractors). *Directions on can.* Or, if you prefer, ask your service station to do the job for you. Insist on Sani-Flush. You'll find Sani-Flush in most bathrooms for cleaning toilets. Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores. 10c and 25c sizes. The Hygienic Products Company, Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush Safe NOT CAUSTIC
CLEANS OUT RADIATORS

Tell Us Your Story

$25,000.00 IN PRIZES!

During recent years Macfadden Publications, Inc. have paid over $600,000 in prizes for stories published in their many magazines. A large portion of this money has gone to men and women who never before had written for publication.

It is entirely possible that you have lived or have observed a life story for which, if we can use it, we would pay handsomely should you write it and send it in. Twenty-five thousand dollars is now available under the present appropriation. Why not look into this opportunity to add materially to your income? Stories submitted should not contain less than 2,500 nor more than 50,000 words. In fact we recommend that before sending any material you write for full particulars regarding this offer. Address: Macfadden Publications, Inc. Dept. L3-23, P. O. Box 477, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

the tony Mrs. H. Edward Manville and the boys scrambled for a crack at Mrs. Vanderbilt.

My stooge tells me that Mrs. Manville's eyes glared daggers.

Oh, well, what the deuce!

That's society for you.

But what I'm getting at is this: You've got to have picture appeal for those slick irrepressible boys of the press. I never saw a newspaper photographer take a single shot at me and run. They stick around until Gran'pappy has exhausted every pose. I know how to treat the press. They are my friends.

I have posed in many attitudes and situations, but one of the funniest photographs taken of me was made in a night club not so long ago.

Watch for a further confession of the Sultan of Lovers, bringing the prancing playboy's life story up to date! Read about the trials of Mrs. Manville Number Four, and the invasion of blondes at Bon Repos. Coming next week!

Gran'pappy was photographed riding on horseback into a night club and onto the dance floor. I wore a ten-gallon sombrero.

As I gaze at this photo now before me, I look more scared than the horse.

The horse had been borrowed by some wag from one of those Victoria hacks stationed near Central Park.

Gran'pappy will do anything for a gag. Even get married this year.

So dust off your hearts, girls. Manville is on the town for 1940. It's leap year, so don't be shy.

Send in your proposals, with pictures, to Gran'pappy at Bon Repos. The lonesome hermit of La Pooperie will be counting on you!

I believe in horoscopes and astrology and blondes. It's in my stars that Gran'pappy will take on Bride Number Five sometime during 1940. Or he'll come darn near it.

This solitude is driving me whacky. I'm tired of being alone.

Let 'em ride, baby! What am I bid?

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 54

1—Alice Marble, tennis champion.
2—O. Henry.
3—Longer.
4—Russia.
5—An astrological chart.
6—Mr. Midshipman Easy, by Marryat; Long John Silver, from Treasure Island, by Robert Louis Stevenson; Captain Ahab, from Moby Dick, by Herman Melville.
7—Two is the only even prime; all other primes are odd because any other even number has 2 as a divisor.
8—Parents. Paul Dresser was Theodore Dreiser's brother.
9—The sentence means, "After rain today there will be a rainbow followed by clear weather."
10—Maine.
11—Sherlock Holmes.
12—The time when the sun's center crosses the equator.
13—Colonel E. M. House.
14—The store of clothing.
15—Rudyard Kipling.
16—1938, 1939.
17—The gibbet; an illegitimate aid in an examination; and a young girl.
18—Thomas Jefferson.
19—Heart, cancer, and tuberculosis.
20—

Herbert Hoover

Start the Night Right
CLEAR YOUR NOSE
for a Good Night's Sleep

DOES YOUR NOSE feel all dried out, clogged, or irritated, so that you find it hard to get to sleep? Then try putting a few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol up each nostril at bedtime.

VA-TRO-NOL SPREADS a comforting film that relieves transient congestion, lets you breathe more freely and helps pave the way for a good night's sleep.

ENJOY THE COMFORT and relief Vicks Va-tro-nol brings . . . tonight.

VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

Each advertisement appearing in Liberty has been scrutinized carefully. We believe every product or service so presented can be relied upon to live up to all statements made in the advertisement.

WOMEN IN YOUR "40s"

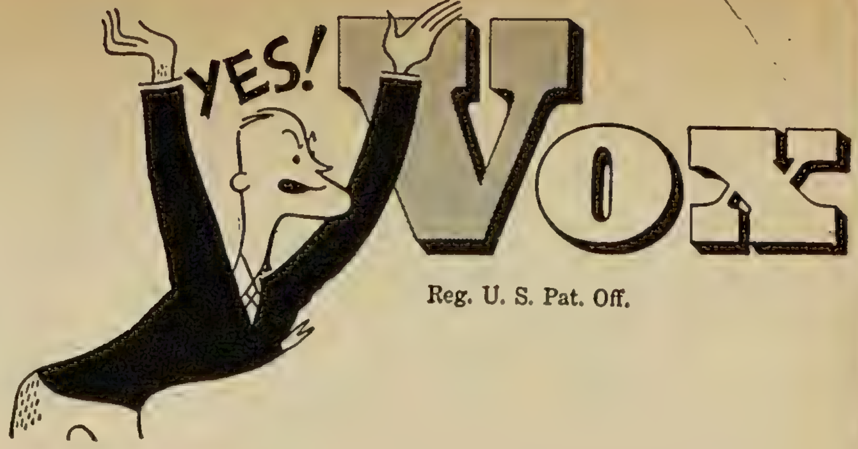
Read This Important Message!

Do you dread those "trying years" (38 to 52)? Are you getting moody, cranky and NERVOUS lately? Do you fear hot flashes and weakening dizzy spells? Are you jealous of the attention other women get? THEN LISTEN—

These symptoms often result from female functional disorders. So start *today* and take famous Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. For over 60 yrs. Pinkham's Compound has helped hundreds of thousands of grateful women to go "smiling thru" difficult days. Pinkham's has helped calm unstrung nerves and lessen annoying female functional "irregularities and distress."

Pinkham's Compound is the best known and one of the *most effective* "woman's" tonics you can buy. *Try it!*

Note: **Pinkham's Compound comes in liquid or handy to carry tablet form (similar formula).**



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

T. H. E. D. E. B. T.

AUSTIN, TEX.—Talking of the national debt (who doesn't?), please see what you think of the enclosed from the pen of Thomas Moore, the celebrated Irish minstrel and wit. It appeared in The Fudges in England (Philadelphia, 1835) and under the nom de plume of Thomas Brown the Younger. —*The Boat Rockers.*

TRANSLATION FROM THE GULL LANGUAGE

'Twas graved on the Stone of Destiny,
In letters four, and letters three;
And ne'er did the King of the Gulls go by
But those awful letters scared his eye;
For he knew a Prophet Voice had said,
As long as those words by man were read,
The ancient race of the Gulls should ne'er
One hour of peace or plenty share.
But years on years successive flew,
And the letters still more legible grew,—
At top, a T, an H, an E,
And underneath, D. E. B. T.

Some thought them Hebrew,—such as Jews,
Who deal more in Scrip than Scripture, use;
While some surmised 'twas an ancient way
Of keeping accounts (well known in day
Of the famed Didlerius Jeremias,
Who had thereto a wonderful bias,)
And proved, in books most learn'd'ly boring
'Twas called the Pontick way of scoring.

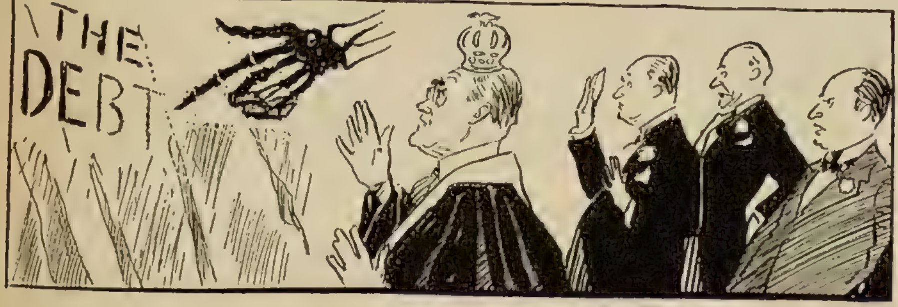
Howe'er this be, there never were yet
Seven letters of the alphabet,
That, 'twixt them, formed so grim a spell,
Or scared a Land of Gulls so well
As did this awful riddle-me-ree
Of T. H. E. D. E. B. T.

Hark!—it is struggling freedom's cry;
" Help, help, ye nations, or I die;
'Tis Freedom's fight, and, on the field
Where I expire your doom is sealed."
The Gull-King hears the awakening call,
He hath summoned his Peers and Patriots all,
And he asks, " Ye noble Gulls, shall we
Stand basely by at the fall of the Free,
Nor utter a curse, nor deal a blow? "
And they answer, with voice of thunder, " No."

Out fly their flashing swords in the air!—
But,—why do they rest suspended there?
What sudden blight, what baleful charm,
Hath chilled each eye, and checked each arm?
Alas, some withering hand hath thrown
The veil from off that fatal stone,
And pointing now, with sapless finger,
Showeth where dark those letters linger,—
Letters four, and letters three.
T. H. E. D. E. B. T.

At sight thereof, each lifted brand
Powerless falls from every hand;
In vain the patriot knits his brow,—
Even talk, his staple, fails him now.
In vain the King like a hero treads,
His Lords of the Treasury shake their heads;
And to all his talk of " brave and free,"
No answer getteth His Majesty
But " T. H. E. D. E. B. T."

In short the whole Gull nation feels
They're fairly spell-bound neck and heels;
And so, in face of the laughing world,
Must e'en sit down, with banners furled,
Adjourning all their dreams sublime
Of glory and war to—some other time.



"OPEN HIP"

NORTHAMPTON, MASS.—Hasn't your artist of the January 27 Liberty cover ever seen any figure skating? With the country full of excellent skaters in professional as well as amateur carnivals, it seems inexcusable for any one to paint a young lady in a position which is not only ungraceful but impossible, since it shows ignorance of one of the fundamentals of this popular sport, *i. e.*, " the open hip."

Send your artist to a rink to take a lesson or two.—*Margaret Sanders, National Figure-Skating Judge and Silver Medalist.*

₡ But, my dear lady, Mr. Tchetchet, the artist under your fire, has won more than one hundred prizes for skating, both figure and speed! In 1913 he won the gold medal as National Champion at the first Russian Olympics. He says our cover skating girl represents, slightly exaggerated, the pose of any " inside edge " glide. —Vox Pop Editor.

CALLING NAMES

LORAINE, OHIO—When referring to the Germans or Russians, call them just that and not " Nazis " or " Reds," or else be a jewel—consistency is a jewel—and refer to the British as " Limeys " or " Tommies," and to the French as " Frogs." Such usage is sanctioned by custom in the late A. E. F., but the application of nicknames to one side only savors of propaganda, of which we have too much of an overdose in other forms.—*R. L. Hawkins.*

IT'S THE CLIMATE, MY BOY!

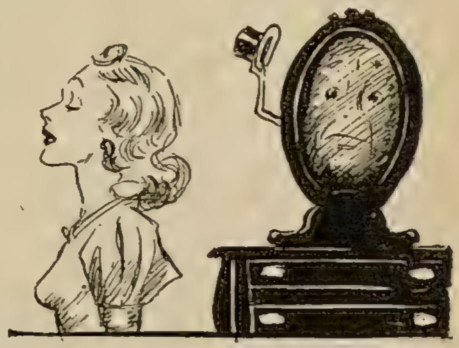
EAU CLAIRE, WIS. — Hold, folks! America is on the loose again. I thought the Tall Tales Clubs of America had caged them all. S. William Hartwell pops (January 27 Liberty) by casually going out on a boulevard of his city and picking up a child who correctly defines " ferine," " prurient," " stridulant," and " cacophony," and thereby calmly puts Mr. Roland Rogers of Kentucky (November 25 Vox Pop) under the blankets.

Who said California climate can't do things?—*Art. E. Slasting.*

WHAT A REFLECTION!

ABERDEEN, WASH. — Your serial by Dora Macy is a grand story and quite informative. But it's just too bad that the author pulled such a boner as appeared in the February 3 installment:

" I turned away, wondering if I had changed as much. I was suddenly aware that *I hadn't looked in a mirror for weeks.*" (Italics mine.)



Can any one understand such a character as Hester neglecting her mirror so long? Shame on Dora for pulling that one!—*Dr. M. E. Thomas.*

₡ " What is a ' good neighbor ' good for? " inquires D. W. L. of Noroton Heights, Connecticut. " And how many rabbits make a Senate? "

CALCULATING READING TIME

DES MOINES, IA.—Why not a box head or some such to explain the basis of your computation of the reading time of articles published in Liberty? Many have wondered about this.—*Blair Dewey.*

₡ The basis of such calculation is 23 lines of a two-column page in Liberty, or 34 lines of a three-column page.—Vox Pop Editor.

GET BACK, PROFESSORS!

LAGUNA BEACH, CALIF.—More power to Mr. Macfadden and Mr. Oursler. Through Liberty they have done our country an inestimable serv- ice, a service the value of hich I believe will bc even ore apparent, in looking ck from some future date, an it is now. We have come erilously close to losing that reat blessing for which your agazine is named, our berty. Liberty's courageous litorials and articles have wakened many of us to the angers of those so-called eral theories, Communism d Nazism.

Let's do away with planned epression and get back to un- lanned prosperity. Let the ofessors get back to their lleges and fuss with rerun- g the Roman Empire, and the business men work out America. And, above all, 's forget about "brain sts" and get back to usiness trusts." They're ch pleasanter to live with. . S. Watson.

SE HONKS HIGH

URON, S. D.—Concerning origin of the expression he goose hangs high" bruary 10 Vox Pop), it es from a very ancient , the line being, "Every-

and the goose

at when the was high lear fine

h

came changed to "hangs," and so he is still hanged to express a satisfactory condition.—*George Sullivan.*

¶ The hanging goose has brought us in a bushel or two of letters containing other theories and side lights on the question, which we hope to print later on for you.—Vox Pop Editor.

RETIRING POSTMEN

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Regarding Robert Wake's There's Rejuvenation in Walking (January 13 Liberty), it must be for the protection of its female patrons that the Post Office Department retires all its postmen at the age of sixty-five.—*A. J. G.*

INDIANA'S GROSS INCOME TAX

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Frederick L. Collins' article (January 6 Liberty), Why Do the Democrats Want to Nominate McNutt? although mentioning that the Gross Income Tax Law here in Indiana taxes every one making over $1,000 a year, failed to add that this same tax has reduced property taxes in the state by $40,000,000, or almost 30 per cent, and has reduced the total tax bill by twenty-three million.

When the tax law was passed in 1933, property was bearing more than 82 per cent of the total tax burden in Indiana. Now it bears only 57 per cent of that burden, thanks to the gross income tax. In many cases many taxpayers have had their property tax cut in half. (This is especially true in the case of the farmer.)

This tremendous property-tax reduction is made possible only by the fact that practically all of the $22,000,000 derived from the gross income tax annually is turned back to local governmental units for the use of schools, dependent children, old-age assistance, and the needy blind.

In 1938 eighty-six of Indiana's ninety-two counties received more payments back from the state than they paid into the state as gross income tax. With this help, no wonder property taxes are lower in Indiana!

Indiana is also proud that, with her gross income tax, she is not plagued with "starvation crises," such as her sister state Ohio, and as others are with their sales taxes.—*W. W. Johnston.*

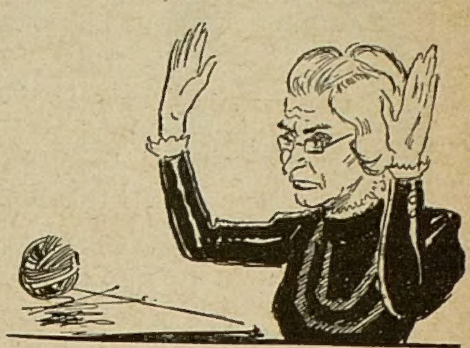
ISLAND FOR SOKOLSKY

GREEN ISLAND, N. Y.—If there's one thing that your years of experience should have taught you, it should have been this fact: That the intelligent reader isn't anything but exasperated by the dull drab rubbish of such men as George Sokolsky.

If the editors of Liberty take any pride in their publication, and if they have any regard for the pride of its readers, they should put a stop to such sensationalism—such reactionary theorists. If the dangers in America are as terrifying as Mr. Sokolsky depicts them, it is my opinion that he should take immediate refuge in some distant island where the natives can't see through his bum disguise.—*Donald Owen Keefe.*

SOPHIE KERR'S KNITTING

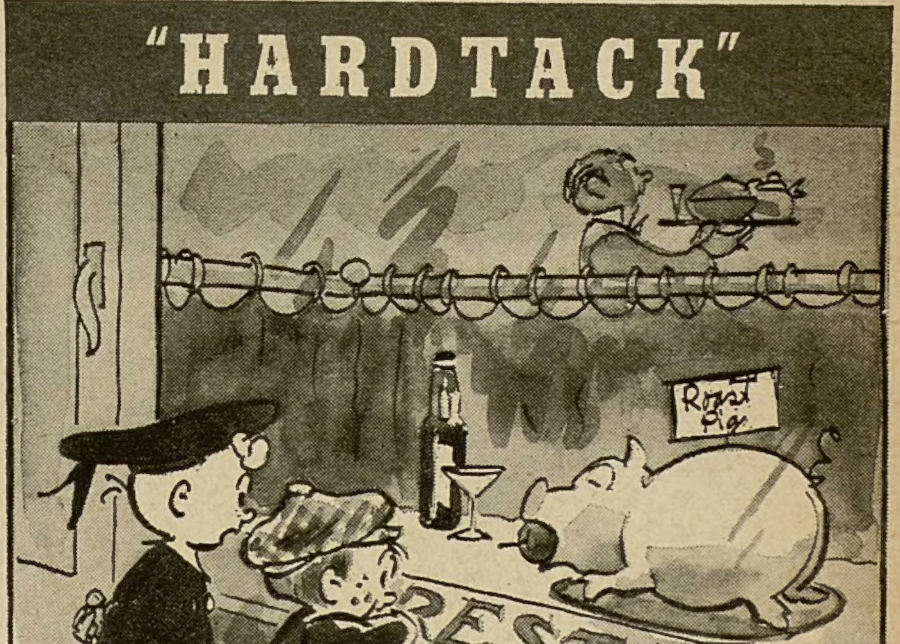
OAKLAND, CALIF. — Ever since I read Sophie Kerr's Short Short, Little Old Lady (January 13 Liberty), I've been trying to learn to knit on pins, and I wish, Mr. Editor, that you would relay a message to Sophie. Just tell her, "It can't be done."—*Mrs. E. H. W.*



BRAINS BEHIND THE DOOR

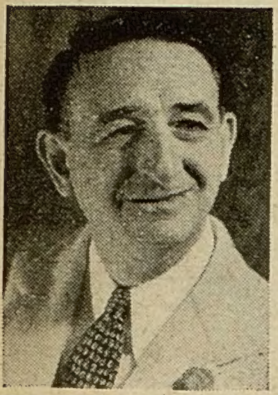
FOXBURG, PA.—This I have to say to Everett Troup (February 3 Vox Pop): Since all men are not as ruthless and cold-blooded as Mr. Troup evidently is, such things often happened. The Red Baron (von Richthofen) was a sporting man who wouldn't shoot down a helpless airman, even an enemy.

It is Mr. Troup who was behind the door when brains were passed out, not Alan Hynd.—*Meredith Dittman.*



"Gosh, you'd think they'd at least have waited until he finished his apple!"

No, Thanks, Mr. Pelley



FULTON OURSLER
Photo by Marjorie Collins of Black Star

IN THE MAIL the other day came a manuscript from William Dudley Pelley. No doubt you remember that Mr. Pelley is the leader of the anti-Semitic organization called the Silver Shirts and that he had, until recently, eluded the North Carolina police who were looking for him to lock him up on a charge of parole violation. Suddenly, as you also recollect, he presented himself before the Dies Committee, gave its harassed members a deathly kiss of approbation, and was forthwith arrested by the gendarmerie. Some time amid these excitements Mr. Pelley found time to write me a letter, enclosing a lengthy manuscript which he had also found time to prepare. By special delivery air mail came the letter from Cincinnati, Ohio, which is a long way from the Asheville, North Carolina, hoosegow. . . . Mr. Pelley's letter seeks to touch us on a point of honor. He attempts to put us in a position where we cannot reject his offering. He writes:

" You have been so good in your publication, Liberty, as to offer its columns to individuals who may have been investigated by the federal Dies Committee. In view of this public offer, I send you herewith an article, for which I can assure you over 100,000 supporters of my work in this nation are waiting.

" Remuneration for it is immaterial. What I respectfully seek is an audience for the enclosed expression while the public's interest in my Dies Committee appearance is still new."

It is not often that manuscripts are offered to an editor free of charge. Even so, this brain child has to go back to its parent. This, of course, is no reflection on its literary merit, although Mr. Butler, one of our less reverent editorial associates, did refer to it as a " Pelley-ache." The simple fact is that Liberty will not publish Mr. Pelley's article because he represents nothing worth hearing from.

WE TAKE PRIDE in Liberty in giving both sides of all important questions, no matter whose corns are scrunched. Every reader of Liberty is well aware of that policy. But Mr. Pelley and his Silver Shirts preach racial and religious discord. In this Christian Republic the democratic ideal of tolerance of all creeds and all races has reached its best expression. Imperfect though it undoubtedly is, as long as men will follow such leadership as Mr. Pelley's. We feel that he and his fellow bigots have no side to be heard. So Mr. Pelley now has the manuscript back.

WE SUGGEST THAT ALL GOOD Americans read next week's Liberty for the wealth of entertainment, information, and—we hope—inspiration that it will provide. Especially we recommend No More Immigrants, the final article in the notable series by Martin Dies; The Banker Who Went Mad, another true detective story from the G-men's files, by Frederick Lewis; I Was a Hitler Agent in the U. S. A., by Joachim F. Paffrath; Wild Women Who Have Met Me, by Tommy Manville, Jr.; Why Joe Louis Wins, a symposium of confessions by the Brown Bomber's victims, including his latest, Godoy; a gallery of exciting short stories, including Navy Wife, by Sparks Hausman; and You, Nicole . . ., by Evelyn Edwards and Fay Mitchell. These, with all the regular features and installments of The Girl Next Door, by Eric Hatch, and Calcutta Adventure, by Edison Marshall, together with the final exciting chapter of Kenneth Collings' personal history, I Saw Hell in Germany and Russia, will give you an interesting issue from cover to cover.

FROM AN EDITOR'S MAIL: Thanks to Mark O'Dea for sending a copy of the new and revised edition of his excellent little book, Advertising as a Career. . . . Walter Karig thanks us for printing his picture with his famous National Press Club cartoon of the President. Walter confesses he is still waiting a call from a Hollywood scout. . . . Craig Sinclair, after reading H. L. Mencken's Happy Days, remarked that Baltimore must be a queer place to have produced such a trio as Mencken, Upton Sinclair, and yours truly. . . . Here is a remark printed in Dave Mazroth's column, Without Prejudice, in the Spectator, a paper published by inmates of the state prison of Southern Michigan: " One thing we dislike about this prison is that they are constantly trying to make us feel at home, and we are constantly wishing we were, and they are constantly trying to keep us here."

WILL HAYS ON THE TELEPHONE, again promises that article he got us so excited about a few months ago. . . . Recently we talked before the Women's Club of Fall River, Massachusetts, and after the meeting we had a reunion with one of the fine ladies of our acquaintance, Mrs. Louis McHenry Howe, widow of the late confidential assistant to President Roosevelt. The last time we had met was at a family dinner in the White House. Mrs. Howe is now doing a first-rate job as postmistress of Fall River. . . . Talked also before the Credit Men's Association of Rochester, the Junior League of Brooklyn, and in Symphony Hall, Boston. . . . Harold Hersey has just brought out a two-volume edition of his collected poems. He was the first poet we ever knew in the flesh—rather limited flesh, at that—back in our salad days in Greenwich Village. Life has few memories fonder than those of nights in Harold's flat in the most storied neighborhood of Greenwich Village, the charming cul-de-sac called Patchin Place. . . . Professor Fred Koch, Jr., of the Department of playwriting and dramatics at the University of Miami, says that a million plays were written in one year in the United States. We don't know how the professor arrived at his figures, but we do know that writing a play is a lengthy undertaking, much more taxi the writing of a short story. yardstick, then, there must be million short stories written every y Most of them seem to land right on o doorstep.

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty
The American Way of Life

■

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■

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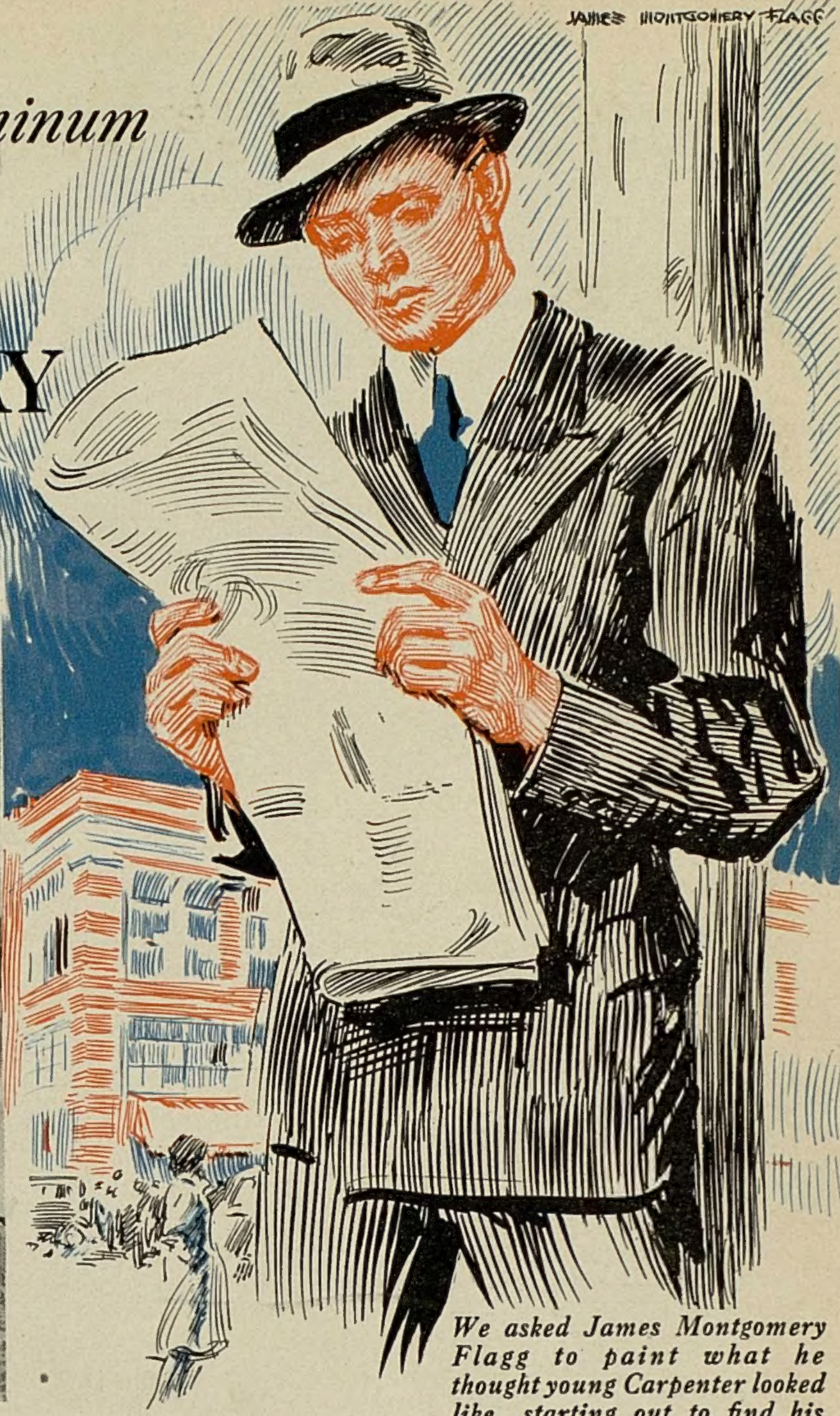
The names and the de in the fiction stories wholly fictitious. If name or in descr dead, it is pur

Firmond Carpenter, worker in Aluminum

HE GOT HIS JOB THE AMERICAN WAY

Good luck! says the family, as Firmond Carpenter starts off for a morning's hunting behind the hound dogs. Firmond works in one of our Tennessee plants.



We asked James Montgomery Flagg to paint what he thought young Carpenter looked like, starting out to find his first job eighteen years ago.

READING TIME ● 1 MINUTE 37 SECONDS

JUST out of school in 1922 and anxious to get going, Firmond wondered where on earth he could get a job.

Meanwhile, research scientists had been creating a job that just suited him. They were finding out how to make strong aluminum alloys, something never done before. And so were born new uses for the metal and new jobs for men like Firmond.

The aluminum Firmond helps us to make in our Tennessee plant is used for things that were just dreams to inventors and engineers in 1922. Now we see every day such things as giant airliners, streamlined motor buses and trains, chairs and automatic pencils, all made of aluminum alloys.

That is how the aluminum business has grown—by making new things. It was started half a century ago by a young man who found a new way to get aluminum from its ore. It grew because other young men learned how to manufacture useful things from this light metal. Then came the strong alloys and with them a job for Firmond.

Today our factories employ only a small part of the 200,000 men and women at work in the United States for the many companies that do various kinds of aluminum manufacturing. Our main purpose is to keep on creating new uses for aluminum and through our constant research to find ways to lower its cost, so that it will become more and more useful.

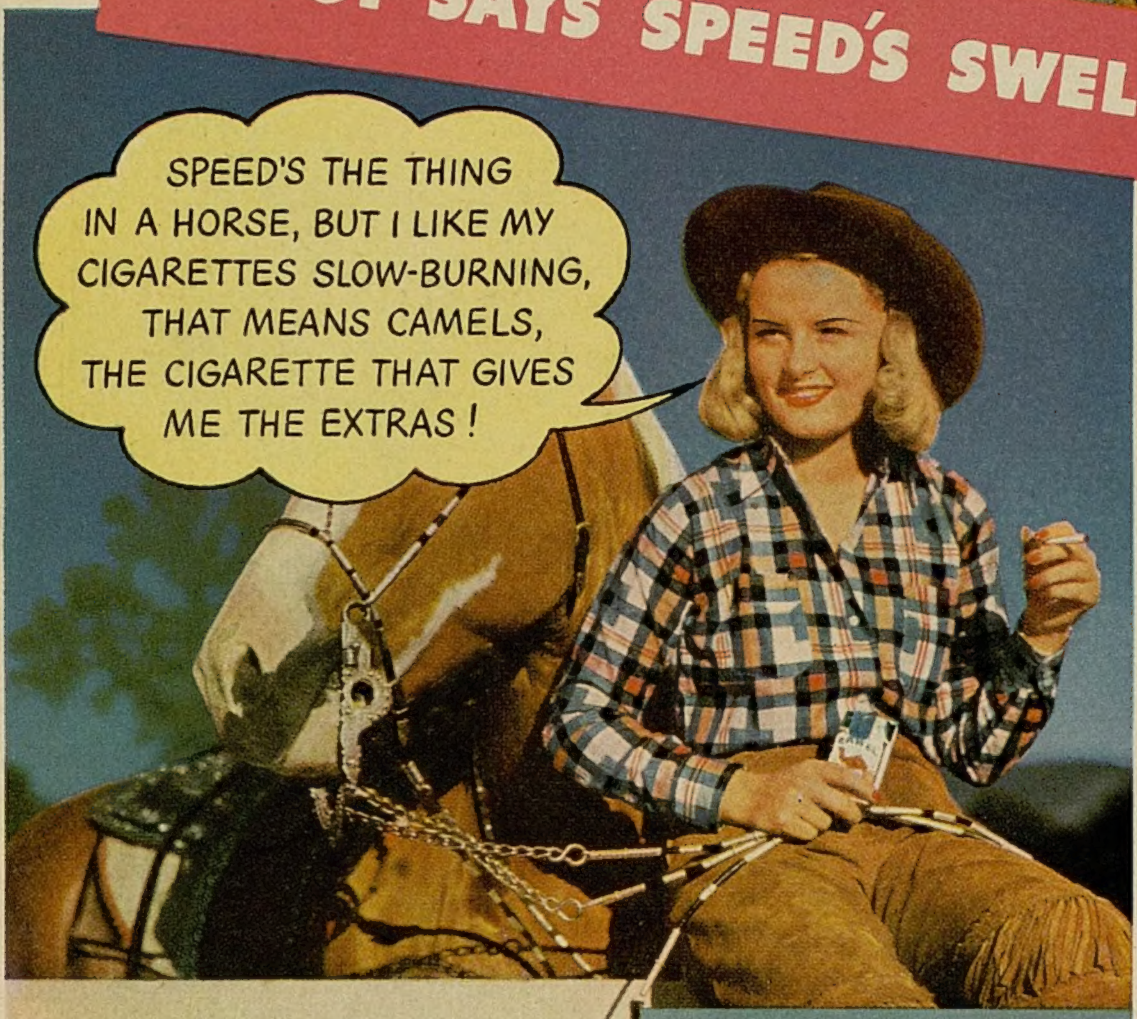
The greatest progress along these lines has been made in the last 20 peacetime years. Firmond's job, like the growth of aluminum business itself, is one of the real victories of peace.

ALUMINUM COMPANY ALCOA ALUMINUM OF AMERICA

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

OUT IN SANTA BARBARA, West Coast girls play a lot of polo. Peggy McManus, shown about to mount one of her ponies, is a daring horsewoman... often breaks and trains her own horses. She has carried off many cups and ribbons at various horse shows and rodeos.

PEGGY SAYS SPEED'S SWELL IN A HORSE


SPEED'S THE THING IN A HORSE, BUT I LIKE MY CIGARETTES SLOW-BURNING, THAT MEANS CAMELS, THE CIGARETTE THAT GIVES ME THE EXTRAS!

...but the cigarette for her is slower-burning Camels because that means

Extra Mildness

Extra Coolness

Extra Flavor

PEGGY McMANUS (*above*) has won numerous cups for "all-'round girl"... studied ranch management at the University of California. She's a swell dancer, swims, sails... is a crack rifle shot... handles a shotgun like an expert. She picks Camels as the "all-'round" cigarette. "They're milder, cooler, and more fragrant," Peggy says. "By burning more slowly, Camels give me extra smokes. Penny for penny, Camels are certainly the best cigarette buy."

MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF ...MORE PUFFS PER PACK!

In recent laboratory tests, CAMELS burned 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested – slower than *any* of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

NORTH, SOUTH, EAST, WEST—people feel the same way about Camel cigarettes as Peggy does. Camels went to the Antarctic with Admiral Byrd and the U. S. Antarctic expedition. Camel is Joe DiMaggio's cigarette. People like a cigarette that burns slowly. And they find the real, worth while *extras* in Camels – an extra amount of mildness, coolness, and flavor. For Camels are slower-burning. Some brands burn fast. Some burn more slowly. But it is a settled fact that Camels burn slower than any other brand tested *(see left)*. Thus Camels give extra smoking... a *plus* equal, on the average, to five extra smokes per pack.

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Camels – *the cigarette of Long-Burning Costlier Tobaccos*